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# LANDSCAPE PAINTING

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# LANDSCAPE PAINTING
## FROM GIOTTO TO THE PRESENT DAY

## *By the Same Author*

THE ENCHANTED STONE
LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS
LIFE'S LESSER MOODS
ADVENTURES AMONG PICTURES
DAYS WITH VELASQUEZ
DAYS IN CORNWALL
AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS
THE EDUCATION OF AN ARTIST
THE DIARY OF A LOOKER-ON
TURNER'S GOLDEN VISIONS
REMBRANDT
THE POST IMPRESSIONISTS
BRABAZON : HIS ART AND LIFE
THE CONSOLATIONS OF A CRITIC
THE SOLDIER BOY
THE INVISIBLE GUIDE
WHAT'S FREEDOM ?
THINGS SEEN IN AMERICA
ART AND I
AUTHORS AND I
MORE AUTHORS AND I
LIFE AND I

Norham Castle : Sunrise (Tate Gallery)
TURNER, 1775-1851

*Frontispiece*

UNIVERSAL · ART · SERIES
EDITED BY FREDERICK MARRIOTT

# LANDSCAPE PAINTING
## FROM GIOTTO TO THE PRESENT DAY

BY
C. LEWIS HIND

VOLUME I:
FROM GIOTTO TO TURNER

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# PART I

# EXPLANATION AND SURVEY

# EXPLANATION

## I

### *How It Happened*

YOU would have thought that no sensible man, unless he possessed infinite leisure and ample means, would sit down to write the story of Landscape Painting from the dawn of western art to the twentieth century. Yet it has been done. I have done it, although the second volume, extending from Constable to the Present Day, is still in labour. But here is Volume I from Giotto to Turner—finished.

Even at the risk of being charged with cheerful egotism, it is my purpose and pleasure to explain how I, a man with no leisure and small means, approached and carried out so formidable a task.

It began casually and light-heartedly in the year 1905. Yes, I have been working on this fascinating, exciting and consolatory subject, at intervals, for eighteen years, and I verily believe that it was my sudden determination in the autumn of 1913 to get " that lingering Landscape Book " finished that turned the corner of a long and grave illness, and gave me something better to think about than my woes. Work is the best tonic.

In 1905 Mrs. Arthur Strong wrote to me asking if I would undertake a volume in Messrs. Duckworth and Co.'s " Red Series." I felt flattered, corresponded with Messrs. Duckworth, and they suggested that " a useful art book would be one dealing with a group of

English landscape painters, such as the Norwich School."

On reading this proposal there flashed into my mind the comment: "Why deal with the part? Why not consider the whole of Landscape Painting?" That flash was my undoing.

Messrs. Duckworth were agreeable that I should write for the "Red Series" a book on "The History of Landscape Painting," and I, being younger then, and the times gay and prosperous, began cheerfully. But in a little while I realised that I could not keep my contract for the "Red Series." A year? A History of Landscape Painting, I found, would take ten years or longer, and it could never be compressed into one volume. So gradually it was tacitly assumed between Messrs. Duckworth and myself (they behaved most courteously) that our contract was like the vows of lovers, well-meaning but not lasting, and I, being an unbusinesslike person, where beauty is concerned, did not rush into writing a novel, which, being human, is what I wanted to do, but spent my leisure "accumulating material" for that "lingering Landscape Book."

I suppose every author will agree with me that the enjoyable part of producing a book is mentally amplifying the original idea, developing it, and "accumulating material": the writing of it, except now and again, is ding-dong labour. Perhaps I should never have put pen to paper, being quite happy in thinking about the enterprise, talking about it, making notes in front of landscape paintings in the galleries of the world, and collecting photographs, had I not been induced, in 1911, when I had been dreaming about the book for

six years, to write the first section. The intrepid and sympathetic culprit was Mr. A. Yockney, editor of *The Art Journal*, and in the pages of that venerable periodical appeared many of the early essays under the title of " The Glamour of Landscape." In successive years, until 1923, other chapters of the book were published in various newspapers and journals, not in the form in which they are printed here, for the additions and changes were many, and as I re-read I re-wrote. To the editors of other publications who printed instalments I am most grateful, particularly to the editor of *The Christian Science Monitor*, who gave me ample space and excellent illustrations: also to the editor of *The International Interpreter*, who published some of the final essays in his world-wide journal. Had it not been for those kindly editors I do not think that I should have had the heart or have found the time to continue the task.

I am afraid that I fell into the habit of talking about the Landscape Book (it is so much easier to talk than to write) in season, and out of season, and one day in 1922 Mr. Frederick Marriott overheard me, and carried me off to Mr. Arthur Waugh, at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's. To Mr. Arthur Waugh I talked again, and showed my photographs, notes, documents, essays and tables, and there and then, after eighteen years of playing with the idea and working at it, the thing was settled, and the book placed on Messrs. Chapman and Hall's list—" Landscape Painting from Giotto to the Present Day." Two Volumes. Universal Series.

## II

### *My Chronological Arrangement*

I have referred to " accumulating material." I purpose saying something about that, because in a book of this kind the proportion of preparation to actual writing is, I suppose, about ten to one. There were weeks when I did not put pen to paper, and yet every day for two or three hours I was compiling tables, arranging photographs, checking references, and making notes. It became obvious that a chief interest of the book would be chronological, that is, placing in the order of their birth dates the pioneers and followers of landscape painting. So I arranged my vast material chronologically in ten large portfolio books, beginning with Giotto and ending with the youngest genius of to-day. Material about each artist who has shown an interest in, or preference for landscape painting, or who was obliged by his patron to paint landscape, was dropped into his page, according to his birth date, in one of these ten large portfolio books. So, when the time came to begin writing, I was able to discuss the works of the various masters in the historical order in which they were painted. Soon the producers of landscape divided themselves into Leaders and others. That is the form the book has taken. The Leaders are given separate essays, the others are considered incidentally in the text devoted to the Leaders.

## EXPLANATION

## III

### *The Trouble of Dates*

As to dates, I can only plead that I have taken every intricate precaution, but it is appalling how the experts differ in regard to the birth and death years of many painters, and the exact year when their works were produced. I have tried to take a middle, natural course. I have indulged the Englishman's leaning to compromise ; but never again will I write another book wherein I have to aim at exactitude in regard to dates. The essence, the spirit, the *flair* is what matters, and I lament the hours that I have spent collating and contrasting various views as to when a man was born and died, and when he painted a particular picture. It will be observed that above the illustrations, in the tables of " Leaders and Others," and in the lists in Part IV headed " Important Landscape Dates," I have freely used the useful, non-committal letter *c*, signifying *circa*. Be gentle, critic, when you perceive that *c*, for neither I, nor anybody else in the world, can tell the precise year when some artists were born, or when a great many unsigned, undated pictures were painted. I, who shrink from dates, have used them so freely because in a History of Landscape Painting it is very interesting, and also quite important to know who was first in the field. For example: it was the chronological method of my ten large portfolio books that enabled me to realise the importance in date of Ghirlandaio's " Call of the Apostles " in the Sistine Chapel as a pioneer landscape, and as an influence upon succeeding

painters. This was painted *c.* 1482, nearly 120 years before Claude Lorrain was born. He and others must have often looked upon Ghirlandaio's " Call of The Apostles " and drawn inspiration from this early, spectacular, accomplished vision of the Open Gate.

## IV

### *Travels in Search of Landscapes*

The chief joys in preparing this book were the travels my wife and I took searching for landscapes through the galleries of Europe, and in private collections. The quest gave a purpose to our peregrinations. How often in some dim gallery have I heard her cry of excitement, or she mine—an art view-halloa—betokening a landscape find. Ah, those days, those happy days ! There was that supreme moment in the Academy at Siena when we discovered that Giovanni di Paolo had made his sky blue, not gold, which hitherto had been the Sienese convention, and had smeared the gold upon the slopes of his hills where the sun-rays fall ; there was that winter afternoon in the Musée Condé at Chantilly when we first saw in the pages of that precious missal " Les très riches heures du Duc de Berry " the adorable landscapes of the Months of the Year made by Pol de Limbourg ; there was the morning when we found, in the fascinating picture gallery of Yale University, U.S.A., the vast landscape of the Arno Valley in a small picture by Antonio Pollaiuolo ; there was our delighted surprise one afternoon in New York

coming suddenly, in a private collection, upon El Greco's Toledo landscape, wild and threatening, flashing towards the modern movement; but such adventures must be reserved for the Survey which follows this explanation.

From these travels, through so many years, we brought home our bags crammed with photographs, books, and memoranda about landscape lore.

I regret that I have not been able to include in these volumes all of the photographs that I have collected, or the series of water-colours of landscape passages in old pictures that a clever young artist made for me —that happy landscape land left beneath by the ascending saints in Matteo di Giovanni's "Assumption of the Virgin"; the wings of Niccolo da Fuligno's "Crucifixion," one a formal garden, the other a naïve sea, and many others, hints of the loveliness of nature that painters, when commissioned to produce some scene from Holy Writ, dropped into a corner, or flashed into a background in memory of something they had seen and loved in their daily walks. Perhaps some day I may be able to illustrate these two volumes entirely in colour, for a landscape reproduction without colour is like a face that never smiles.

## V

### *My Debt to Books*

As to books, well, of course in a work like this, one is immensely indebted to the historians and archivists who have travelled sections of the ground; but I

believe that this is the first attempt that has been made to cover, as well as may be, the whole of western landscape painting down to our own times. One of the first books I read on the subject was Josiah Gilbert's *Landscape in Art : Before Claude and Salvator*, a delightful volume, leisurely and sympathetic. It was published in 1885, which perhaps explains the prominence given to Salvator.

I have read, dipped into, or scanned so many volumes, have perused so many magazine articles and Transactions of Societies bearing on the subject of Landscape Painting, and have used so quietly the results of researches in Art Dictionaries and the labours of students, that it is impossible to give credit to all. I must content myself with saying that I found the following books especially useful :

*Landscape in Art : Before Claude and Salvator*, by Josiah Gilbert.

*Great Masters of Landscape Painting*, by Emile Michel.

*Les Primitifs Flamands*, par Fierens-Gevaert.

*Venetian, Florentine, Central Italian, and North Italian Painters*, by Bernhard Berenson.

*The Van Eycks and Their Followers*, by Sir Martin Conway.

*The Van Eycks and Their Art*, by W. H. James Weale and M. W. Brockwell.

*Nature in Italian Art*, by E. Gurney Salter.

In a book of this kind which peers back through the centuries one is necessarily dependent, in considerable measure, on the labours of others. One's personal task is to organise the material, to present it clearly, to readjust reputations, to seek undiscovered or unheeded

loveliness, and to give to the reader (I have always in mind the average man and woman, not the expert) a vision of the continuity of this pursuit of beauty in design, line, form and colour. And to show how supremacy in landscape painting flits through the ages from country to country, now honouring a nation, now letting it lie fallow, but never losing the thread of tradition, and making a boy like Turner in grey London the heir of the ages, competing with past landscapists, and showing the way to the unborn.

Turner! Once I had the idea of calling this work—Volume I, "Before Turner." Volume II, "Since Turner." So great is he, so universal.

But I must not be hasty. We have a long way to travel before we reach Turner. First I must consider the pertinent question, "Who was the Father of Landscape Painting?" and explain why I begin with Giotto, who was what is termed a figure or subject painter.

## VI

### *Who was the Father?*

Who was the Father of Landscape Painting? Authorities disagree delightfully. I have compiled a list of no fewer than twelve Fathers ranging from Agatharchos of the fifth century B.C. to Rubens of the seventeenth. The voting for the Father of Landscape Painting is heavy in favour of Claude Lorrain, and with reason, for he certainly was the first to convert the dream systematically into a business, and to paint, if not pure

landscapes, at least landscapes with figures, usually unattractive and subsidiary. Nicholas Poussin was six years older than Claude, but he, I suggest, was mainly a figure painter and a great one. My ten large chronological portfolio books tell me that there were painters of pure landscape before Claude. There were, to mention but a few, van Goyen, Seghers, Rubens, Brueghel, Bassano, Altdorfer, Titian, Patinir, Gerard of Haarlem, Dirk Bouts, Konrat Witz, Giovanni di Paolo, Pol de Limbourg, Hubert van Eyck, and Ambrogio Lorenzetti, who, about 1338, painted upon the walls of the Palazzo Pubblico, Siena, what is, I suppose, the first pure landscape from nature ; so we stretch back to Giotto, who in " St. Francis Preaching to the Birds " certainly produced almost a pure landscape.

With Giotto I reach a conclusion that will often be referred to in this book.

There is no real division between landscape and figure or subject painting; there is no absolute Father. Some felt Nature more than others; with a few the feeling became a passion. Landscape painting had no independent growth. It was invented by figure painters. At first a rivulet, it became, in course of time, a broad river. Landscape painting developed, as men grew more curious about natural phenomena. But this branch of art was for centuries a Cinderella. The figure, the group, usually for the purpose of explaining to the unlearned the teachings of the church, was the focus of mediæval and renaissance art. Landscape was used only when the subject compelled its employment; not Nature herself, but Nature symbolised, and at peace. No winds

might blow, no storms might rage when the Holy Family was upon the scene. Landscape and figure painting are one. A good artist can paint anything. What is lovelier than the still landscapes in the backgrounds of the best early Flemish paintings, or say, the blue daintiness of Boccaccino's impression of nature that stretches above his "Procession to Calvary" in the National Gallery? A good artist, I repeat, can paint anything. Some artists had a bias or an inclination towards nature, so we enrol them as landscape painters; but we must remember that, with certain exceptions, which will be duly notified in these pages, there was not, in the early centuries, that universal interest in nature which began to surge through the hearts of men in the nineteenth century, and wrung from Amiel the cry, "Every landscape is a condition of soul." Michelangelo was opposed to landscape painting, contemptuous of it. Did he not complain to Vittoria Colonna that "tints, green fields, trees, rivers, hedges, and landscapes filled with many scattered figures" were but "toys of art"? And did not Leonardo say: "Shun, however, the mistake of Botticelli, who thinks that a sponge moistened with colours thrown at a panel will produce a landscape at a stroke." Which shows that the great Leonardo had a poor opinion of Botticelli's occasional lovely landscape creations.

Very slowly landscape painting won its way. Man made in the image of God, biblical history, and the doctrines of the church were the main subjects of pictures in those early centuries. The painters were often told by their patrons what to do, and landscape only intruded when the theme demanded it—such as

St. Francis Preaching to the Birds, St. Jerome in the Wilderness, the Baptism of Christ, the Flight into Egypt. Painters with a bias towards landscape made the most of such subjects, and so Giotto becomes the Father of western Landscape Painting, not because he was particularly interested in nature, but because he was a great artist, and was occasionally called upon to paint a subject which demanded a landscape setting.

## VII

### *Margaritone of Arezzo*

Once, when I was engaged in pushing the parenthood of western landscape painting farther and farther back, I had thoughts of selecting archaic, aggrieved Margaritone of Arezzo as Father. For I espy the faint dawn of landscape painting in the gaunt performances of this thirteenth-century groper in the Byzantine twilight, who died frowning at the apparition of Giotto.

Sun and shadow, hills and the sea, streams and pastures, wayside flowers and floating clouds, all offered their beauty to Margaritone of Arezzo ; but he lived long before artists realised that the splendour and loveliness of the world is a theme worthy their brushes.

Although no glorious morning " gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy " ever called to Margaritone as painter, yet he essayed landscape—confused, costive attempts—but landscape, nevertheless. I do not imagine that he had the remotest intention of showing his prowess as landscape painter when, in tempera on linen cloth attached to wood, he painted the altar front for

Santa Margherita at Arezzo, and proudly signed it in Latin: "Margaritone of Arezzo made me." The Virgin and the Child he made in willing obedience to the Byzantine tradition, but when he came to design the eight small pictures, depicting scenes from the lives of the Saints, that surround Mary and her Glory, he was obliged to treat two of them as landscapes. One demanded a pastoral, the other a marine setting. Poor Margaritone! It is cruel to press you into my search through pictorial history for the beginning of landscape. You distrusted new men and new methods. You were a true Tory. But in painting that ungainly pastoral and that inky sea, you linked yourself with the landscape rivulet that has swollen into so shining and mighty a river.

"But why *begin* with me?" you, Margaritone, may well ask querulously from the grave. "Even if I painted landscapes, as you call them, I was not the first."

True. Why, even the scrawls that the hunted Christians made centuries before in the dim catacombs are better, Margaritone, than your fumbling attempts. But your picture is accessible, on the walls of the British National Gallery, the oldest painting there: signed with your name, authentic, and you cannot deny that your altar front contains landscape of a kind, even if it does not fulfil the landscape painter's cry: "I would like to paint as a bird sings."

But—Margaritone a landscape painter! Machiavelli a minister of the Gospel! Yet if we look closely at the eight small pictures that surround your "Virgin in Glory" we observe that panels one and six have a landscape setting.

Panel one represents " The Nativity and Annunciation," and as the dimensions are less than a foot square, it is obvious that Margaritone had some trouble to include within the space the recumbent Virgin, the Babe, shepherds, sheep, a cow and nature generally. The nameless missalist of the thirteenth century who drew " The Disciples Plucking the Corn " in a rare French " Bible History Memorised," preserved in the British Museum, might have succeeded ; but the task was beyond Margaritone. The marine " St. Nicholas of Bari exhorting the sailors to throw into the sea the vase of oil given them by the Devil," is a little clearer in design, but how inferior it is to the representation of a ship grounded upon a whale's back, in a " Bestiary" illuminated manuscript, also in the British Museum. Margaritone was one of those unfortunates who find themselves superfluous while still alive. He died in the year 1293, over seventy years old, a sad and aggrieved man, regretting, says Vasari, that he had lived long enough to see the changes of the age, and the honours accorded to the new artists. Farewell, aggrieved Margaritone of Arezzo! Your long sleep shall not be disturbed again.

Forgive me for associating your tired brush with a glimmer of the glamour of landscape in the hour before the dawn of painting in Italy.

## VIII

### *Before Giotto*

This book, as I have said, deals with western landscape painting. Some day, some enthusiast (not I) may

track the art through the East—Korea, China, Japan, India, Persia—and show us, in chronological order, the quiet and beautiful landscape art that China and other nations of the East, reflective not active, interested more in nature than in man, practised.

Examples of the landscape art of China we have in that beautiful fantasy, "The Earthly Paradise," now in the British Museum; and in "Ma Yüan's Landscape Roll" in the Freer Collection at Washington, which has been so ably analysed and described by Mr. Laurence Binyon. I have seen it. Mr. Freer showed it to me at his house in Detroit in 1908—this exquisite, masterly work, painted on light-coloured silk, outlined in black, flushed with tones of green, yellow, red and blue, showing in delicate procession, mountain solitudes, lakes with tiny figures in boats, shores with misty hills, great gnarled trees rising from lonely snow-cumbered valleys, and dizzy heights where a sage sits contemplating the solemnity of enduring nature. This wonderful Landscape Roll of Ma Yüan belongs to the Sung era, which lasted from the tenth to the thirteenth century. The roll measures 25¼ inches in height by 504½ inches in length, and it was painted in 1192 A.D.

To examine this "glorious view of river and mountain" makes the European mildly modest. For in 1192 European painting, as we know it in the West, had not begun, and it was centuries before landscape became a distinct branch of art.

Giotto was not born until 1266, yet here we have in Ma Yüan's Landscape Roll landscape painting at its highest, that is, according to the Chinese convention. Landscape painting in mysterious China goes back

even farther than this. In the British Museum there is a work by Hu-Kai-Chik dating from the fourth century.

Man appears in this universal landscape by Ma Yüan, but only as an episode. Somewhere amid the vast plain, below the vast mountains, above the vast rivers, you will see a speck—the Sage, in contemplation. The Sage, small or large, is the dominant note of Chinese painting, as the Bodhisattva, small or large, is the dominant note in Chinese sculpture.

Mr. Binyon says: "It is characteristic of this art of Southern Sung that its supreme expression was in landscape. . . . We can best conceive of Chinese landscape at its greatest, if we imagine a painter like Titian or Rembrandt, great masters of figure design, choosing to devote their deepest interest and their fullest powers to landscape themes."

But I must not dally with the astonishing Chinese landscapes. They are not in my scheme. Neither are the landscape backgrounds in Egyptian tombs—countrysides and gardens in the form of maps. Landscapes were found among the decorations in the palace at Knossos, where the wall paintings in the Queen's Megaron, "done in perspective, included a scene of the sea with fishes playing, another of forest life."* There are references by Pausanias and other writers to Greek mural paintings, some being landscapes. Vitruvius relates that about 300 B.C. the popular kind of mural paintings were "harbours, promontories, coasts, rivers, wells, straits, temples and scenes from the "Odyssey." This plethora of ancient landscape art, or scene painting adapted to walls, of which Agatharchos

* *The Minoans*, by George Glasgow, 1923.

" A River Scene " (Washington)
MA YÜAN, *c.* 1150-*c.* 1222
*Photo: British Museum*

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The Good Shepherd (Ravenna)
Mosaic in the Mausoleum of Galla Placida

may well be called the father, is fully discussed by Josiah Gilbert in *Landscape in Art : Before Claude and Salvator*. He freely acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Woermann's *Die Landschaft in der Kunst der Alten Volker*.

I merely glance at landscape before Giotto. Most of the works have disappeared. But some remain. We may still see in the Catacombs the pictorial efforts of the early Christians. Like the Italians of ten centuries later, they portrayed landscape when the theme demanded it, as in " The Good Shepherd " with trees and animals, and water in " Jonah Thrown to the Whale."

Naturally an advance is shown in the fifth-century mosaics at Ravenna. There is an excellent attempt at composition in " The Good Shepherd " in the Mausoleum of Galla Placida, and a realistic " Baptism of Christ " in the Baptistery of S. Giovanni, that Giotto may have looked upon. And there are suggestions of landscape in San Clemente, Rome, dating between the seventh and tenth centuries.

But all these efforts pale before the landscape paintings that were discovered when Pompeii, Herculaneum, Boscoreale, and other pleasure towns were excavated. As they were overwhelmed in A.D. 79, it follows that these pictures were painted, possibly by Greeks resident in Rome, possibly by artists from Alexandria, about the first half of the first century. Think of it ! These nameless artists were at work 1,200 years or so before Giotto saw the light. M. S. Reinach considers that the style of mural decorations at Pompeii is not unlike that of the modern Impressionists. I would rather say

that they resemble the graceful and airy decorations with which some modern hotels and restaurants adorn their walls. But some are much better than others—strangely beautiful—and looking at them one murmurs the names of certain moderns in their gayer, more dashing moods, say Canaletto and Guardi—even Whistler.

What does it mean? Why should the antique Greek and Roman world have produced these lively landscape mural paintings? Can any of them be by Ludius, "a wall painter of the time of Augustus" who, according to Pliny, painted "woods and sacred groves, reservoirs, straits, rivers, coasts—all according to the heart's desire." Maybe. Who knows? But it is probable that in pagan times the love of landscape was general. Mural painting, in which the sea was a constant feature, with villas on the uplands, and mountain forms on the horizon (also illustrations of the "Odyssey"), was popular, and constantly employed in the homes of the wealthy. Happily many of them have been preserved to us by the lava and ashes of Vesuvius.

With the advent of the Christian era, the interest in landscape seems to have ceased, and not till Giotto arose did landscape begin again to creep back, furtively, into art.

Everyone knows the "Landscape Room" at the Naples Museum, containing so many delightful examples of wall paintings from Pompeii and Herculaneum, and some have seen the six Odyssey subjects, "landscapes complete in themselves," found on the Esquiline in 1848, and now preserved in the Vatican. Josiah Gilbert, in a learned and delightful chapter on

Landscape Composition with Buildings (British Museum)
A wall painting from Boscoreale, near Pompeii
*Photo : British Museum*

Villa and Pier by the Coast (British Museum)
A wall painting from Boscoreale, near Pompeii
*Photo : British Museum*

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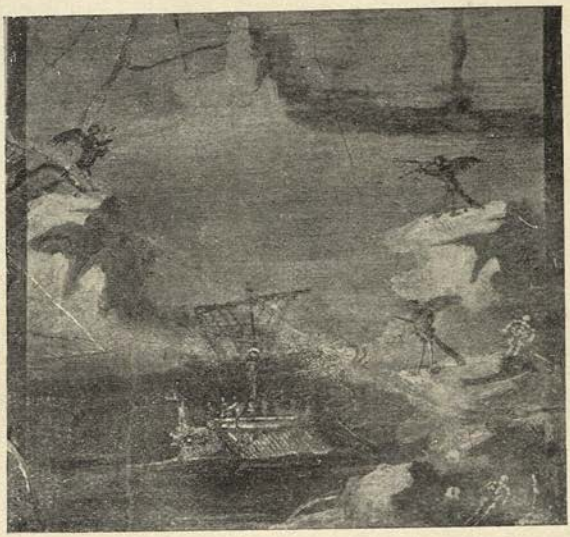

Ulysses passing the Sirens (British Museum)
A wall painting from Pompeii
*Photo : British Museum*

Daedalus and Icarus (British Museum)
A wall painting from Pompeii
*Photo : British Museum*

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" The Landscape of Ancient Art," cites others, particularly the forest of ornamental trees in the lonely villa of Livia, the wife of Augustus, at Prima Porta, seven miles from Rome, and it is Josiah Gilbert who makes the ingenious and captivating plea that these mural landscapes derive from " Agatharchos (fifth century B.C.), employed by the Greek Theatre, and called by Plutarch 'the father of scene-painting.' " He suggests that these successors of Agatharchos, the tradition surviving to the days of Pompeii and Herculaneum, were not " real artists " but scene-painters, " accustomed to the rapid and effective work of the stage," and he concludes that landscape in five centuries " had not advanced much beyond the style of the post-Alexandrian painters, so well described by Vitruvius; probably it had not advanced far beyond the best work of Agatharchos."

That some of these gay, derivative " scene-painters " were men of great talent, if not of genius, may be verified by a visit to the Gem or Gold Room of the British Museum, where certain mural paintings from Pompeii and Boscoreale are enshrined.

Two of them, called " Villa and Pier by the Sea Coast " and " Landscape Composition," from Boscoreale, are especially beautiful, tender in colour, delightful in composition and curiously Guardi-like. The two others from Pompeii are spirited, but they lack the unity of the Boscoreale frescoes. They represent " Ulysses passing the Sirens," and " Daedalus and Icarus."

After these bright efflorescences of the pagan world from Pompeii and Boscoreale, there loomed up and

gradually gathered deeper and deeper the thousand years or so of Byzantine twilight; then the morning freshness of Giotto. But before considering Giotto as the Father, simply because he was the first great western master, I purpose to survey briefly the evolution of Landscape Painting from Giotto to Turner, noting the prominent names and achievements, as a sort of skeleton guide to the essays that follow.

# SURVEY

## I

### *From Giotto to Giorgione*

BECAUSE Giotto's works were publicly exposed at Padua and Assisi, and because he was a man of genius, he gave succeeding generations patterns in subjects, which they wondered at—and consciously or unconsciously imitated.

Duccio of Siena, born six years earlier than Giotto, owed nothing to him. Duccio had a pretty taste in landscape painting, and he was perhaps the first to paint a garden—Gethsemane ; but he was not in Giotto's class. Simone Martini, his pupil, outsoared Duccio, and has earned, in my opinion, by his fresco in the Palazzo Pubblico, Siena, painted *c.* 1328, the title of the Father of Picturesque Decoration.

To Ambrogio Lorenzetti belongs the honour of painting the first scene direct from nature, *c.* 1338, also on a wall of the Palazzo Pubblico. And a nameless painter of Siena, possibly a pupil of Ambrogio Lorenzetti, created about 1350, stammeringly, what may be called —the first pure landscape, without figures.

From the adorable nursery of art at Siena we pass, in our chronological search for landscapes, to the Low Countries, to that great master Hubert van Eyck, whose " Adoration of the Lamb " was begun in 1415—perfection in a stride—and to another great work that was being painted in 1415—the Months in Pol de Limbourg's " Chantilly Hours."

Again we turn to Italy, to Gentile da Fabriano, who gave us, in 1423, in his predella to " The Adoration of the Magi," a round glowing sun, and a star-sown sky, with a crescent moon. It was Gentile da Fabriano who first set the sun in the sky ; but Pol de Limbourg was before him with his star-sown sky.

About two years later, *c.* 1425, Masaccio was painting the majestic landscape in his " Tribute Money " ; and in 1428 Masolino da Panicale was covering walls at Castiglione d'Olona with bold and important landscapes.

Then a contrast to these—a splendid contrast—Paolo Uccello's " Rout of San Romano " of 1432, the greatest pure decoration yet produced.

Again the North claims us with the landscape skill of Konrat Witz, whose " S. Christopher " is, as regards the study of water in movement, an astonishing feat of realism for *c.* 1438. Witz had a strong feeling towards landscape, but as a painter he is excelled by Dirk Bouts, who was not less accomplished in landscape than in the figure, as shown by the glorious wings of his "Adoration of the Magi." Beyond the river where S. Christopher wades, the sun transfigures sky, hills and waves.

About 1450 Giovanni di Paolo, that most attractive experimenter, as I have already indicated, made his sky blue, smeared gold upon the hill sides, induced his trees to cast long shadows, and placed the sun boldly in a corner of the sky in his " Flight into Egypt " at Siena.

In 1458 Benozzo Gozzoli was making the Riccardi Palace glorious with his pagan " Procession of the Magi " frescoes ; and *c.* 1459 Giovanni Bellini was at

work upon the resolute, sweeping landscape of his " Agony in the Garden," an early work of this gracious, glowing landscape painter. A year or so later, *c.* 1461, Bono da Ferrara was painting the hard reflections of his " S. Christopher " at Padua.

Four years afterwards, in 1465, Piero della Francesco —*plein air* Piero, claimed by some as the Father of Landscape Painting—was flooding his open-air " Baptism of Christ " with light.

In 1470, or thereabouts, Mantegna gave us the magnificent open window view in his " Death of the Virgin " ; also in 1470 Matteo di Giovanni left us the happy world which his Holy People are cheerfully leaving in his " Assumption of the Virgin." About the same year, 1470, Antonio Pollaiuolo confined the whole Arno valley in a small " Rape of Deianira." And I have placed about this date, 1470, that precious little picture now ascribed to Jacopo del Sellaio, showing " The Meeting of the Child Jesus and S. John."

Again we turn north to the nameless masters of the Rhine Valley, who painted lovely, quiet landscape backgrounds. Modern scholarship has given a few of them names. Some of their pictures may be placed about this period. In 1475, or so, we have the delicate, noble accessory landscapes of that sad man, Hugo van der Goes, beautiful in the " Portinari " altar-piece, grave and precise in " The Fall."

Gerard of Haarlem, who died young, like Masaccio, was also a genius. In his " S. John the Baptist in a Meadow," *c.* 1485, he showed his power as a landscape painter. And there were Gerard David, Quentin Matsys,

Jerome Bosch, Jacob van Oostsanen, and other strong, if unequal men.

South again! The exquisite landscape fancy of Botticelli, the rich, park-like setting by Cosimo Rosselli of his " Combat between Amor and Castitas," *c.* 1482, and that pioneer work by Ghirlandaio in the Sistine Chapel, *c.* 1482, " The Call of the Apostles."

About 1490 we find Carpaccio frolicking in decorative landscapes ; the dainty vision of Cima ; in 1500 the views by quaint Piero di Cosimo of the sunny pagan world ; and seven years later, *c.* 1507, clever Sodoma painting floods and swirling waters at Monte Olivetto Maggiore.

In 1511 Albert Dürer, a master of landscape with his pen and graver, painted the exquisite view in his " Adoration of the Trinity " ; and in 1523 Perugino produced almost a pure landscape in the centre panel of his " Adoration of the Magi."

Then Joachim Patinir, perhaps the first man to set himself really to paint landscape, whose delightful, fantastic panoramas of nature may be dated any year between 1500 and 1524, when he died.

Finally, for he ends this section, the glamour of Giorgione, that unfolding genius. Chronologically his paintings are a little earlier. He died young, having first set Titian on his august way.

## II

### *From Titian to Turner*

Late in life, in 1552, Titian painted four great landscapes. Three are lost, one remains, which hangs now

in Buckingham Palace—a large, dim landscape with a stormy sky. Can we wonder, with these four to his credit, that mighty Titian has a high place in the list of possible Fathers of Landscape Painting. Yet there was more of the real nature lover in patient, persevering Altdorfer, called by Kugler " the creator of German landscape painting." He was a pupil of Dürer, who would have approved of Altdorfer's minute and careful study of foliage, painted in 1575, which he called " Landscape with S. George and the Dragon."

We have now reached a period when men were beginning to turn seriously to landscape, and therefore so serene and accomplished a master as Raphael, who used landscape as a lovely accessory only, must give way to rough and ready Jacopo Bassano, whose pastorals, such as " Boaz and Ruth," *c.* 1550, have won for him, from such a high authority as Mr. Berenson, the title of " the first modern landscape painter." He was a dull artist; so, from the point of view of beauty, suavity and charm of colour was Tintoretto in landscape mood; but Tintoretto was finely scenic in his two nocturnes called " Mary of Egypt in the Wilderness," and " The Magdalene in the Wilderness," *c.* 1560.

Twilight is now descending upon Italy, and the gloom is to last for nearly two hundred years, until Canaletto and Guardi recovered the light.

A great landscape master soon arises in the north—Pieter Brueghel, whose " Winter: The Hunters," and " Autumn: The Return of the Herds," painted *c.* 1560, show a sense of decoration and pattern, with a feeling for rich, glowing colour that make him the most attractive and most distinguished of pioneer

landscape painters. Paul Bril, the master of Tassi, who was the master of Claude, must also be mentioned. He was an early little master of the monumental view, and it is well to remember that his " Christ Healing the Demoniac," painted in 1601, was done when Claude Lorrain was in the cradle.

There were other excellent northern painters of this period—Vroom, with his picturesque sea-fights, such as " Spanish Galleons Sunk off Gibraltar," *c.* 1617, the earliest maker of such splendid unrealities ; Lucas van Valckenborgh, who painted a blinding " Snow-storm " as early as *c.* 1620 ; Jodocus de Momper, who portrayed all the Dutch world his eyes could see in his " Spring," *c.* 1620. He was a forerunner in the All or Nothing School, and quite interesting and delightful.

But all these pale, I suppose, before magnificent and magisterial Rubens. If he is not the Father of Modern Landscape Painting I know not who is. Certainly he deserves the title. His " Summer, or Going to Market," dates from 1615 ; his " Autumn, with a View of the Chateau de Steen," from 1636.

Now we approach other great men. It must not be forgotten that Rembrandt " learnt from " Hercules Seghers, that remarkable and unfortunate artist, a pioneer of the bird's-eye view, whose " Dutch Landscape," with its enormous sky and flat, particularised country, was painted about 1620, when Rembrandt was fourteen years of age. Esias van de Velde was another pioneer. His " Ferry Boat " is dated 1622 ; but van Goyen, fond also of a large sky, was a far better painter. He felt and expressed atmosphere, as in his " The Mass, Dordrecht," and " Sea Piece," *c.* 1641.

Almost contemporary with van Goyen was a great Frenchman, Nicholas Poussin. His " Shepherds in Arcadia " is about 1640; his " Polyphemus " about 1645.

With Claude Lorrain we reach the first great artist who painted landscape consistently, persistently and classically. His " Cephalus and Procris " was completed in 1645, his " Enchanted Castle " in 1664.

Rembrandt was born six years after Claude. With this great master of landscape, and everything else, Holland resumes her sway. The Dutch painters of " domestic landscape " of the seventeenth century begin to crowd upon us, but as landscape painting has now become a popular, if not a remunerative pursuit, I need only mention the names of the outstanding figures—golden Cuyp, silvery Jan van de Capelle, prolific and monumental Ruisdael, and among them that wonder of wonders, Vermeer of Delft, whose " View of Delft " may be dated about 1670. After him came Hobbema and the end ; but it was a brave ending to the Dutch supremacy, for Hobbema's " The Avenue of Middleharnis," painted in 1689, is, I suppose, the most popular landscape ever painted.

Enter France, through a side road, into the realm of landscape painting, through the adorable Watteau, who used landscape as an accessory delightfully. The year of " The Embarkment for Cythera " is 1717. Around and following him were his kin—Fragonard, Lancret, Boucher, etc.

We turn again to Italy to competent and luminous Canaletto, and to brisk and gay Guardi. About 1740 is the date of Canaletto's " The Island of San Michel "; about 1750 is Guardi's " Santa Maria della Salute."

And now, at last, England begins, and a great beginning, with Richard Wilson. I should say that 1755 is near the date of his lovely " Landscape with Bathers," and " The Convent—Twilight."

Thirteen years after Wilson came Gainsborough. " The Market Cart " is about 1770, and " The Watering Place " around 1775. Approximating to this date we may place the " Valley with Winding Streams," by John Cozens, and his equally beautiful " Lake Scene."

What a procession of great men ! What stalwarts were produced when England had once begun ! But we must turn aside for a moment to France to note the appearance of Georges Michel, " Michel of Montmartre," a herald, unhappy, unrecognised, whose " Mill " was painted about 1800, before the dawn of the first of the Barbizon masters.

Then to England again, to John Crome, strong and sturdy, essentially English, a pioneer, born seven years before Turner, and eight before Constable. His " Windmill on Mousehold Heath " was painted about 1810.

Thomas Girtin lived for twenty-seven years only, long enough to give the world great water-colours and to give a lead to Turner. Two of his " golden drawings "— " Landscape with Old Wooden Bridge," and one of the Kirkstalls—may be dated the year of his death, 1802.

Finally Turner, who closes this volume. Constable will open the second volume—two forces, the two great influences of modern landscape painting. Of Turner I need say no more here than to repeat what I have already said, that the division of Landscape Painting from Giotto to the Present Day might be—" Before Turner " and " Since Turner." So great was he.

# PART II

# FROM GIOTTO TO GIORGIONE

# I

## *The Apparition of Giotto*

GIOTTO, *c.* 1266-1337.
CIMABUE, *c.* 1240-*c.* 1301. BUFFALMACCO, *c.* 1262-*c.* 1351.

I BEGIN with Giotto, not because he had any particular affection for nature, but because he was a man of genius. Obviously a great artist should be able to paint man and nature with equal skill; but when Giotto arose, ushering in the dawn of western art, and for long afterwards, it was man, not nature, that stirred the imaginations, and directed the efforts of painters and patrons. Landscape was modestly introduced only when the subject demanded it, in a "S. Francis Preaching to the Birds," a "Flight into Egypt," or a "Baptism of Christ." Companionable nature, such as flowers, fruits, herbs, which many of the early artists understood and loved, was painted with particularity before they attempted seriously the wilder aspects of nature, which they did not understand, and perhaps feared.

Doubtless Giotto could have conquered in landscape had he cared, but he did not care, or perhaps with so many commissions he did not think it necessary to give the time to landscape that he gave to the figure. Who cared about dawns and sunsets? Everybody cared about "man made in the image of God." At Assisi and

NOTE.—Artists who may be called Leaders in Landscape Painting, that is, those who show original vision, or who have advanced the art, are considered at some length. Others are referred to incidentally. The Leaders appear in a line by themselves at the head of each essay: the names of the others are grouped together.

Padua the monks were near at hand. At any hour of the day they could serve as models, but as Giotto could not introduce rocks and trees into the church, he just painted such forms as he remembered in his journeys through Tuscany. Perhaps the reason that his ploughing oxen at the base of the Campanile are so lifelike is because he was forced to wander into the fields and study the straining beasts.

With Giotto the fourteenth century opens in a flood of light, which flickered out before two-thirds had passed, as if Nature was reserving the gifts for her painter children of the magnificent fifteenth century. Like Donatello, like Constable, Giotto was an original genius. He, and they, looked with their own eyes.

Not all that goes by the name of Giotto is by him; but the process of sifting the work of the master from that of his contemporaries and followers is now virtually complete. No longer do we attribute to him that touch of realism, a real man fishing with a real rod from a real rock, the "new thing" that Margaritone feared. The fisherman in the "Navicella" mosaic cannot be assigned to Giotto. The fisherman is absent from his original design.*

Now here at the outset I am confronted by the appalling differences of opinion among critics, and throughout this history I shall have to steer a course between views, to pick my way, in regard to dates and attributions. Mr. Berenson,† for example, gives Giotto's dates as 1276-1336.

* *A History of Painting in Italy*, by Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

† *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*, by Bernhard Berenson.

Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle assert that the intruding fisherman in the "Navicella" mosaic is not Giotto's original drawing of the subject. Mr. Basil de Selincourt* agrees, but a learned critic in *The Athenæum* (July 29, 1905) holds a different opinion, and maintains that the fisherman was part of Giotto's design. Perhaps this angler was introduced by some lively monk with an instinct for realism, or perhaps by Taddeo Gaddi, who reproduced Giotto's "Navicella" mosaic in the Spanish Chapel of S. Maria Novello. Whoever is responsible for it, this "intruding fisherman" is a startling new note after Byzantine conventionalism.

The wonder is not that Giotto painted landscape so ill, but that he painted it so well. He skipped past the ancient portal of Byzantine art, and opened the door of life. Everything was new to him, and landscape was but one of the novelties. He painted a credible saint leading a credible ass, credible waves breaking on a credible shore, and credible water in a credible baptism. But man, not nature, was his joy. He introduced landscape only when the theme compelled it; he set a fashion in Giottesque rocks, which, Ruskin says, persisted down to the time of Ghirlandaio. This may be true if we except Masaccio. Giotto originated a formula. His frescoes at Assisi and Padua were visible to all; anybody could plagiarise from them; indeed, one might find in the wall decorations at Assisi by Giotti's predecessors, by himself and by his pupils, all the elements of landscape painting. We find a sort of seascape, and a sort of pastoral even in the fresco of

* *Giotto*, by Basil de Selincourt.

" The Creation of Man " by Cimabue or another. These were the first public picture galleries. Everybody could visit Padua and Assisi, and there is no surer sign of Giotto's originality than the fact that in succeeding years, lesser men, like his pupil Taddeo Gaddi, adopted the designs of the master. " The Flight into Egypt " in the Lower Church at Assisi is certainly by a pupil. It is over-picturesque, and lacks the austerity of Giotto's rendering of this subject in the Arena Chapel at Padua. But it was Giotto who first saw the decorative effect of a file of travellers passing across the foreground of a hilly landscape. In the Arena Chapel, Padua, Giotto also gave the formula for " The Baptism of Christ," with a feeling of wetness in the water. And was it he or Duccio who first dropped into realism and perched the sightseers on branches of trees ?

Giotto was certainly a great originator, and far in advance of his time. His ploughing oxen panel on the Campanile at Florence might be the work of a modern on a twentieth-century agricultural college. Perhaps so busy and popular a man did not need the consolation of nature ; not for him the call to turn from man to meadows, to the murmur of waters and the rustle of trees, to the many sweet evocations which, in later times, allured men to landscape painting. Sorrows he may have had, but they are not recorded. True, he was the father of eight children, " all remarkable for their ugliness," but, like the snipe in the fable, probably he thought them beautiful.

Giotto touched landscape just when his story picture needed it—no oftener. His pathetic pastoral at Padua,

*c.* 1295

S. Francis Gives his Cloak to a Needy Man (Assisi)
GIOTTO, *c.* 1266-1337
*Photo : Carlofo*

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*c.* 1295

S. Francis Preaching to the Birds (Assisi)
GIOTTO, *c.* 1266-1337
*Photo : Alinari*

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" Joachim Retires to the Sheepfold," is so good that we are surprised it is not better. Why did not the hand which drew those figures make something better of the toy sheep, the chunky hill, and the dwarf trees, their roots nourished by hard rock ? And yet the fresco has a something in it which faultless drawing could never have accomplished. It is this naïveté that the Post-Impressionists of our day strive to attain.

In the fresco at Assisi, " S. Francis Gives His Cloak to a Needy Man," he makes a brave attempt at landscape in the rocky hills, with Giottesque trees strangely springing from bare rocks. Yet was he so far wrong? Trees, apparently growing from rocks, find their nourishment, as may be seen in Central Park, New York. In " S. Francis Gives His Cloak to a Needy Man" he introduced landscape when it was not absolutely necessary ; so this complicated rendering of nature is a real and bold beginning in landscape painting.

But Giotto's most complete and his most charming work in landscape is " S. Francis Preaching to the Birds " in the Upper Church at Assisi. Repainted, restored, renovated, yet centuries of damp and the decorous hand of time have given to it a delicate texture which is probably more beautiful than Giotto's original colour. The trees may be trees of the imagination, but Giotto has really tried to indicate the mass of the foliage as well as individual leaves. The grey-blue sky, no longer gold, you observe, is really lighter than the blue upland. The surprised attitude of the attendant monk at the docile intelligence of the birds must have seemed very wonderful to Giotto's contemporaries.

In " The Miracle of the Spring " we have a clear

rendering of Giotto's elemental rock forms with the trees growing tidily from them, a formula that was to serve so many painters—pupils and their pupils—because the master set the fashion in achievement.

Far behind Giotto is the painter of a fresco at Assisi illustrating the legend of " Lazarus Appearing to the Sister " at Marsoglia. It is probably by Buffalmacco, a naïve, here-there-and-everywhere picture, but with a sea that has the honour of being the first attempt to render the illusion of waves.

Giotto, a very witty and pleasant person, very ready in speech, draws near to being a pioneer landscape painter when we stand before " S. Francis Preaching to the Birds," or before the repetition of the scene in the predella of the Louvre picture, which Vasari referred to as " the landscape full of trees and rocks, a new thing in those days." A new thing, yes! But what a gulf yawns between that and, say, a springtime Corot.

## II

### *The Lost Fame of Duccio*

DUCCIO, *c.* 1260-*c.* 1319.
UGOLINO DA SIENA, *c.* 1280-*c.* 1339.

Unimpassioned, the twentieth century contemplates the ancient rivalry between Florence and Siena. We smile at Vasari's Florentinism, and we are tranquil when we are told that it was Duccio's " Majestas " that was carried in triumph through the streets of Siena,

*c.* 1295

The Miracle of the Spring (Assisi)
GIOTTO, *c.* 1266-1337
*Photo: Alinari*

*Facing page* 38

*c.* 1310

Lazarus appearing to the Sister (Assisi)
? BUFFALMACCO, *c.* 1262-*c.* 1351
*Photo : Alinari*

*Facing page* 39

not a " Madonna " by Cimabue, or another, through the streets of Florence ; and that the altar piece of Sta. Maria Novello is by Duccio, not by Cimabue.

Of Duccio's thoughts and temperament we know nothing. He is classed as one of the outstanding artists of antiquity in contrast with Giotto, who is called the first of the moderns. Duccio was almost a man of genius, struggling to free himself from the fetters of the Byzantine convention. Probably he received his art training from a Byzantine master in Constantinople. As a man he is a shadow in the dimness of his day ; but there still lingers about him the glory that was his from the " Majestas." The jubilation sounds in our ears when we read the story of the triumph of this work ; how it was borne in pomp to the Duomo, as if a mere picture was the bright chariot of a Cæsar, to the blare of trumpets, the beating of drums, and the ringing of church bells.

The fame of Duccio has been thrown into shadow by the morning splendour of Giotto ; but in the treatment of landscape I do not think he is far behind Giotto. More than once he employed a low horizon ; he noticed that at sunset the sky is lighter near the horizon, and he observed that leaves when rustled by the breeze, or when they catch the light, are illumined.

To appreciate Duccio's contributions to landscape, all that is necessary is to pass a morning in the Cathedral Museum at Siena before his famous and formidable masterpiece, the " Majestas," safe now after many vicissitudes. This worm-eaten object, glowing like some ancient Byzantine fabric, although but a fragment

of the original altar-piece, contains on the reverse no fewer than twenty-six small pictures depicting scenes from the Life and Passion of Christ. Three of them demanded a landscape treatment, " The Betrayal," " Gethsemane," and " The Entry into Jerusalem "; and Duccio was unafraid.

Duccio looked at nature with love and insight, but in one respect he lags behind Giotto, who made his skies blue. Duccio was content with the gold leaf of Byzantium and the early missalists.

" The Entry into Jerusalem " is an upright in the lower left-hand corner of the " Majestas " panel, filling double the space of the adjoining picture, which is about a foot high. The sky, as I have said, is gold ; the little dormer roof is blue ; the walls of Jerusalem are red ; and the foliage of the trees is a veritable green. Note the sparkle of the leaves as they take the light. " The Transfiguration," another part of the " Majestas," is now in the National Gallery of London. One has only to glance at this small panel, at the way the formation of the rocks has been studied, and the drawing of the figures, to realise that Duccio was far in advance of all his contemporaries—except Giotto. In " The Garden of Gethsemane " he improves upon the trees in " The Entry into Jerusalem," and in the foreground he has placed what looks like an herbaceous border. Here, certainly, we have the earliest attempt at a garden in Western painting, not because Duccio was attracted to gardens, but because Gethsemane was a garden.

His pupil, Ugolino of Siena, tried hard to express the look of trees in his " Betrayal of Christ " in the

*c.* 1310

The Entry into Jerusalem (Siena)
DUCCIO, *c.* 1260-*c.* 1319
*Photo : Lombardi*

*Facing page* 40

*c.* 1340

The Voyage of S. Peter (Florence)
TADDEO GADDI, 1300-1366 (design by GIOTTO)
*Photo: Alinari*

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National Gallery. He made a hearty attempt, but his trees are not to be compared with Duccio's.

Duccio certainly has a place in our landscape hierarchy, but it was not for the landscape setting in the little attendant pictures of the " Majestas " that the Sienese shouted and waved their hats that day in 1311, in gay Siena, before the fame of their idol had been lost in the centuries.

## III

### *Martini the Magnificent and Gaddi the Groper*

SIMONE MARTINI, *c.* 1285-1344.
TADDEO GADDI, 1300-1366.
AGNOLO GADDI, *c.* 1325-1396.
NICCOLO DI BUONACCORSO, *c.* 1320-*c.* 1388. GIOVANNI DI MILANO, *c.* 1310-*c.* 1370. JACOPO DI CASENTINO, *c.* 1310-*c.* 1390.

A pupil of Duccio, Simone Martini was at the impressionable age of twenty-five when his master's " Majestas " was carried in triumph through the streets of Siena. Maybe it was the splendour of the procession, dipping and rising over the hills, winding upwards to the cathedral, that tinged Martini's vision with colour and made him into a painter of pomps—protagonist of great mural decorators. But there was no kinship between his peacock-plumaged performances and his master's sad sincerity. Simone's kingdom was of this world, his brush was devoted to the service of principalities and powers. His " Angel of the Annunciation " at Antwerp carries no suggestion of that meekly awful messenger. Our eyes, dazzled by the magnificence of

the wings, the richness of the coiled and pearl-bedecked hair, the thick and shining circle of the aureole, and the sweep of the flying garments, hardly notice the wan and meagre lily. In the Chapel of S. Martin at Assisi we are confronted, as we peer upwards at Martini's fading fantasies, by the glory of an emperor, not the humility of a saint.

What has this superlatively sophisticated Simone Martini to do with landscape? What connection has he with lambs and trees, streams and skies? Well, the term "landscape" has wide frontiers, and I cannot exclude his great fresco at Siena, showing Guidoriccio of Foligiano riding out from the Sienese Camp. The tents and towers are too small, the emblazoned charger could step over the lance-embroidered picket-fence, yet how effective are the huddled fortresses, the vanishing banners, the proud sweep of sky, and the arrogant decorated equestrian figure. Yes, this fresco by Simone Martini the Magnificent must be ranged under the banner of landscape.

And what of Taddeo Gaddi, for twenty-four years Giotto's assistant? Shall we give him a name and a habitation, or sweep him into oblivion as one of that inconsequential crowd, "the later Giotteschi," gropers after another man's light? Perhaps if the creative loom of Giotto had never woven material for the tribe of Gaddis, I might have included a reproduction of his "Meeting of Joachim and Anna" in the Baroncelli Chapel at Santa Croce; but this design is only Giotto adapted and reconsidered. So with the fresco known as "La Navicella, the Voyage of S. Peter," already referred to, ascribed to Taddeo Gaddi, in the

*c.* 1328

Guidoriccio of Foligiano riding out from the Sienese Camp (Siena)
SIMONE MARTINI, *c.* 1285-1344
*Photo : Lombardi*

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*c.* 1365

Predella to the Legend of S. Julian (Munich)
AGNOLO GADDI, *c.* 1325-1396
*Photo : Bruckmann*

*Facing page* 43

Spanish Chapel of S. Maria Novello, that barn of second-rate performances. It is merely a repetition of the famous " Navicella " mosaic by Giotto, with the addition of the " intruding fisherman." How decorative is the treatment of the bark and the billowy sail! The position of the bark might not please a sailor, but neither would Raphael's boats nearly two centuries later. Taddeo Gaddi, or another, groped to some purpose when he reconstructed that design with much decorative, if with little spiritual, significance. But he was a man of some power. Ill done though his " Annunciation to the Shepherds " be, there is an attractive sweep and boldness about it. And rough observation is shown in the frightened animals.

His son, Agnolo Gaddi, delights with his fine decorative sense and surety of pattern design, in two small predella pictures by him at Munich. His fish are conventional, but he had studied the ways of water. There is a boldness about these two little pictures, and a vigour of composition that casts something of greatness upon this minor artist.

Niccolo di Buonaccorso, being a Sienese, had a good notion of pomp and gold-glamour. He was certainly not a landscape painter, but he had glimmerings of the decorative value of trees when he placed a conventional palm and shrubs beyond the open gallery in his " Marriage of the Virgin " in the National Gallery.

Giovanni di Milano deserves a word of acknowledgment because, in his " Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene," he has made the trees growing from the soil.

Jacopo di Casentino also demands acknowledgment, because in the predella to his " S. John Lifted up Into Heaven " in the National Gallery (perhaps it is by Giovanni del Ponte) he introduces the first Isle of Patmos—meagre but the first.

From this group two artists of decorative fervour and accomplishment emerge—Martini the Magnificent, and Agnolo Gaddi, who certainly knew how to place a subject—boldly, firmly and symmetrically—in its space, so that the eyes enjoy it at once ; and who had studied the effect upon water when objects are immersed in it.

## IV

### *The First Panoramic Landscapes*

AMBROGIO LORENZETTI, *c.* 1290-*c.* 1348.
PIETRO LORENZETTI, *c.* 1280-1348.
A PUPIL OF THE LORENZETTI. BERNA, *c.* 1320-1381.
NICCOLO DI PIETRO GERINI, *c.* 1340-1415.

A large window in the old Palazzo Pubblico at Siena, Ambrogio Lorenzetti peering through it, studying the lie of the land, and the orderly uprisings of nature : then portraying on the wall all he sees, and more. That, for me, is the unforgettable association of this Sienese master with landscape painting.

From the Lorenzetti brothers dates the panoramic, if not precisely the pure, landscape. Indifferent to perspective, innocent of the tact of omission, they set down everything, yet their figures are subservient to their spacious, map-like backgrounds.

*c.* 1338

The Results of Good Government (Siena)
AMBROGIO LORENZETTI, *c.* 1290-*c.* 1348

*c.* 1340

The Hermits of the Thebaïd (Florence)
PIETRO LORENZETTI, *c.* 1280-1348
*Photo : Alinari*

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*c.* 1350

Landscape (Siena)
School of Ambrogio Lorenzetti, *c.* 1290-*c.* 1348
*Photo : Lombardi*

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We know little about these talented brothers who bravely advanced the art of landscape painting, who worked together, and who were presumably carried off by the plague which ravaged Italy in 1348.

We do not know the exact date of the Uffizi panel by Pietro, called "The Hermits of the Thebaïd," through which the visitor, if he has leisure, can pleasantly pick his visual way. If Pietro designed and painted this amusing pictorial rebus before he had seen his brother's "Good Government" fresco at Siena, it is obvious that this fourteenth-century Sienese master was gifted with a lively fancy, and as a *plein-air* painter he may well stand as the parent of the seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish panoramic landscapists.

Ambrogio's "Good Government" fresco in the Palazzo Pubblico, Siena, is, I assume, the first landscape painted direct from nature. This huge fresco, faded almost to the hue of ashes, lingers on the wall of the Sala de Pace adjoining the tall window. Commissioned by the Duke to depict the results of Good and Bad government, what more natural than that Ambrogio should base his design of "Good Government" on the picture of peace and prosperity that greeted his eyes when he looked through the tall window? Of course he must bewilder the scene with episodes, as neither he nor his brother understood that an effect is produced by salient selection, not by a multiplication of features. But how free and amusing it is! The landscape seen from the window has changed since Ambrogio decorated the walls, but the general effect remains, and there can be no doubt, I think,

that Ambrogio looked through that window, and for the first time took actual nature as a model.

There is a real feeling for landscape in the Florence Academy panel, by Ambrogio, showing S. Nicholas standing on the shore watching the sun sinking. But there is still more of the glamour of landscape by a follower of Ambrogio, the nameless painter of a landscape in the Belle Arti at Siena, labelled " Maniera di Ambrogio Lorenzetti." Certainly he loved nature, and he had a strong feeling for the tact of omission and the simplicity of bare spaces. May not this view be called the first attempt at pure landscape? It betrays no " state of the soul," but is not a love of natural beauty shown in those quiet waters lapping the shore, the little town, the plots of cultivation, and the wilder land and hills beyond? In one respect it is significant. There are no figures. This nameless Sienese painter was content to suggest the presence of man with empty boat, unattended villa and solitary church, the very denials that were to obsess landscape painters in the twentieth century.

After the Lorenzetti, and this unknown master of rejections, little remains in the fourteenth century to record.

There was Berna of Siena who painted for the Collegiata, San Gimignano, a kind of hard garden because the commission was for " The Agony in the Garden." In the foreground are flowers, lemon trees grow from the lower rock, and on the summit are three trees, each of a different foliage, spreading against a blue sky.

The centre panel of " The Baptism of Christ in the

River Jordan," by Niccolo di Pietro Gerini, would be a pioneer performance with its rippling water and darting fish had not Giotto, years before, painted " The Baptism of Christ " in the Arena Chapel, Padua. This no doubt Niccolo saw. Still it is a remarkable performance. He has studied water, its flow and ripples, and has felt its colour.

Stumblers were the men of the fourteenth century in landscape, yet they were initiators, even if they did owe much of their vision to Giotto, and to his precursors and successors at Assisi and Padua. In fresco and panel painting this century can claim the first sheepfold and the first spring of water ; the first lake and the first trees against the sky ; the first garden and the first decorative equestrian figure ; the first ship in full sail and the first pure landscape without a figure ; the first panoramic view, and the first landscape painted direct from nature, where men work in the fields and merchants return laden from long journeys.

## V

### *Taddeo di Bartolo's Towers*

TADDEO DI BARTOLO, *c.* 1362-1422.

Although we are now on the threshold of the magnificent fifteenth century, we must still, in our search for landscape in early painting, linger in the Palazzo Pubblico of Siena, the ancestral home of Sienese art. On the chapel wall looms " The Death of the Virgin," by Taddeo di Bartolo, painted in 1407, an early date

for a man to dare the towers rising against the shining sky, which is of gold, for Taddeo was of Siena where Duccio reigned. When he set the Son floating downwards, ministered to by rose and golden seraphim, to awaken the Mother to a sorrowless life, it must have seemed natural to the painter to place behind the rush of seraphim, behind the circle of sentinel shrubs, those dark hills, symbolising the outposts of the Valley of Death, and rising above them, against the gold sky, the towers of the New Jerusalem, old Siena changed by the eye of faith.

Three times have I lingered through three long mornings in the venerable Palazzo Pubblico, but in memory I wander there often, seeing the masterpieces of Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Simone Martini, Taddeo di Bartolo, the dim decorative battle frescoes of Spinello Aretino, and visualising the shades of painters who have lingered there for inspiration. If a record had been kept, if each man had scrawled his signature upon the walls ! Perhaps the names of Hubert and Jan van Eyck would be among them ? Taddeo di Bartolo's few towers against the sky may have been the inspiration for the many towers that rise from the horizon above the meadow in " The Adoration of the Lamb " ; or for the sunflushed pinnacles making lovelier the background of that earlier picture, " The Three Marys at the Sepulchre."

With the mention of the van Eycks our thoughts fly northward to Flanders, and soon we must turn aside from our search for landscape in pictures and frescoes, and, opening a certain priceless volume at Chantilly, *Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*,

learn how far in advance of the Italians in landscape lore and love were the Flemish miniaturists. The earlier Italians touched landscape diffidently; the Flemish missalists of the opening fifteenth century, painting for a brilliant court and not for dark churches, frankly recorded the beauty of the world on small, bright pages.

But before we open *Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry* and consider the gifted artists who made the lovely pictures it contains, we must dwell upon a greater man than Pol de Limbourg, who was also a miniaturist of genius—Hubert van Eyck, and his brother Jan.

## VI

### *The Astonishing van Eycks*

HUBERT VAN EYCK, *c.* 1366-1426.

JAN VAN EYCK, *c.* 1385-1441.

THE PAINTERS OF "PARADISE PICTURES" AT BERLIN AND FRANKFURT.

If I were asked to choose an artist entirely worthy of the title of the Father of Landscape Painting, perhaps my choice would fall upon Hubert van Eyck. One picture alone would give him the honour, and there are others that make his claim incontestable. You have only to travel to Richmond and stand before "The Three Marys at the Sepulchre" in the Cook Collection to realise what an advance Hubert van Eyck made in the art of painting. Incidentally he created landscape.

The fame of Hubert has increased, the fame of his brother Jan has lessened. Yet Jan was a great painter. He was an able craftsman, Hubert was a craftsman

and something more. To him was granted vision. Jan was not particularly interested in landscape, and after his brother's death he left nature alone. Hubert was the first great landscape painter. It is now agreed by the chief critics who have made this period their life-long study that Hubert was the author of " The Three Marys at the Sepulchre," the landscape portion of " The Adoration of the Lamb," and the general design of that great work. Jan's contribution is probably confined to the figures of Adam and Eve, strong, forcible, but " out of the picture."

Hubert van Eyck was the eldest of three brothers. Pol de Limbourg was the eldest of three brothers. Two families of genius, and to each three brothers ! There was also a van Eyck sister—Margaret.

Limbourg Duchy was the birthplace of them all ; they were contemporaries. The van Eycks produced work in which, to quote Fromentin, " art achieved perfection in a first effort." The de Limbourgs drew elegance from Italy and Paris, the van Eycks were straightforward Flemings, softened by travel in Italy and elsewhere. For the highest manifestations of landscape painting in books, and in panel pictures, in the early fifteenth century, we need look no further than the work of these astonishing families. While the de Limbourgs were painting the " Months " in the Duc de Berry's Prayer-book, Hubert van Eyck may have been working upon " The Three Marys at the Sepulchre," which has been called " the earliest landscape painting in the world." Hardly the earliest, but certainly the most accomplished in date, and the most realistic, for, not content with making his towers look like Jerusalem,

*c.* 1425

The Three Marys at the Sepulchre (Richmond)
HUBERT VAN EYCK, *c.* 1366-1426
*Photo : Anderson*

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*c.* 1425

The Adoration of the Lamb : Lower Panel (Ghent)
HUBERT VAN EYCK, *c.* 1366-1426
JAN VAN EYCK, *c.* 1385-1441
*Photo : Hautecœur*

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either from a sketch of his own, or from a drawing by a pilgrim, he fixed the scene at dawn, the hour when the Holy Women visited the Sepulchre. The sun has just risen but is hidden by the toppling crags; the flushed towers catch the rays; their bases are in shadow. Beyond the city wall is a lovely meadow with trees and shrubs and many little flowers, a meadow which was to grow in spaciousness, and to show his increasing delight in flowers, when Hubert painted that marvellous, minute landscape, the lower panel, in "The Adoration of the Lamb." It is a vast lawn spangled with flowers, peeping even from between the robes of the kneeling and standing pagans and believers. Beyond are the towers of the Holy City, blue mountains and a blue sky, and the gay meadow is flanked by groups of trees and shrubs, that form so solemn a background to the procession of judges, knights, hermits and pilgrims, each panel in its landscape setting. The cypress, the stone pine, the great palm, the olive and the orange, may all be recognised.

Hubert originated this loving treatment of landscape. He loved landscape. He, and not Jan, is now credited with the amazing view from the chamber where Chancellor Rolin kneels before the Virgin—a busy town, a river, bridges, two thousand people (they have been counted), and snow mountains in the distance. Here, then, is the first delightful vision of the out-of-doors seen from a room, for Ambrogio Lorenzetti's quaint "Good Government" fresco can hardly be called delightful. And fine though Roger van der Weyden's (Roger of the Pasture) later "S. Luke Painting the Virgin" be, and wrought with greater

simplicity, his view of the beyond would probably never have been painted had he not seen this new vision of landscape in his master's picture and appropriated it. It is the same vision, but with Hubert's enlarged miniature simplified.

The landscape panel of " The Adoration of the Lamb " is really an elaborated " Paradise " picture, a statement which I take from Sir Martin Conway's *The Van Eycks and Their Followers*. This book is indispensable to students of the period. Not only does Sir Martin trace the evolution of art in the Low Countries, wearing his learning lightly, but he also brings into one volume the result of the researches of W. J. James Weale, Count Durrieu, Professor Hulin de Loo, Dr. Friedlander and others. I append a list of the books to which I am indebted.*

Sir Martin Conway fully explains, and thoroughly enjoys, those Paradise pictures which derive their motive from the practice and profession of the Mystics of the Rhine Valley, a race of saints and seers—Brethren of the Spirit, Friends of God—whose visions and ecstasies had so great an effect on letters and art in the Low Countries. There is a " Paradise " picture, " Dorothy's Garden," a " true mediæval garden," at Frankfurt. But the earliest, dating from about 1440, is in Berlin. It is a triptych, and the centre panel shows the Virgin and four Holy Women seated in a flowering

* *The Van Eycks and Their Followers*, by Sir Martin Conway.
*Hubert and Jan van Eyck*, by W. H. James Weale.
*Hours of Milan*, par Professor Hulin de Loo.
*Hours of Turin*, par Count Paul Durrieu.
*Le Renaissance Septentrionale*, par Fierens-Gevaert.
*Jean de France, duc de Berry*, par Champeaux et Gauchery.

meadow. These " Paradise " pictures pale before the glorious abundance of nature in " The Adoration of the Lamb," by Hubert van Eyck, who, if he did not invent oil painting, invented a new technical method, which revolutionised the art of the landscape painter. There is still more to say in praise of this remarkable man.

Landscape painting by the Miniaturists, which was, with a few exceptions, far in advance of landscape in panel pictures, is considered in my next essay ; but it must be said here and now that Hubert van Eyck was an outstanding master in the art of the miniaturist as well as in the panel-picture. He was probably the painter of at least four of the landscapes in the *Très Belles Heures de Notre Dame*, known as the *Hours of Turin*. That precious volume, begun between 1380 and 1390, worked upon by various hands, and finished about 1450, was burnt in the fire at Turin in 1904, but happily a set of reproductions had been made before the disaster, which were published by Count Paul Durrieu in 1902. The landscapes in the *Hours of Turin* were by various artists, including probably Jan van Eyck. The illustrations were of varying accomplishment, but it is generally agreed that four of them were of outstanding merit, and that these four were by Hubert van Eyck. Three were burnt. One escaped the fire, and is now in the Trivulzio Collection at Milan. Of the three that were burnt reproductions have been preserved in Count Durrieu's publication,* which may

* Facsimiles of the miniatures with elucidatory text of this section of the *Hours of Turin*, now in the library of Prince Trivulzio at Milan. Published by Professor Hulin de Loo, under the title of *Hours of Milan*.

be seen in any important public library. One is that vivid seascape known as " L'Oraison de Sainte Marthe," an extraordinary rendering for the time of rough water and quiet hills ; the second opens to us behind " The Kiss of Judas " a magnificent sunset in which light has been carefully studied ; the third shows the Duke of Bavaria, on his return from England, welcomed by his daughter Jacqueline. Here, for the first time, the effect of a summer day is rendered with astonishing skill and insight. The fourth " and artistically the finest " has been happily preserved and is now in the Trivulzio Library at Milan. This masterpiece, which is not one of the large miniatures, but a small drawing at the foot of the page, 5 inches long by 1 inch high, has been given the title of a " River View." As I have not seen this " River View " in the original I will quote what Sir Martin Conway says about it.

" Before 1417 Hubert had made his great innovation in landscape ; in the ' River-View ' he had carried the new art to a perfection never afterwards quite equalled by himself, and certainly not by anyone else for a century or more. In that picture, too, he had shown himself a master of atmospheric as well as of linear perspective, far in advance of any other painter in the north of Europe. There is a castle on one shore, and a few buildings on the other, but it is the river itself, with its pleasant windings, its wooded banks, its mysterious and delightful distance—above all, it is the mirror surface of the water and the light reflected from it, that gives to this little picture so unsurpassable a charm."

In the large miniature above the little " River View" Sir Martin sees the inspiration of the picture " Jan

*c.* 1416

Baptism of Christ or River View. Très Belles Heures (Milan)
HUBERT VAN EYCK, *c.* 1366-1426

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*c.* 1416

Fishing. Très Belles Heures
? HUBERT VAN EYCK, *c.* 1366-1426

*c.* 1416

Adam and Eve. Très Belles Heures
? HUBERT VAN EYCK

Arnolfini and his Wife " that Jan painted later ; and in another the inspiration of the centre panel of " The Adoration of the Lamb."

In the section that was burnt there were twelve pictures representing the occupations of the months from January to December. Some of them are of great realistic beauty, particularly the " Fishing," the " Adam and Eve," and " The Queen of Sheba crossing the River to Solomon." These may be by, or inspired by, Hubert van Eyck. Anyhow, there is enough to bestow upon this remarkable man the proud title of " The Father of Landscape Painting." Hubert van Eyck shows no hesitation, no fumbling. In him " art achieved perfection in a first effort."

You will have gathered that Sir Martin Conway holds very decided views about the eminence of Hubert van Eyck, and with sporting fairness he explains to us how Dr. Friedlander and others disagree with him, and he with them. " Research," says Sir Martin, " is the best of all sports." Those who have neither time nor inclination for research have the pictures ; they enjoy them ; they are possessions, and unfailing pleasure. The researchers have their joys ; but how their deductions and opinions differ! One of them states that there is not a square inch of painting of which we can say with certainty that it is by Hubert van Eyck. Another critic, Dr. Dvorak, in an essay published in 1918, pulled down, to his own satisfaction, the whole Hubert van Eyck art edifice. Who is right ? Which of these various prophets shall we follow ?

This at least we know—that Hubert van Eyck was born about 1366, that he was twenty years older than

his brother Jan, that he was a very great artist, and inventor of a new method of oil painting. Discussion about the van Eyck pictures has rather died down, but it still rages around the miniatures in the *Hours of Turin*, especially around the four small landscapes, a few inches long by an inch or so high.

These four landscapes, as I have said, are very beautiful, and I do not wonder that Sir Martin Conway is enthusiastic about them. He and his critical friends suggest, as I shall explain in the next essay, that they are by Hubert van Eyck; that the Duke of Bavaria took them to France in 1414, and showed them to the Duke of Berry, who was Pol de Limbourg's patron. So impressed was the Duke of Berry by their beauty that it is suggested he sent for Pol and said to him, "Paint me views like these."

That is the story. We are asked to believe that Hubert van Eyck inspired Pol de Limbourg, and set him on the track of landscape painting. That may be, but there is something about the *plein-air* Months of Pol de Limbourg—personal, human, delightful—that is lacking in Hubert van Eyck's austerity. Why not say that each was a great artist—but different?

## VII

### *The Miniaturists*

POL DE LIMBOURG, *c.* 1380-1434.
FOUQUET, *c.* 1415-*c.* 1480. JEAN COLOMBE, *c.* 1430-1490.
POL DE LIMBOURG'S BROTHERS. GIOVANNI DE GRASSI, *c.*
JACQUEMART DE HESDIN, 1350-1402-13. [1340-1398.

Fortunately or unfortunately, I am not writing a

history of miniature painting. It would be a delightful task to supplement this text with reproductions in colour of the best of the beautiful little pictures enshrined in so many glorious volumes, and with leaves such as those that were in the possession of Mr. Yates Thompson, which have become separated from their volumes. Landscape art flowers in these Prayer Books, rising to a height of beauty, elegance and unity that outsoars most of the landscapes in panel pictures.

Art flourished exceedingly under those great patrons the Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bavaria, who fostered the genius of Hubert van Eyck and Pol de Limbourg. The Duke of Berry was the chief patron. A large part of his magnificent library is lost or destroyed, but M. Leopold Delisle has noted 88 manuscripts made for him and still existing—71 in France, 10 in England, 3 in Italy (2 of them since burnt), 3 at Brussels, and 1 at the Hague.

There were miniatures, abundant and various, before those two men of genius, Hubert van Eyck and Pol de Limbourg arose, but they need not detain us. Why trouble about the seeds when you can enjoy the flowers! Let them pass ; but I must refer to an early little master, Jacquemart de Hesdin, a Parisian, who, between 1390 and 1402, painted some of the miniatures in the *Très Belles Heures du duc de Berry*, known as the *Hours of Brussels*, where it is now preserved. One of them, " The Flight into Egypt," is a compact and conventional little picture, but it betrays no temperament, and no particular vision. Sir Martin Conway and Mr. Roger Fry had an agreeable encounter in the *Burlington Magazine* and in the pages of Sir Martin's *The Van*

*Eycks and Their Followers* as to which was the greater master, Jacquemart de Hesdin or Beauneveau. I incline to the Conway camp, and range myself with those who hold that Jacquemart was the better, and that he may have been the painter of the "Richard II" portrait in Westminster Abbey, the Wilton diptych, and author of the Morgan sketch-book, and the drawing at Oxford. But these are guesses unprovable. Jacquemart is an interesting artist, "the outstanding painter of his generation—the generation by which the van Eycks and de Limbourgs were taught"; but as a landscape pioneer he pales before Pol de Limbourg. Indeed, in our search for landscapes in miniatures there are two books only that need detain us. One has already been mentioned, the *Très Belles Heures de Notre Dame*, known as the *Hours of Turin*, which became divided into three sections:

1. In the Turin library, with which it was burnt in 1904.
2. In the library of Prince Trivulzio at Milan.
3. In the library of Baron Maurice de Rothschild. There are also a few leaves in the Louvre.

The other is the *Très Riches Heures du duc de Berry*, known as *The Hours of Chantilly*.

Well do I remember the afternoon I spent in the Musée Condé at Chantilly examining, under the benign but watchful eyes of M. Macon, that precious volume which contains twelve beautiful landscape pictures by Pol de Limbourg and his brothers (executed between 1412 and 1416) to illustrate the occupations of the months from January to December. Nothing that came afterwards in landscape miniatures

excelled them, not even the splendid achievement of Fouquet, shown in the forty miniatures at Chantilly from the *Book of Hours of Etienne Chevalier*, of which the finest are the "S. John in Patmos," and the exquisite little pastoral now in the Louvre, known as "S. Marguerite"; not even the three magnificent pages from *Les faits des Romains*, not even "Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon," once in the Yates Thompson Collection, excelled the work of Pol de Limbourg and his brothers in the naturalistic representation of landscape. Fouquet and Colombe may have been more accomplished, more mature and assured, but they had not the range and fancy of Pol de Limbourg. Moreover, the Fouquet miniatures were not completed until 1470 or so, whereas the Pol de Limbourg landscapes were finished in 1416. The miniatures of Jean Colombe, who completed the illustrations of *Les Très Riches Heures du duc de Berry*, in 1485, are imposing, but they are the flower grown from Pol de Limbourg's seed.

How satisfactory it is that in a place so accessible as the Musée Condé at Chantilly there should be preserved in the library, a book in a locked case, which contains, fresh as the day they were painted, unaffected by the passage of over five hundred years, such fascinating examples of landscape art of the period.

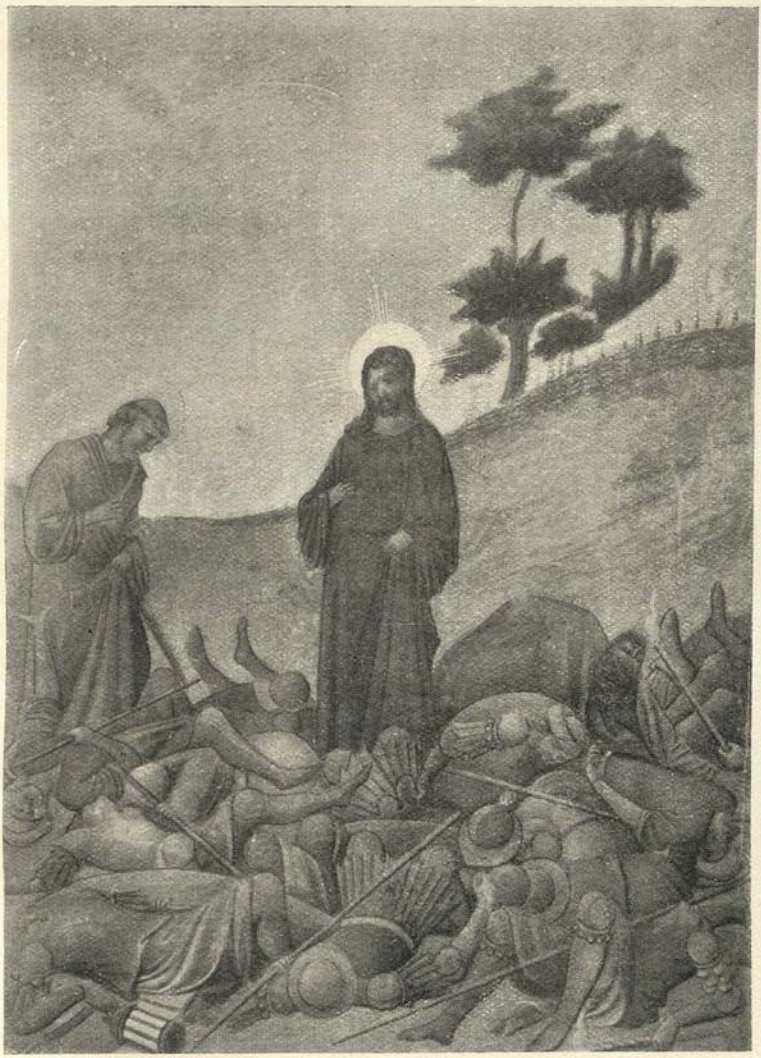
This is not the place to write of the Duke of Berry's court at Bourges, or of the Flemish artists whose brilliant accomplishments, taking an added grace from the "urbanity and refinement" of Paris, provided the Duke with his magnificent library of illuminated manuscripts. It is generally agreed that Pol was the genius of the three brothers, and that we may ascribe the

inspiration and execution of the Months miniatures to him. In the learned pages of MM. Champeaux et Gauchery* will be found all that is known of the life and work of these richly endowed brothers.

The months of the year, from January to December, are but a section of the *Très Riches Heures*, but they are more frankly concerned with landscape than any of the other illustrations. Above each is a calendar, and the signs of the zodiac pertaining to the month: in four of the months, however, the spaces for the calendar are left blank. September and November, unfinished on the Duke of Berry's death in 1416, were completed by Jean Colombe in 1485. I have selected for reproduction the months of February, June, October and December, and also a nocturne, "Christ in the Garden of Olives," from another section of the book. The dignity of the Saviour, the grouping of the huddled figures in the foreground, the natural rise of the land, the delicacy of the star-sown sky, make up a nocturne that is a remarkable production for the early years of the fifteenth century. The trees only are immature. Strange that they should be so, for there is no immaturity in the dense semicircle of particularised trees, the wood of Vincennes, that rises darkly beneath the towers of the miniature illustrating "The Kill in the Wood" in the month of December. The vision and the statement of that wood are as forcible as the wood in "Landscape with the Death of S. Peter Martyr," by a pupil of Giovanni Bellini. Perhaps one of Pol's brothers, Jean or Hermann, painted the Giottesque

* *Les Travaux d'art executés pour Jean de France, duc de Berry*, par Champeaux et Gauchery (Paris 1894).

*c.* 1415



Christ in the Garden of Olives. Les Très Riches Heures (Chantilly)
POL DE LIMBOURG, *c.* 1380-1434, and his Brothers
*Photo : Giraudon*

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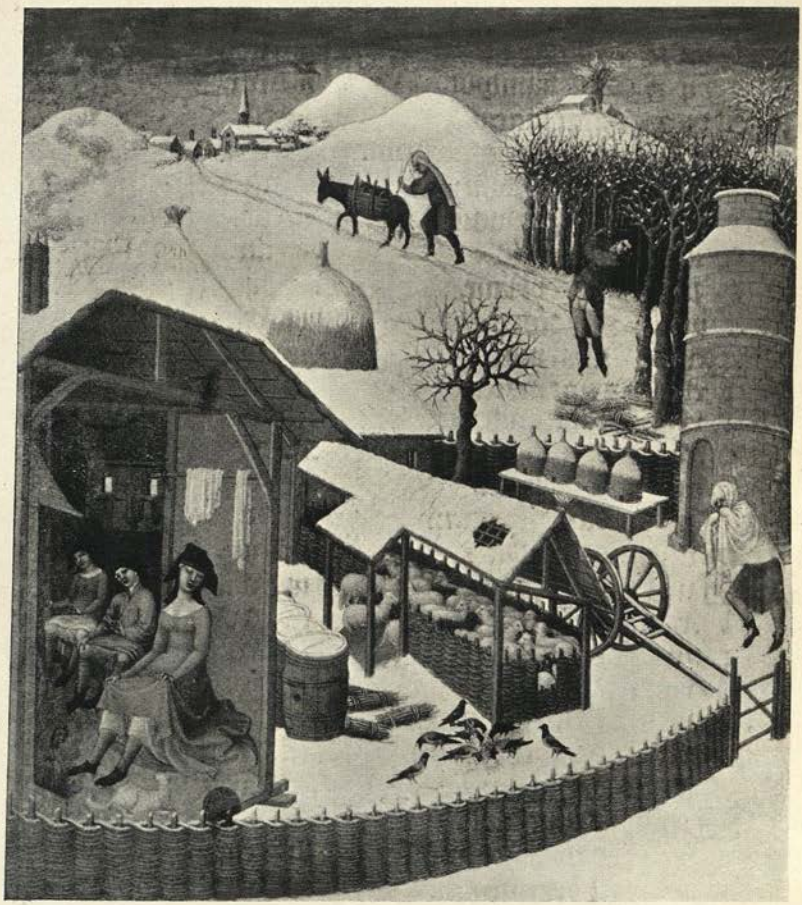
*c.* 1415



February. Les Très Riches Heures (Chantilly)
POL DE LIMBOURG, *c.* 1380-1434, and his Brothers
*Photo : Giraudon*

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trees in " The Garden of Olives." It is our way to say, when anything less than super-excellent is produced, that it could not have been done by Hubert van Eyck, or Pol de Limbourg.

Was Pol de Limbourg so ardent a lover of nature that he painted these landscapes of the months for their own sake? Perhaps so; but it may have been that his close study of nature came from the conditions of the commission which he whole-heartedly accepted. Undoubtedly that commission was to illustrate the various chateaux and palaces belonging to the Duke of Berry—the Louvre, Mehun-sur-Yèvre, Lusignan, Dourdan, Rivin, Poitiers, Saumier, etc., and as Pol travelled from one estate to another, through the alternations of the seasons, he had the happy idea of indicating in the foreground of each picture some avocation of the season, some aspect of husbandry. January is an interior showing the Duke of Berry feasting at table in a gorgeous, tapestry-hung hall. February shows no chateau. The artist may have been on his way to Lusignan to paint the ploughing and pruning illustration for March, and, as he travelled, perhaps he could not resist pausing to note this February snow scene with the interior of the cottage showing the women drying their drenched clothes, the sheep in the pen, the white roofs, and the lonely snow-covered village on the crest of the hill. Sir Martin Conway suggests that the landscape is by an artist who loved nature (probably Pol), and that the rather clumsy cottagers were put in by a figure man (probably one of his brothers). March is a ploughing scene. The artist of April was not a landscapist. He was more concerned with the dandy figures

in the foreground than with the smiling tears of April. The same criticism applies to May. In June graceful figures are cutting and raking in the hay, a delightful picture. July represents sheep-shearing, but surely Pol did not paint those " corkscrew " hills. August represents carting home the hay : some of the harvesters are bathing. Here again the foreground figures dominate the landscape. September is gathering fruit, October is hoeing and sowing, with the old Louvre rising in the background beyond the Seine, a charming picture, one of the best, deft and dainty, beautifully particularised. Note the bag of meal and the devices, still used to-day, for frightening the birds. December is " The Kill in the Wood " of Vincennes, already described. The colour of these miniatures is fresh and pure, the skies light and atmospheric ; flowers and fruit are treated naturally and with a gay verisimilitude possible only to a man who lingered lovingly before nature. Separated by a few years only from Taddeo di Bartolo's " Death of the Virgin," what an advance in the treatment of landscape Pol de Limbourg shows. He stepped out into the open air, roamed through the country, and painted what his eyes saw.

For years I cherished the idea that Pol de Limbourg was the master of all landscape miniaturists. The artists of the Grimani Breviary, published one hundred years later, were content merely to copy Pol's vision. But Sir Martin Conway obliges me to reconsider my adoration of Pol de Limbourg. He enunciates, as I have already said, the startling suggestions that Pol de Limbourg learnt more from Hubert van Eyck than he learnt from nature ; that the Duke of Bavaria, Hubert's patron,

*c.* 1415

June. Les Très Riches Heures (Chantilly)
POL DE LIMBOURG, *c.* 1380-1434, and his Brothers
*Photo : Giraudon*

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*c.* 1415

October. Les Très Riches Heures (Chantilly)
POL DE LIMBOURG, *c.* 1380-1434, and his Brothers
*Photo : Giraudon*

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*c.* 1415

December. Très Riches Heures (Chantilly)
POL DE LIMBOURGG, *c.* 1380-1434, and his Brothers
*Photo : Giraudon*

*c.* 1460

S. John in Patmos (Chantilly)
JEAN FOUQUET, *c.* 1415-*c.* 1480

*See page* 59

who had acquired a section of the unfinished *Hours of Turin*, commissioned Hubert to paint the miniatures that have given such great distinction to the *Hours of Turin*; that the Duke of Bavaria showed the Duke of Berry what his brilliant artist had done, and that the latter was so delighted with the new work (and probably so envious) that he determined that his artist should exceed Hubert. So he sent for Pol, as I have said, showed him Hubert's pictures and said, "Paint me views of my castles like these." Thus, Sir Martin thinks, the Pol de Limbourg Chantilly landscapes were inspired.

This is imaginative criticism, and anybody can test it as I did. I went to the library of the Victoria and Albert Museum, placed the volumes containing the reproductions of those famous miniatures on the table —the *Hours of Milan*, edited by Hulin de Loo, the *Hours of Turin*, by Count Paul Durrieu, the *Hours of Chantilly*, by Champeaux and Gauchery, and compared the miniatures.

Well, naively literal, charming and romantic as Pol de Limbourg's landscapes are, and I had the advantage of remembering their beautiful colour, it may be that the designs by Hubert (if they be by him) are of finer quality. They have a feeling for atmosphere, light, and aerial perspective, and an austerity that was denied to Pol. Moreover, Hulin de Loo, Durrieu and Conway find that Pol was quite an adept at adopting the ideas of other painters. It is suggested that the little friezes of the Months in Hubert's *Hours of Turin* gave Pol the lead for his Months in the *Hours of Chantilly*, and that Pol never did better than the "Fishing" scene frieze, or the "Queen of Sheba

Wading Through a River," in the *Hours of Turin*, and that there is nothing in Pol's Months quite to be compared with Hubert van Eyck's " River View," or with his other examples—the " Rocking Boats," " Jacqueline Meeting the Duke," and the sunset landscape behind " The Kiss of Judas."

The conclusion we are asked to accept is that Pol de Limbourg was a great man, but that Hubert van Eyck was greater, and that he should be styled the Father of Landscape Painting, because he inspired Pol de Limbourg, and also because he branched out into picture-making, miniatures marvellously writ large, pictures with landscapes in them that are still the wonder of art.

But the reader who falls under the sway of the landscapes in the *Hours of Chantilly* by Pol de Limbourg as I did, and is loth to have their author belittled, has this satisfaction : they are by him ; they can be seen and loved ; but no one can say for *certain* that the wonderful miniatures in the *Hours of Turin* are by Hubert van Eyck, or that they influenced Pol de Limbourg.

Anyhow, we have these adorable pictures, and having them let us reverence and cherish the past which gave such little masterpieces to us.

## VIII

### *A Cheerful Pair of Friends*

GENTILE DA FABRIANO, *c.* 1360-1427.
VITTORE PISANELLO,* *c.* 1385-1455.

After the delight of Pol de Limbourg's work it is

* Prof. Beadego places Pisanello's birth as late as 1397.

rather a tepid adventure to search for landscape in the pictures of even so talented a man as Gentile da Fabriano, master of Jacopo Bellini.

A few years before van Eyck's " Adoration of the Lamb " was completed, Gentile da Fabriano, his years being over sixty, completed " The Adoration of the Magi," that gay work of pomp, splendour and many flowers, which this lover of flowers introduced even into the interstices of the frame of the picture—the iris, the pink, the lily, the violet, and I know not what else—wrought in the wood as if he had not room for all in the picture. By this work, and especially by the predella, Gentile, the first great master of the Umbrian school, takes his place among the heralds of landscape. " The Flight into Egypt," which is the subject of the central panel of the predella, demanded a background of nature, and so, perhaps remembering Giotto's " Flight into Egypt," he contrived the pretty trees, the cultivated meadows, the stony path, and the sunshine that gilds the slopes. And in the corner he painted a hard gold globe to represent the sun, a vigorous sun. In the left predella, illustrating " The Nativity," he placed a crescent moon, and along the sky he scattered stars, gold stars in a blue sky, an early nocturne antedated only by Pol de Limbourg's night scene, " Christ in the Garden of Olives." Much of Gentile da Fabriano's work has perished. Gone are the frescoes in the Ducal Palace of Venice, where he had Vittore Pisanello, painter and medallist, as fellow-worker and pupil. How well suited they were to be friends. To each the world was a pageant which suffered no eclipse from the night of sorrow.

## LANDSCAPE PAINTING

The genius of Pisanello was too various to allow him to be preoccupied with landscape. There is mystery in the pine wood behind the figures of his " S. Anthony and S. George " in the National Gallery; and in his " Adoration of the Magi " at Berlin he shows how deftly he could lay out a panoramic landscape with pasturage, boats and birds, and a town clustering in a fold of the hills. He loved animals. They appear in all his pictures ; they abound in the intricate work in the National Gallery so delightfully regardless of perspective, known as " The Vision of S. Eustace," minutely finished to the hairs of the dogs and the very feathers of the birds, a reasoned jumble of landscape materials.

A solid sun, a crescent moon, flowers and a menagerie of animals, such were the considerable contributions of this cheerful pair of friends, Gentile and Vittore, to landscape.

In the year 1423, when Gentile da Fabriano was finishing " The Adoration of the Magi," another Italian, Masaccio, much younger, more resolute, reserved and realistic in outlook, was beginning his epoch-making frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel, Florence. These two painters, so diverse in their achievement, died about the same time. Gentile, if we accept his birth and death dates as 1360 and 1427, was sixty-seven. But Masaccio was only twenty-seven when he disappeared.

## IX

### *Atmosphere and the Open Country*

MASOLINO DA PANICALE, *c.* 1383-*c.* 1447.
MASACCIO, 1401-1428.

Dark and damp is the Brancacci Chapel in the Carmine, Florence; dim and almost obliterated are the frescoes; countless have been the murmurs of disappointment from countless art pilgrims eager to be thrilled by the genius of Masaccio. If they be honest they acknowledge that, had it not been for all they have read in praise of Masaccio, they would have disdained this dark and damp Brancacci Chapel.

Between my first and my second visits I examined photographs of the frescoes, and upon me dawned the grandeur and the large vision of this pioneer of the Renaissance—the massive, commanding figures, awe-inspiring in their grim intensity, of "The Tribute Money," the hills and trees, the floating clouds and the noble mountains. These are no "corkscrew hills." Here at last are the forms of the high solitudes subtly observed, and wrought out massively, with power and with care. When next I visited the Brancacci Chapel I was able faintly to follow Masaccio's noble designs in the "dust-bitten and ruined" frescoes. Then I realised what a prodigy was this youth who "loved solitude and the confinement of his room, and cared as little for himself as for the world in general," who disappeared leaving his work in the Brancacci Chapel unfinished, and who died in Rome at twenty-seven.

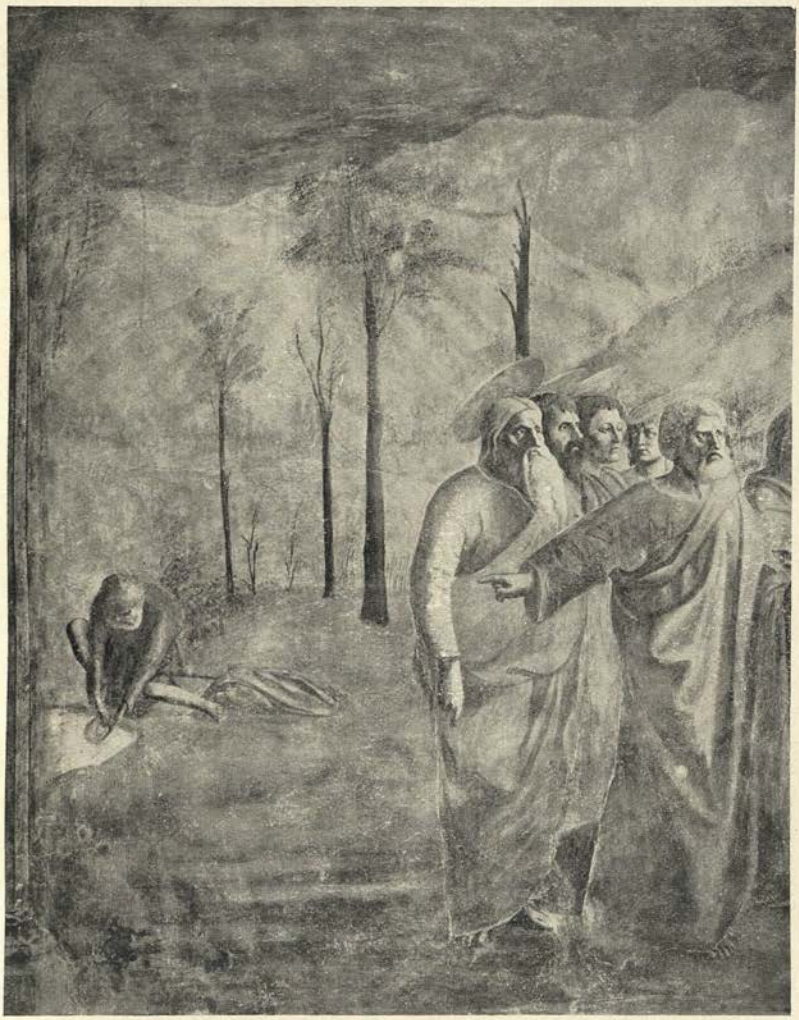
Masaccio saw that objects were related one to another

by atmosphere. In this respect he excelled the van Eycks. He remembered the fleecy clouds hovering over and half hiding the summits of the Pisan hills, " the hills by cause of which the Pisan cannot see Lucca," the fragility of the rustling trees, the lurking shadows, the ambient air. He studied everything, even the ripples of the water caused by S. Peter drawing the tribute money from the fish's jaws. Look at his trees. They are growing from the earth. Masaccio was a great landscape painter because he was a great figure painter, a very intent observer, and a fine craftsman.

And what of Masolino da Panicale, Masaccio's master, his senior by about eighteen years ? Now that " The Crucifixion " in S. Clemente, Rome, has been taken away from Masaccio and given to Masolino, this somewhat disregarded Masolino, by reason of that work and other discoveries, emerges as a landscape painter of power. " The Crucifixion " was probably painted before " The Tribute Money." Quite modern in feeling is the landscape of " The Crucifixion "—bare country, with hills sloping to the sea, and a wide expanse of grey, cloudy sky.

But it is at Castiglione d'Olona, near Milan, that we find, in disappearing frescoes, the wide range of Masolino's contributions to landscape, in such a work as " The Baptism of Christ," with those realistic figures disrobing for immersion, which Piero della Francesca may have looked upon, as Masolino may have looked upon Giotto's " Baptism." And there are remains of important landscapes by Masolino in the Palazzo Castiglione. The four walls of the hall were decorated

*c.* 1425



Detail of " The Tribute Money " (Florence)
MASACCIO, 1401-1428
*Photo : Alinari*

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*c.* 1420

Detail of " The Crucifixion " (Rome)
MASOLINO DA PANICALE, *c.* 1383-*c.* 1447
*Photo: Anderson*

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by Masolino. Three are covered with whitewash, but on the fourth, " what we see is nothing less than a vast landscape, a sort of panorama of the Alps, with a broad torrent swiftly rushing down to the plain.* This vast landscape has been described and illustrated by Signor G. Cagnola.†

Masaccio and Masolino ! Atmosphere, the open country, and that vast panoramic view of the Alps. May we not add Masaccio and Masolino to the list of Fathers of Landscape, and of the two may it not be said that Masolino, the lesser artist, ranks higher as a pioneer of landscape painting, not because he was a greater artist than Masaccio, but because he was more interested in nature ?

## X

### *Fra Angelico's Garden*

FRA ANGELICO, 1387-1455.

Fra Angelico, like other and lesser Florentines, was influenced by Masaccio ; but the impulse of his art was the piety that aided him to express the calm rapture of those who dwell in his bright anthropomorphic heaven. He used landscape frequently as an accessory ; but the sweet artifice of his landscapes can cloy ; it is a relief, after a course of pictures by Fra Angelico at Florence, to see the solemn, formal hills that rise in the background of his " Martyrdom of S. Cosimo

* *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art.* B. Berenson. Second Series.

† *Rassegna d'Arte,* May 1904.

and S. Damien " in the Louvre. That painful subject needed a severe landscape, and the five cypress trees that tower to the sky are in harmony with the realism of the scene ; but this equable saint was happier, I imagine, when he painted the landscape detail of his " Paradise " at Florence, where the blessed walk, hand in hand, over the bright grasses and flowers, towards the celestial gate streaming with golden rays of welcome. Landscape to Fra Angelico, who lived in " unclouded light," was certainly an episode, but his artist's soul loved a decorative arrangement—such as the flowering shrubs, a pure adornment, that rise above the screen in his " Birth of S. John the Baptist."

The beauty of the Arno vale, which he knew so well, never tempted Fra Angelico to paint nature for her own sake. His view of Lake Trasimene from Cortona, where his novitiate was passed, can hardly be said to have been painted direct from nature, although the view has been identified.

But in the years he lived at San Marco, wandering in the garden, and pacing the surrounding cloisters, he was brought very close to cultivated nature. We, centuries later, linger in that " green thought in a green shade " ; we look from the windows of the cells upon the garden, and like to remember that in that quiet enclosure Fra Angelico walked, mused, meditated, and observed flowers, grasses, trees with true pre-Raphaelite fidelity, and reproduced them in some of the frescoes on the convent cells. Flowers spangle the lawn to which his angel of " The Annunciation " has just descended : the outstretched wings cast shadows that themselves are colour. And the garden where the

*c.* 1443

Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene (Florence)
FRA ANGELICO, 1387-1455
*Photo: Alinari*

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*c.* 1432

The Rout of San Romano (National Gallery)
PAOLO UCCELLO, *c.* 1397-1475
*Photo : National Gallery*

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risen Christ appears to Mary—surely for this trim parterre the artist-monk studied the convent garden of San Marco! Some of the flowers—the daisies, the lords-and-ladies, the primulas, the dandelions, the wild strawberries, the plantain and the silver-leaf may be found there to-day, and in his time those symbolistic trees, the cypress, the palm, and the olive, may also have grown in San Marco. Why Fra Angelico placed that neat, interlaced bamboo-fence between the garden and the olive orchard, only Fra Angelico, now in his Paradise, knows.

He was " the first to communicate the pleasantness of nature," and he gave to art, on the wall of a cell, a garden, where immortal things happened; and the real garden is with us to-day, the garden where Beato Angelico walked, and dreamed and studied so many flowers, and the trees dark against the blue sky.

## XI

### *Science, Sentiment and Sunshine*

PAOLO UCCELLO, *c.* 1397-1475.
GIOVANNI DI PAOLO, 1403-1482.
FRA FILIPPO LIPPI, 1406-1469.

That " subtle and inquiring spirit," Paolo Uccello, was given his nickname, " Uccello," for his love for birds. Love is one thing, passion is another. Uccello's passion was for perspective, and he was the first among the old painters, says Vasari, who won a name for doing landscapes well. A modern has suggested that he was

the first to make art for dexterity's sake. Certainly he knew by instinct that paintings should be decorative, and if he fumbled with perspective and fore-shortening in the four splendid battle-pieces that he painted for the Bartolini family, the artist in him divined that literalism is not the way to express the splendour in disorder of a hand-to-hand combat. One of these battle-pieces, " The Rout of San Romano," is in the National Gallery, a true Post-Impressionist picture, expression not representation ; the emotion that such a scene aroused, not the facts as they might have presented themselves to his eyes. Say that his hills are as if hewn in stone, yet we detect a love for landscape in the hedge of roses mixed with pomegranate and orange trees. Yes : Paolo of the Birds must be pressed into our service ; odd, energetic Paolo, who would puzzle at nights over the " vanishing point," and who would cry when his wife called him to rest, " Oh, what a sweet thing this perspective is ! "

That, I admit, is not the voice of the landscape painter. Nearer is the voice of Fra Filippo Lippi, if we may take Browning's poem as a right analysis of the temperament of this " worldly Carmelite " :

" The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all."

Certainly Fra Filippo Lippi, the son of a butcher, had a delicate feeling for beauty, whether it appeared in the pretty, pouting face of Lucrezi Buti, the young nun whom he inveigled from the Convent of San Margherita in Prato, or in the dark hedge of trees against a blue

sky that gives gravity to the bright figures of his saints in the National Gallery picture. This butterfly early Italian of great gifts, who was the father of Filippino Lippi, and the master of Botticelli, touched landscape sweetly and sanely when he painted the right-hand portion of his " Meeting of Joachim and Anne "—animals, flowers, shrubs, trees and a winding road leading to the walled city with its many towers.

Modern criticism has taken from Fra Filippo Lippi the exquisite little work in the Berlin Gallery showing the meeting of the Child Jesus and S. John. It is now given to a pupil, or imitator, probably Jacopo del Sellaio (*c.* 1441-1493).

Filippo Lippi is known the world over. Giovanni di Paolo, three years his senior, was hardly known until the present century, outside Siena, except to students. But the fame of this imaginative and amusing painter increases. There was an article in the *Burlington Magazine* (August 1918) by Giacomo de Nicola, under the title " The Masterpiece of Giovanni di Paolo," which analysed his remarkable series of " The Life of John the Baptist," which had been recently acquired by Mr. Martin A. Ryerson of Chicago. This ardent connoisseur and collector lent " The Masterpiece of Giovanni di Paolo " to the Chicago Museum, and there I saw it with delight. Two of the panels, " The Baptist's Entry into the Desert," and " The Baptist's Testimony to Christ," are almost pure landscape, and portray his curious and fascinating way (there is another example in the Carvallo Collection, Paris) of employing rectilinear roads and meadows, stretching spaciously away up the picture, to indicate, I suppose, the journeys of the Baptist.

Giovanni di Paolo was a man of imagination, if his skill was not quite equal to his fervour, but he loved nature and was prone to happy experiments. On the day that I first saw Giovanni's " Flight into Egypt " in the Belle Arti at Siena, that home of joyful surprises, I realised that this experimental Giovanni was one of the true lovers of landscape.

His picture of " The Flight into Egypt," that so attracted me, is, as regards the figures, the usual rendering of the scene. They pass across the foreground ; they are adequately drawn ; but this motive, which Giotto originated, had been repeated often. What is new in the picture is the landscape, the extraordinary and delightful landscape that rises upwards from the figures. You see men with spade and flail : there is one ploughing, another guides a reluctant animal along a wide, white road. This is astonishing, for painters, Giovanni's predecessors and contemporaries, except the miniaturists, had not yet begun to study nature in this direct, intimate way. But that is not all. Hitherto the painters of Siena (Giotto of Florence employed a blue sky in his " S. Francis Preaching to the Birds ") had been content to use the traditional gold sky, but Giovanni di Paolo was an original, and doubtless one day when he was taking a walk over the lovely hills about Siena, at sunset, he said to his companion, perhaps a girl : " What blind duffers we all are ! The sky isn't gold, it's blue ; but it's gold on the hillsides where the golden light falls, and look, when the sun is low the trees cast long shadows."

So into this delightful picture he put his gay and true observations : he made the sky blue, he smeared

*c.* 1448

The Baptist's Entry into the Desert

The Baptist's Testimony to Christ
(Ryerson Collection, Chicago)

GIOVANNI DI PAOLO, 1403-1482
*Photo : Bemm*

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*c.* 1450

The Flight into Egypt (Siena)
GIOVANNI DI PAOLO, 1403-1482

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the hillsides, where the sun flushes them, with gold, and from his trees he cast long shadows.

No one has written a big book on him but many have felt his charm, and have expressed it in essays. "The winsome and at times exquisite Giovanni di Paolo," Mr. Berenson calls him. Another Siena lover complains that he was "a man of moods rather than of sincere convictions." That may be. So fertile an imagination, so Puckish and spritely a fancy, had other ways of expressing itself than by "sincere convictions," which are usually borrowed from other people. He was a man who looked for himself, and formed his convictions through observation and feeling. There are many pictures by him at Siena (and in America), and each is odd and fantastic. He rather laughed at man's inventions, intellectual and religious; but before nature he was always serious and buoyant.

Three Early Italians, each touching landscape, each in his way feeling its glamour: Uccello as a man of science, Fra Filippo Lippi as a man of sentiment, and Giovanni di Paolo, sun-lover, using his gold to gild the slopes of his warm hills.

## XII

### *A Man from the North*

KONRAT WITZ OF ROTTWEIL AND BASLE, *c.* 1400-*c.* 1447.
LUCAS MOSER, *c.* 1395-*c.* 1450.

Contemporary with those three Italians of Science, Sentiment and Sunshine, was a rugged man from the

North, who had a fierce passion for landscape, and whose bent was strongly towards realism. Let your eyes rest upon the accompanying illustration of " S. Christopher," by Konrat Witz, No. 646 in the Basle Gallery, painted before 1440. As a painting it may not be of the highest order, but no contemporary Italian artist can show so realistic a performance as this section of the Basle retable by Konrat Witz of Rottweil, who was probably one of the painters invited to Basle to adorn the churches and other buildings. Very observant was this independent man from the North, so prodigal of landscape, the fame of whose workshop made Basle famous. He was a pioneer of realism. Note the reflection of the church in the water, the ripples made by S. Christopher's staff, and the quaint touch of realism in the clutch of the Child's hand upon the saint's hair. Here we have real observation of nature.

But there is a still more remarkable example of Konrat Witz's treatment of landscape in the Gallery at Geneva. In 1444 he completed a large triptych for the Bishop of Geneva, of which the upper and lower right shutters alone escaped destruction in the Calvinistic outbreak. Happily one of the saved is " the marvellous landscape " called " The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," showing S. Peter sinking (John xxi, 1-8). The scene is the Lake of Geneva ; the view has been identified between Geneva and the village of Pregny. Inscribed on the panel are these words in Latin : " This work was painted by Master Konrat Witz of Basle in 1444."

People hurrying through the Basle Museum have

*c.* 1438

S. Christopher (Basle)
KONRAT WITZ, *c.* 1400-*c.* 1447
*Photo: Hollinger*

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The Miraculous Draught of Fishes : S. Peter Sinking (Geneva)
KONRAT WITZ, *c.* 1400-*c.* 1447
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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called Konrat Witz a house painter, but those who have seen his exquisite little " Crucifixion," now in Berlin, resent the charge. The landscape at the back of the " Crucifixion " is tenderly realistic, with a feeling for atmosphere and aerial perspective remarkable as coming from the workshop of primitive German art. The landscapes in the Ghent polytych, says Mr. Weale, as in all the Eyckian paintings, are artificial : " the first master who reproduced a real view as the scene of a subject was Konrat Witz of Rottweil." Hardly the first. There was Ambrogio Lorenzetti, with his view of prosperous Siena seen through the window of the Palazzo Pubblico, and Fra Angelico with his view of Lake Trasimene from Cortona.

Dr. Burchardt has published a volume on Konrat Witz,* but nobody has thrown light on the life and work of Lucas Moser. We know merely that he was living in 1431, and that in this year he finished the altar-piece in the church at Tiefenbronn in Swabia. One of the scenes represents the " Miraculous Voyage of S. Mary Magdalene," a brisk sea-piece, but the conventional drawing of the waves is far behind the achievement of that remarkable early master, Konrat Witz of Rottweil and Basle, who painted S. Peter sinking and S. Christopher wading.

* *Das Werk des Konrat Witz.* Basle, 1901.

# LANDSCAPE PAINTING

## XIII

### *Dirk Bouts : Landscape Painter*

DIRK BOUTS, *c.* 1415-1475.
ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN, *c.* 1400-1464.
ALBERT OUWATER, *c.* 1400-*c.* 1470. NICHOLAS FROMENT, *c.* 1417-*c.* 1480.

The North is now, sturdily and conscientiously, beginning to exploit landscape painting. What fairer spot could have been found than Haarlem, the centre of the Dutch flower country, and who so fit a propagandist as Dirk Bouts of Haarlem, son of a " landscape painter." He saw the glory and the beauty of landscape; he was one of the first to depict garden backgrounds ; and he was remembered after his death as a landscape painter.

Perhaps only Roger of the Pasture, and Dirk Bouts, the " humble craftsman of Louvain," could correct the attributions of the many pictures of quiet beauty and clear colour assigned to them. If Dirk Bouts did not paint the S. Christopher and S. John landscapes on the wings of the " Adoration of the Magi " at Munich, there must have been another unknown, important master living at the time. I am agreeable that Dirk Bouts should retain the crown. The intense and palely luminous " Deposition " in the National Gallery, although given officially to Roger of the Pasture, is probably by Dirk Bouts. Painted in tempera on linen cloth, this exquisite landscape is hushed to stillness. Nature, with these men, is ever at peace,

waiting quiescently, sympathetically, while the great events are taking place. With Roger of the Pasture, that serious man of deep religious feeling, as with Memlinc, nature is always sunny and serene when the Madonna is near. Roger of the Pasture loved the hour of sunrise. He painted it often. Through open windows, in the background of his tragic themes, the eyes fall with gratitude upon his pale sun-suffused landscapes. A contemporary of the van Eycks, Roger of the Pasture, after the custom of his time, readily plagiarised. When he painted his " S. Luke Drawing the Virgin," he adapted Hubert van Eyck's vision of the view seen through the open window, and he simplified it, as I have said in an earlier essay, and he flecked the sky with fleecy clouds and tried to draw each tiny ripple of the waves. He was a traveller ; he carried to Italy the fame of the northern method of painting. In Italy he knew and admired Gentile da Fabriano, and he may have met Fra Angelico. He moved among great men. Among his pupils or followers were Dirk Bouts and Memlinc.

Dirk Bouts was the son of Dirk Bouts, a landscape painter of Haarlem, who died early, and whose works are lost. In records he is described, as I have said, as "a landscape painter." The son, Dirk, or Dierick, probably absorbed his father's love of landscape. In many of his pictures it is the figures that seem accessory, as in his " S. John in Patmos " at Rotterdam, where he luxuriates in the paraphernalia of landscape lovingly artificial, and in his " S. Sebastian " at Brussels. Compare the " S. John in Patmos " by Dirk Bouts with Fouquet's at Chantilly. They were contemporaries.

But it is by the wings of his "Adoration of the Magi," representing S. John and S. Christopher, that Dirk Bouts becomes one of the pioneers of landscape painting. The morning landscape of the S. John wing is very beautiful; so is the evening of the S. Christopher, wherein the declining sun confronts us from a deep blue sky, striped with rosy bars and piled with glowing cumuli; and the scene is bathed in golden yellow. The waves are green with white caps; the reflections, the shadows and the stratification of the rocks have all been carefully studied. S. John stands in the early morning light, beloved of Roger of the Pasture, but it was a bold thing for Dirk Bouts to attempt the sunset which transfigures S. Christopher, and we must look far ahead, beyond the performances of the Nameless Masters of the Rhine Valley, beyond Hugo van der Goes, beyond even the great Memlinc, to find the equal of this flaming sunset, which the humble craftsman of Louvain saw in nature and daringly expressed in an unforgettable picture.

Gone are the landscapes of the father of Dirk Bouts. "The Burning Bush" by Nicholas Froment still hangs in Aix Cathedral, but it is faded almost to nothingness. Gone are the landscapes of Albert van Ouwater. We know only that he flourished between 1430 and 1460, and that he was renowned for his treatment of landscape. Some consider him one of the original founders of the Dutch school, and Haarlem cherishes a view of that city, "clear and warm in colour," and claims that it is by her lost son—Albert van Ouwater. That may be. Haarlem has, at any rate, her Dirk Bouts, born nearly two centuries before Frans Hals, who watched

early morns and sunsets, who painted them beautifully, and who is here frankly styled—" Dirk Bouts : landscape painter."

## XIV

### *A Painter of Light*

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA, *c.* 1416-1492.
PESELLINO, 1422-1457.

Objective Piero ! Passionless Piero ! Blind Piero ! These epithets arise when I think of this alluring yet detached painter, who wins the hearts of all who pause before his " Nativity " and " Baptism " in the National Gallery, faded as regards the landscape portions, but still full of luminosity. His shadows are colour, his tone values are stated, he sees the light catch the leaves, filter through the trees, and throw green reflections on his incurious, self-contained figures. Blind Piero ! For, if we may trust Vasari, darkness came upon him in his old age. *Plein-air* Piero ! For is he not the forerunner of the *plein-air* principles of later centuries ? Surely his " Baptism " and " Nativity " take place in the open air.

Born in the mountain town of Borgo San Sepolcro, his childhood passed in that region of light, and when, through the influence of Paolo Uccello, he became a " consummate arithmetician, geometrician, and perspectivist," he did not lose his love for ambient air. The man of exact science and the seeker of elusive beauty worked together. He seems to stand apart from the fray and fret of life. His figures, even in grief, show

no agony. He stands apart in landscape, too—a watcher, a pioneer, one of the first to paint a head large against a countryside, as in the delicate, unconcerned profile of the Duchess of Urbino, watching without anxiety over Umbria. He felt the landscape of this dainty, panoramic piece and the river landscape behind the strong red-garbed figure of the broken-nosed Duke; he felt, too, the more reasoned view, water and so many rounded hills, that stretch beyond the allegorical car in which the Duke of Urbino rides in the little picture at Urbino.

As this sane, solitary, objective Piero was born in 1416, or thereabouts, he glides into our landscape chronology, breaking the procession of the northern men of the period, leaving for our solace a little group of passionless people, in a land of order and morning clearness. He died where he was born, at Borgo San Sepolcro, in darkness among the hills.

After him, the world of Pesellino, some six years Piero's junior, seems grey. Yet there is light in the sky of Pesellino's "Trinity" in the National Gallery, and doubtless when it was first painted there was some magic of colour in the variegated, veracious landscape that spreads upwards from the foot of the Cross.

## XV

### *Pomp and Pageantry*

BENOZZO GOZZOLI, 1420-1497.
GIOVANNI BOCCATI, *c.* 1415-*c.* 1480.

It has been said, a little unkindly, that Benozzo Gozzoli's frescoes in the Riccardi Palace at Florence

are merely " the Florentine apprentice's dream of a holiday in the country on S. John's Day." But what a gorgeous holiday it is that this son of a doublet maker dreamed. The walls of the Riccardi Palace are still ablaze with Benozzo's dream. Fra Angelico, who was his master, loved a pageant too, but it was the heavenly vision that invited Fra Angelico's eyes. There is nothing of heaven in Benozzo's dream of worldly pomp and power, as the Magi, with magnificent retinue, wind through a beautiful if sophisticated landscape towards Bethlehem ; or in his gay and very earthly Paradise in the sanctuary of the chapel. Although a contemporary of Piero della Francesca, no gleam of Piero's love of light informs the dream of this pageant maker. Benozzo Gozzoli gave the spectacle-loving Florentines just what they wanted, and when towards the end of his life he, with the aid of many assistants, made the twenty-four frescoes on the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa, including the cheerful " Grape Harvest," the authorities, delighted and impressed, presented him with a tomb therein that he might rest " in the midst of the glorious achievements of his life." His figures are splendid, his landscapes are splendid, and one is as gorgeous as the other.

If Benozzo Gozzoli be the father of pageants, Giovanni Boccati is one of the ancestors (Fra Angelico was the earliest) of the Hymn of Praise pictures, wherein fair, curly-haired child angels laud the Virgin and Child. His angel children stand beneath a cool canopy of trees and flowers, the light streaming from beneath the greenery ; but it is " The Way to Calvary," the predella to this charming Hymn of Praise picture,

that gives Giovanni Boccati a place in our landscape hierarchy. He expressed himself in the decorative splendour of the procession, gay and cruel, and in that fine view of the sea, with the vast castle capped with white towers and red roofs, clouds floating in the blue sky, a fresh-water piece, dominated by a fairy palace but with a real sea and sky.

If Boccati painted " The Rape of Helen " in the National Gallery it must have been at an earlier date than " The Way to Calvary," for the sea is unobserved, the boat is half a flying machine, and the rocks are Giottesque—the fumbling of a child compared with the rocks of Masaccio or Piero della Francesca. But " The Rape of Helen " is a merry piece, and the landscape is gay.

## XVI

### *The Genius of Giovanni*

GIOVANNI BELLINI, *c.* 1428-1516.

The father, Jacopo, was great ; the elder son, Gentile, was great ; but the younger son, Giovanni, was a genius. He lived to be nearly ninety. We think of him, not in his brilliant youth, not in his splendid manhood, but as " the aged Giovanni." In him the glamour of landscape appears joyously apparelled. Bellini ! The very name evokes serenity and loveliness ; it stands for the ripe dawn of art in Venice. So forceful and persuasive was the art of Giovanni that, although but four works in the Venetian Room of the National Gallery bearing his name can indisputably be attributed to him, even

*c.* 1458

Detail of " The Procession of the Magi " (Florence)
BENOZZO GOZZOLI, 1420-1497
*Photo : Alinari*

*Facing page* 84

*c.* 1459

The Agony in the Garden (National Gallery)
GIOVANNI BELLINI, *c.* 1428-1516
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

*Facing page* 85

those that proceeded from his studio or from his pupils seem to have ingathered the glamour of the Bellini vision. Whether No. 599 in the National Gallery, the "Madonna of the Meadow," as it has been prettily called, is by Giovanni Bellini or by Marco Basaiti, a pupil who loved landscape, the pearly pastoral background is an endless joy. Giovanni's certainly is "The Crucifixion" in the Correr Museum at Venice, with a panorama of water, islands and hills; also the "Religious Allegory" at Florence, with the beautiful but somewhat formal landscape filling half this mystery picture, and also that delightful little sea-piece at Venice, suave naturalism and bright fancy, called "Venus, Queen of the World," one of the five small allegories he painted.

But to understand the charm and potency of Giovanni as landscape painter it is not necessary to travel further than the National Gallery. There, in the Venetian Room, is a Giovanni sunset and a Giovanni dawn. The sunset is, of course, the glowing "Agony in the Garden," and so shining is this warm twilight, so fascinating the edges of the clouds illumined by the setting sun, so intimate the waters of the brook Cedron, dividing the sad Betrayed from the Betrayer, that one really forgets that it is an "Agony in the Garden." The colour is all Giovanni's, but the design is mainly his father's, to be found in the Sketch Book of Jacopo Bellini in the British Museum. I think if Giovanni had felt the motive deeply he could hardly have curled the hair of the praying Christ and the sleeping disciples. In the sombre landscape of "The Blood of the Redeemer" with the hills and the breaking sky he painted the dawn.

So we have by him a sunset, a dawn, and, perhaps, a wood all shimmering with glittering leaves, and crowding trunks through which the light glimmers. This wood, however, where S. Peter Martyr is meeting an ungainly death in a setting of nature peacefully indifferent, is now given to Rocco Marconi. This is almost a companion picture to the much smaller " Meeting of the Child Jesus and S. John " at Berlin.

Giovanni Bellini's influence was immense. As boys Titian and Giorgione both worked in his studio. And Albert Dürer knew " the aged Giovanni " in Venice in 1506. And Giovanni knew Mantegna. That was long before, when he and his brother were boys in Padua, working in their father's school, wondering at the works of Donatello. Young Andrea Mantegna fell in love with and married their sister Nicolosa, and the influence of his master mind had no small effect on pliable, sensitive Giovanni, who felt the glamour of landscape, but not the agony of Christ. So, in the " S. Francis " in the Frick Collection, New York, the towering landscape overshadows our interest in the saint.

## XVII

### *Mantegna and a Fellow Student*

ANDREA MANTEGNA, 1431-1506.
BONO DA FERRARA, *c.* 1430-*c.* 1490.

It seems almost fantastic to associate grim and grave Mantegna with the serenity of landscape—Mantegna of the " strenuous and morose temper," immersed in

the antique, who clarified his classicism with an intensity of draughtsmanship that makes his poignant figures, when he wills, unforgettable. Structure rather than glamour was the preoccupation in landscape of morose Mantegna, antiquarian and mystic. Compare the severity of his "Agony in the Garden" at the National Gallery with Giovanni Bellini's blithe rendering. Landscape to Mantegna was merely a formal accessory, as in his frescoes at Padua, as in his "Parnassus" at the Louvre; yet once he painted a magnificent open window landscape, a realistic scene, showing nature still and sympathetic, while the little world within the chamber bewails the death of the Virgin. Doubts have been cast on the authenticity of this open window landscape, anticipated by van Eyck and Roger of the Pasture, but even the doubters admit that it is "unmistakably Mantegnesque." As to a description, is it not written in Vanderdoort's catalogue, "the landscape where the town of Mantua is painted in the water-lake, when a bridge is over the said water to the town?"

Like Rembrandt, Mantegna was an omnivorous collector, and like Rembrandt the forced sale of his treasures embittered his latter years. No doubt he acquired the instinct for collecting rare things from Squarcione, his master, collector and teacher, founder of the Paduan school, who adopted Andrea Mantegna, and who opposed his marriage to Bellini's daughter. In Squarcione's studio Andrea met Bono da Ferrara. The latter has not made much stir in the world: he stalks into our survey in the wake of his great companion, because his feeling for landscape was strong, as strong

and crisp as are the rock-forms of his " S. Jerome " in the National Gallery. But Bono da Ferrara's great achievement in landscape is his extravagant vision of S. Christopher at Padua—a vast fresco, vastly entertaining. Admit the incongruities, but admit also that this little known, nearly forgotten Bono felt fiercely the episodes of nature, and realised the truth, which Piero della Francesca stated so winningly in paint, that reflections can sometimes seem as solid as the objects themselves.

## XVIII

### *A Lesser Group who saw the Glamour*

ALESSIO BALDOVINETTI, 1427-1499. MATTEO DI GIOVANNI, *c.* 1430-1495. NICCOLO DA FULIGNO, *c.* 1430-1502. CARLO CRIVELLI, *c.* 1430-*c.* 1493. VINCENZO FOPPA, 1427-*c.* 1515.

Obviously, it is impossible to consider all the painters who, slightly or largely, saw the delight of landscape. To do so would be to pause before the shrine of every man. One must perforce glide past the lesser personalities and halt only before the forces. Alessio Baldovinetti detains us chiefly because his contemporary, Antonio Pollaiuolo, who was but two years his junior, was influenced by him. Antonio probably derived from Alessio his devotion to spacious landscapes. An interesting man, this Alessio Baldovinetti, perhaps greater than has been supposed, as latterly some of Piero della Francesca's pictures have been fathered upon him,

and it is more than probable that he was the first to practise the principle of pointillism. Like Uccello, he was keenly interested in technique and vehicles ; indeed, he was interested in everything. His " spare time " he gave to landscape. When we stand before his fresco of " The Nativity," at the Annunziata in Florence, that time and carelessness have nearly ruined, we must admit that this inquirer was a pioneer in suggesting space and distance.

Carlo Crivelli may pass, and yet we cannot but take a grim pleasure in his sturdy landscape, now in the National Gallery, wrought like sculpture, in which " The Beato Ferretti " (Pius IX) kneels in strenuous prayer. We can almost admire the placidity of the village street, the homely ducks in the foreground pond, all the biting realism of independent, strong-willed Crivelli.

Vincenzo Foppa may with easier assurance also pass ; there is a rough realism, but little charm, in his " Death of S. Peter Martyr " at Milan.

Niccolo da Fuligno, born about the same time as Crivelli, may pass, too. Yet one stands before the side-wings of his " Crucifixion " in the National Gallery and looks with intense interest at the landscape panels, a winding path through a garden, and a marine in which the significance of the moving water is understood and expressed. And at Assisi, in a predella to one of his vast sacred pictures, there is a wood where S. Rufino is being laid in the earth beside a rushing river—a complete but rather ugly scrap of landscape.

And there is Matteo di Giovanni, Matteo of Siena, the son of a mercer of Borgo San Sepolcro who settled

at Siena. At Borgo San Sepolcro Matteo may have seen Piero della Francesca, but no glimmer of Piero's light informs his landscapes. Yet he gave the world one neat and lovable bird's-eye view of landscape, now in the National Gallery—a peaceful scene, a glimpse of a lovely land from which the Virgin is being wafted towards heaven by cherubim and seraphim. The gold sky of Siena reaches down to the landscape where S. Thomas, towering above the lakes and hills, presses forward to receive the Virgin's falling girdle, and against the gold sky we see the well-attired feet of the ascending figures. Landscape to Matteo of Siena was an accessory, but greater men who came later hardly excelled this formal, fastidious and fanciful bird's-eye view.

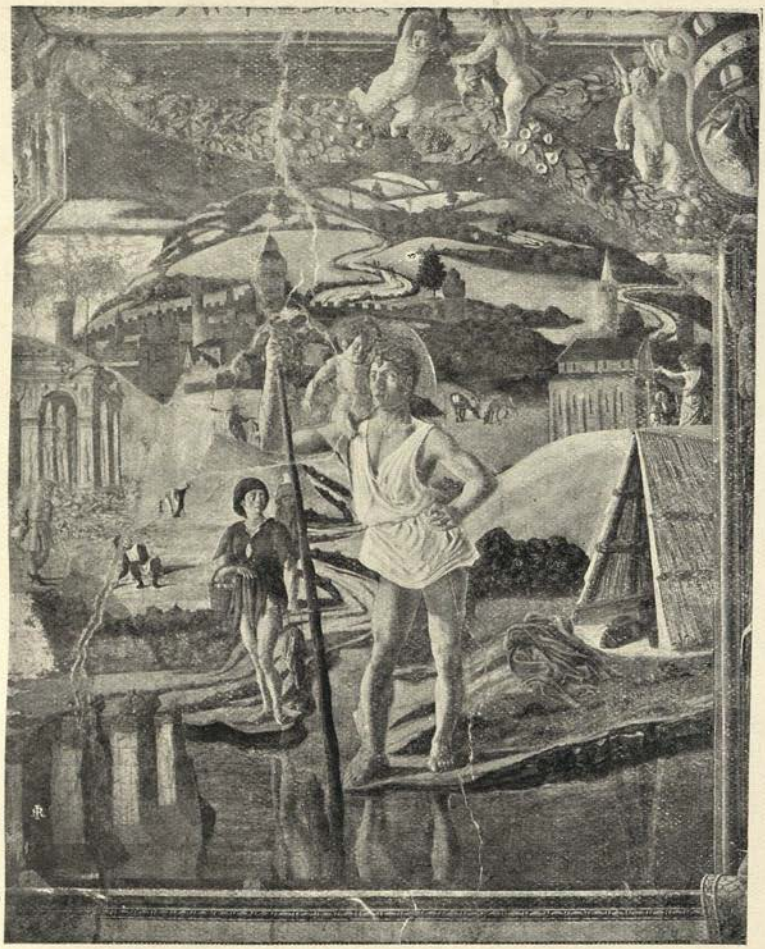
## XIX

### *Antonio and the Arno Valley*

ANTONIO POLLAIUOLO, 1432-1498.
PIERO POLLAIUOLO, 1443-1496.

We pause before the tomb of the Pollaiuoli brothers in the church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, Rome, surmounted by their busts, and some of us reflect upon the contrast between the two heads. Antonio, the elder, is firm featured, strong and self-willed. Piero is loose featured, feeble and will-less. Much has been written upon the share each brother had in the pictures that bear their name—a tiresome inquiry, for it is plain that what is strong and fine is Antonio's, and what is weak and ineffectual is Piero's. Superb Antonio was one of the first

*c.* 1461



S. Christopher (Padua)
BONO DA FERRARA, *c.* 1430-*c.* 1490
*Photo : Anderson*

*See page* 88

*Facing page* 90

*c.* 1470

The Rape of Deianira (Yale University, U.S.A.)
ANTONIO POLLAIUOLO, 1432-1498

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all-round craftsmen. He could do anything. His *bottega* (there is no equivalent in English) was a hive of the crafts—the painter, the sculptor, the goldsmith, the jeweller, the architect and the bronze founder. Antonio turned to each in turn, and when he needed a landscape background for one of the pictures, which were mere episodes in his life, his vision roamed no farther than the valley of the Arno. He knew that there was nothing lovelier. Arno winds through his bird's-eye views, wandering away to infinite distances, and although he sometimes employed Piero to fumble with the figures he invariably painted the landscapes himself, delighting to indicate all the well-known buildings with the particularity of a van Eyck. We trace the beloved river feeling for its level among the hills through green, wooded pastures in his great, darkening " Martyrdom of S. Sebastian " in the National Gallery ; and in the quaint " Apollo and Daphne " attributed to him (the figures surely by Piero) with the sprouting laurels.

The landscape is all Antonio's in the little Hercules panels at Florence ; and in the bold and delightful picture called " The Rape of Deianira " at Yale University. The strong anatomical figure of Hercules (it is said that Antonio was the first to dissect a dead body) is all Antonio, but the awkward Centaur and the ill-constructed Deianira, whose clothing is an addition, are supposed to be by Piero. The picture has suffered from cleaning and repainting, but the spacious splendour of the landscape with the torrent of the Arno, an early attempt to express water that is really rushing, remain to remind us of a great craftsman who, when

he essayed landscape, painted one thing only, the home valley and the home river, his Tuscan Paradise, that he knew so well.

## XX

### *Verrocchio and a Greater*

ANDREA VERROCCHIO, 1435-1488.
LEONARDO DA VINCI, 1452-1519.

Verrocchio kept a goldsmith's shop, where he worked at many crafts and produced masterpieces. High praise has been lavished on Verrocchio as landscape painter. An innovator he has been called, the first to understand landscape, to feel the mystery of the contours, and the part played by light and air ; but Piero della Francesca was before him in that. He, and in a greater degree his great pupil, Leonardo da Vinci, explored the theory of landscape painting, and it may be that in his " Baptism of Christ," as Mr. Berenson has suggested, Verrocchio, feeling his powerlessness to cope with the full effects of light, deliberately chose the twilight hour when " in Tuscany on fine days the trees stand out almost black against a sky of light opalescent grey." Truly this picture is the work of a thinker as well as a craftsman. There is brain-power as well as vague beauty in the reasoned landscape background of his " Baptism " that was so great an influence on Florentine art. And although the legend that Leonardo painted one of the angels in the foreground is discredited, he must have looked upon this picture ; but he never

tried to rival the serene severity of his master's treatment of nature. He was himself: he rivalled no man. To Leonardo landscape was a detail of life, yet he gave to it his whole mind. Indeed, one might argue from his drawings and writings that Leonardo's existence was a preparation for a vast synthesis of nature.* Josiah Gilbert devotes many pages to an enumeration of Leonardo's parleyings with nature, and asks with a sort of despair, "Why was all the enormous preparation for an adequate rendering of landscape apparently thrown away?"

To the myriad-minded the whither of the road was more absorbing than the finis of the goal. He was a student, a watcher rather than a performer, a watcher of the effect of wind and rain, and of clouds, that vanished cloud, for example, of which he wrote that it was "so immensely large that it retained on its summit the reflection of the sunlight till an hour and a half after sunset."

His mysterious, subtle landscapes are the merest accessories to his thought, and when he makes a drawing as in the "Study of Landscape" in the Uffizi, or the "Storm in an Alpine Valley," now at Windsor, it is all science, with no hint of the poignant emotion that Rembrandt evoked with a few scrawls. He is a Passer-by in our survey; indeed, chronologically, he appears too soon, before simpler great men, such as Memlinc and the Nameless Masters. He appears thus early because he is linked with Verrocchio, and there are some who still think that his hand or his brain worked upon Verrocchio's "Baptism," set in an open country at twilight.

* *Landscape in Art*, by Josiah Gilbert.

# LANDSCAPE PAINTING

## XXI

### *Some Nameless Masters*

MASTER OF THE LIFE OF MARY (? THE MASTER OF WERDEN), *c.* 1430-*c.* 1490.

MASTER OF THE DEATH OF MARY (JOOS VAN CLEEF THE ELDER), *c.* 1480-*c.* 1540.

MASTER OF S. GILES, *c.* 1445-*c.* 1490.

MASTER OF THE GLORIFICATION OF MARY. MASTER OF THE LYVERSBURG PASSION.

After the whirlwind, small voices : after the myriad-eyed personality of Leonardo da Vinci (in this landscape survey we fly across the painting world) the shadowy, well-loved, Nameless Masters of the Rhine Valley, who never signed a picture, whose birth-dates, death-dates and deeds are for the most part unknown or doubtful, and who used landscape, when they employed it, with a grave sweetness, a mystical parleying with nature, that refreshes and consoles. Once I lingered through a twilight hour in the little side-chapel of S. Michael in Cologne Cathedral, and the time, place, and mood being propitious, the hooded shades of those Nameless Masters seemed to people the little chapel for me. If they could have spoken to my dream they would have murmured : " I in life was the ' Master of the Life of Mary ' ; and I the ' Master of the Lyversburg Passion ' ; and I the ' Master of S. Giles ' ; and I the ' Master of the Death of Mary ';* and I the ' Master of the Glorification of Mary ' ; and I the

* Supposed to be Joos van Cleef the Elder.

*c.* 1480

The Conversion of S. Hubert (National Gallery)
THE MASTER OF THE LIFE OF MARY (Master of Werden), *c.* 1430-*c.* 1490
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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*c.* 1480

The Visitation (Munich)
THE MASTER OF THE LIFE OF MARY (Master of Werden), *c.* 1430-*c.* 1490
*Photo : Bruckmann*

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' Master of the Holy Kinship ' "—and so on in cloistral murmurs.

How suave and sweet is the architectural landscape, with its quiet sky floating above the heads of the saints, in the panel by the " Master of the Glorification of Mary " at Cologne ; how pastoral, how simple is the landscape beyond the wicket gate in the " Descent from the Cross," by the " Master of the Lyversburg Passion " ; how intimate are the background landscapes of the " Master of Liesborn," he who makes us see distant objects clearly as if they were a few feet away.

But of all these early German mystical painters, the chief and the most companionable is the " Master of the Life of Mary," who for nearly a quarter of a century was the leading master of the school at Cologne, where he trained a large number of pupils and assistants. He has been identified with the Master of Werden, so called because the four works ascribed to him, now in the National Gallery (two are school pieces), were found in the old Abbey of Werden, near Düsseldorf. His " Conversion of S. Hubert " takes place in a formal, rocky landscape, wherein the artist's fancy plays with hounds in pursuit of deer, and with two friendly dogs gambolling in the foreground.

An equally loving feeling for landscape is the " Legend of S. Giles," by the " Master of S. Giles," half of a diptych. The other portion, in the possession of Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie, is an interior, and represents " The Mass of St. Giles." How bright and sunny is the " Legend of S. Giles," the grass and field-flowers so very green, the irises and plant of mullein so recognisable, the tree trunk so well observed, the leaves so

fresh and sparkling, and as for the distance—why Claude Lorrain might have been proud to sign it.

One of the most accomplished and attractive landscapes of this school is that in " The Visitation," with a gold sky, by the " Master of the Life of Mary," now at Munich, a small picture, one of the " Life of Mary " series, from which he takes his name. Another is the crystal-clear and tender landscape that rises above the kneeling figures of " Christina and Gudula," by the " Master of the Death of Mary."

The " Master of the Life of Mary " was not as great a painter as Dirk Bouts, with whom he was associated ; he had not Bouts' energy or passion, but for sobriety and a kind of sweet formalism no contemporary excelled the landscape of well-being and repose, stretching quietly out, as if in sympathy with the grave figures, of the " Visitation."

## XXII

### *Beauty in Peace and Madness*

HANS MEMLINC, *c.* 1433-1494.
HUGO VAN DER GOES, *c.* 1435-1482.

Years ago, burrowing in the basement of the National Gallery (it is really the ground floor), I found with delight an Arundel reproduction of Memlinc's altarpiece in the cathedral of Lübeck, and saw on one of the inner wings the sun rising boldly above a lake. Remembering how Ruskin had said that Claude was the first to set the pictorial sun in the heavens, I gazed

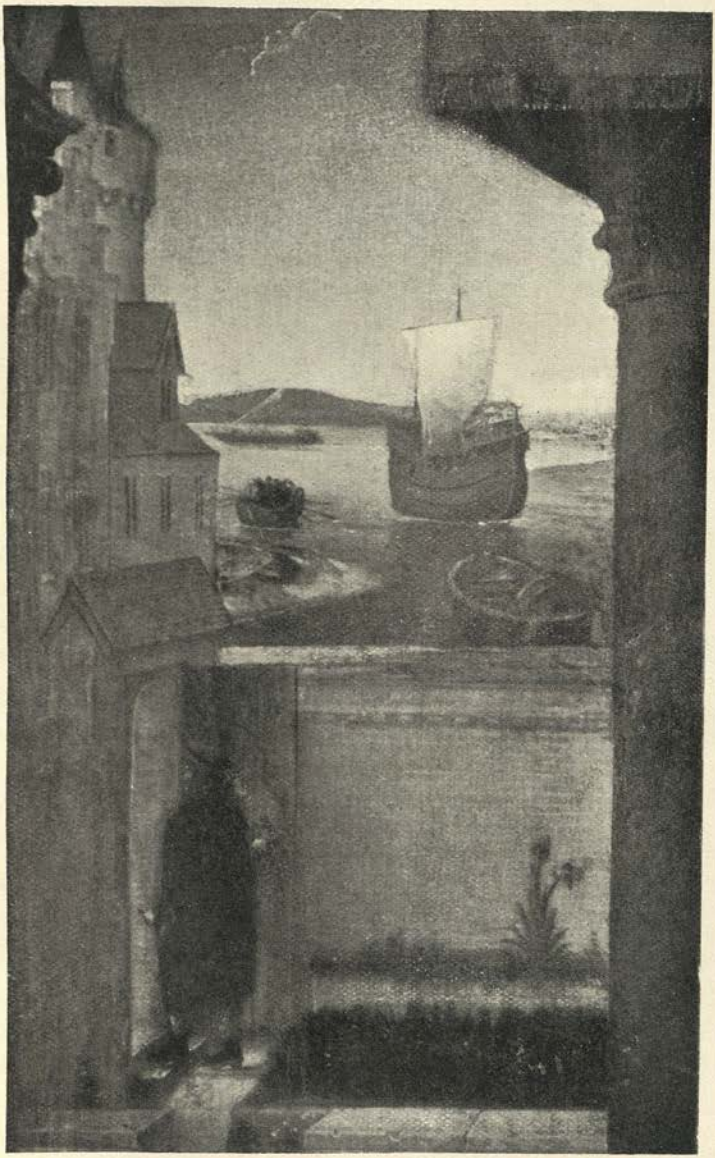
at the Memlinc orb, and reflected that Ruskin is not pedantically accurate. You who have followed this survey know that even Memlinc was not the first to set the sun in the heavens. We are aware of Dirk Bouts, and also of Giovanni di Paolo, Gentile da Fabriano, and the Miniaturists.

Memlinc was an accomplished landscape painter, but he lacked Dirk Bouts' intensity. You meet Memlinc's sane, pure peeps of landscape, always still and peaceful, in most of his covetable pictures at Bruges, Munich, Turin and London. He loved to put swans in pools, and lambs in meadows, and barques on the sea, and little snaky white roads behind the figures of placidly rapt saints and grave patrons. But landscape was merely an accessory to Memlinc. In his work, as in that of his contemporaries and followers, there is no hint of Constable's simple discovery that the rain wets, the wind blows, and leaves rustle. The landscapes of these patient men of Flanders are like the sunny stretches of country seen at a theatre through the windows of a room on the stage looking out upon nature. It is usual to speak of Memlinc as if he were always on a lofty level of piety. But there is one picture by him, now in the National Gallery, " The Madonna and Child Enthroned in a Garden," wherein, maybe, he permitted himself a mild protest against religiosity, and took a quick step in answer to the call of nature. To say that the picture is beautiful in colour and refined in drawing is but to say that it is by Memlinc ; and what a garden it is, so trim and well kept, that he shows us, bordering on a sunny waterway. Above the head of the kneeling angel rises a corner of the garden, and beyond is an idle barque

on the idle water ready to sail out into the wide world. The gate is open, and a figure—can it be S. Joseph? —is seen stalking out into the enchanted land. Can the devout Memlinc, in some moment when heart was high and pulse strong, have meant by this opening gate and truant figure to express a desire for a larger life than the round of painting Madonnas and saints and donors exquisitely and eternally?

The name of Memlinc spells peace. Hugo van der Goes, who was probably of Ghent, spells tragedy. Troubled about his soul he entered a monastery. Still troubled and much worried about his pictures, which he fancied would never be completed, he fell into melancholy. The end was madness. We look at his great sane masterpiece, the "Portinari Altar-piece" at Florence, and wonder that a hand so sure, and a brain seemingly so strong, should have faltered when victory was already achieved. What could be more delicately seen, or more delicately rendered, than the landscape above two of his saints in a wing of the great "Portinari Altar-piece"? The feathery trees and the light clouds are as exquisite as the painting of the faces and raiment by this master who was conquered by the burden of thought and apprehension. He was a great painter, great in landscape as with the figure. How fascinating is his Puck-like landscape in "The Fall." Such a man could do anything, but that fine and subtle brain was no match for the enigma of the world. He faced it and failed. In his pictures he offers the world serenity, but his soul, affrighted at its own subtle visions, conjured up fear, and fell into madness. His work was done. He had given to the world serenity and beauty.

*c.* 1475



Detail of " The Madonna and Child Enthroned in a Garden " (National Gallery)
MEMLINC, *c.* 1433-1494
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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*c.* 1475

Detail of the " Portinari Altar Piece " (Florence)
HUGO VAN DER GOES, *c.* 1435-1482
*Photo : Brogi*

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## XXIII

### *More Men from the North*

GERARD DAVID, *c.* 1450-1523.
GERARD OF S. JOHN OF HAARLEM, *c.* 1460-1488.
QUENTIN MATSYS, *c.* 1466-1530.
JEROME BOSCH, *c.* 1450-1516.
MARTIN SCHONGAUER, *c.* 1447-*c.* 1491. HANS BURGKMAIR, 1473-1531. JACOB VAN OOSTSANEN, *c.* 1480-*c.* 1533.

In the Flemish and Dutch room at the National Gallery one can enjoy the exquisite and conventional treatment of landscape in a dozen works by northern painters, many of which are unnamed. But it must be confessed that in the period of Memlinc no man, except Gerard of S. John of Haarlem, a youth, advanced landscape, not even Memlinc's great follower, Gerard David, who was rediscovered and shaped into an actual personage by W. H. James Weale. If the picture in the New York Historical Museum, " Virgin with Saints," ascribed to Patinir, be by Gerard David, then, indeed, he was a landscape pioneer. But (I quote Sir Martin Conway) " possibly in this case David employed a professed landscapist to paint in the background for him." There is spacious if timid landscape in David's " Baptism " at Bruges, beauty in his " cripple " picture of " Donor and Saints " in the National Gallery, and in his " Rest on the Way to Egypt "; but the landscape in the last-named may be by another hand.

## LANDSCAPE PAINTING

As a landscape painter, Gerard of Haarlem, a contemporary of Gerard David, outsoars his namesake. His " S. John the Baptist Seated in a Meadow Absorbed in Meditation " may almost be called a pure landscape. We wander gladly through the well-ordered park, lingering here and there and watching: the figure of the Baptist is just where it should be, seen with the eye of imagination, hardly as a reality, and as for the lamb —Gerard tried to paint a symbolical Lamb, and has of course failed ; but the park which he saw is lovely. If the calm, fresh, and illumined Triptych, No. 1085, in the National Gallery, with the twilight sky glowing through the trees, and the windows of the chapel aglow with the light from the interior, be by him, as Sir Claude Phillips suggests, then this youth who died at twenty-eight, pupil of Ouwater, the first Haarlem painter of whom anything is known, this Gerard of S. John of Haarlem, so called from the commandery of the Knights of S. John at Haarlem, for whom he painted many pictures, was certainly a pioneer landscape painter and a rare craftsman.

Martin Schongauer, born some ten years before, adds little to landscape lore, although there is a pleasant sense of light and gaiety in his " Virgin in a Garden of Roses " in the church of S. Martin, Colmar.

Jacob van Oostsanen had a pretty taste in nature and in fine clothes, shown in his " Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene " at Cassel. Hans Burgkmair succumbed to rhetoric, shown in his " S. John in Patmos " at Munich.

Great claims have been made for Quentin Matsys by Dr. Friedlander, who maintains that it was Matsys

who invented the spacious and particular landscape backgrounds that we associate with Joachim Patinir. In the absence of further proof, Quentin Matsys, who painted his Antwerp dining-room " in distemper, with grotesques and garlands in compartments in black and white," hardly adds to our store. This strong craftsman had a fancy, that became popular in Italy, to set his figures large against half a county of landscape, as in his portrait of " Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester," at Vienna, and in his " Pieta " at Munich, with the figures prone under an alarmed sky, near an upland gleaming with fugitive sun-rays.

No real love of nature peeps from the Hells, Temptations, and Devil habitations of Jerome Bosch; but there are pleasant landscape passages in his " Adoration of the Magi " at Madrid, and the curious in field-life may find much to detain and amuse them in his upright " Paradise " at Vienna, in spite of the awful Hell that was nearer to the painter's taste than lambs, flowers, and fowls.

Sir Martin Conway* hails Jerome Bosch as an innovator, claiming that he was the inventor of " those panoramic far-extending views which were taken up by later painters, such as Patinir." It seems the fashion nowadays to dim the glory of Patinir. Jerome Bosch was certainly a man of intellectual vigour, and he influenced that great artist Pieter Brueghel; but I admit that after trying to find my way through Jerome Bosch's confused pictures it is a pleasant relief to pass on to the clarity of Botticelli and Ghirlandaio.

* *The Van Eycks and Their Followers.*

## XXIV

### *A Seashore, the Wide World, and a Pioneer Landscape*

BOTTICELLI, 1444-1510.
GHIRLANDAIO, 1449-1494.
JACOPO DEL SELLAIO, *c.* 1441-1493.
ANTONELLO DA MESSINA, *c.* 1444-*c.* 1493.

Botticelli was entirely his own rare self, in vision and in technique, passing from one lovely creation to another, towards the dark hour of the influence of Savonarola, and to the last picture he painted in 1501, the haunting " Nativity," in the National Gallery, with its passages of landscape (little he cared about nature then). Little he cared about nature through the remaining unproductive years of his life.

Botticelli treated landscape casually in his delightful way—the flower-carpeted meadow in his " Allegory of Spring " ; the open country through which Judith walks ; the view, a perfect peep of formal nature, with the blue sky lightening to the horizon, and the tall tree, seen through the open window of " The Annunciation "; but there is a doubt if this picture be his. Life presented to Botticelli more engrossing, more terrible problems than the leisurely interpretation of nature. There is a world of lost opinions, and perhaps heated argument, in that fierce saying of Leonardo da Vinci's already quoted, " Shun, however, the mistake of Botticelli, who thinks that a sponge moistened with colours thrown at a panel will produce a landscape at a stroke."

S. John the Baptist in a Meadow absorbed in meditation (Berlin)
GERARD OF S. JOHN OF HAARLEM, *c.* 1460-1488

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*c.* 1470

Meeting of the Child Jesus and S. John (Berlin)
? JACOPO DEL SELLAIO, *c.* 1441-1493
*Photo: Hanfstaengl*

*c.* 1482

The Call of the Apostles (Sistine Chapel, Rome)
GHIRLANDAIO, 1449-1494
*Photo: Alinari*

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Once, once only, did Botticelli approximate to a pure landscape, a little likeable thing, one of the four panels of the predella belonging to his " Madonna, Saints and Angels," in Florence, a seashore with two figures, S. Augustine and a Child. Obsessed by the mystery of the Trinity when walking by the sea, the Saint saw a Child filling a hole from buckets of water. When the Saint questioned him the Child answered : " I wish to put all the sea into the hole." " Impossible," said Augustine. " Not more so," replied the Child, " than to attempt with human brain to solve the mystery of the Trinity." Having thus spoken the Child disappeared.

Landscape is abundant and lovely in the frescoes by Botticelli in the Sistine Chapel. Here he and Ghirlandaio worked in 1481 and 1483, with Perugino, Pinturicchio, Rosselli, Piero di Cosimo and Signorelli. What a gathering ! When Ghirlandaio the " garland-maker," son of a goldsmith, who studied the craft in Baldovinetti's workshop, painted " The Call of the Apostles," he threw wide the gates of landscape art. His inland sea opens out to infinity, arched by a grey sky and furtive clouds. We think of Claude Lorrain when looking at this spacious seascape inviting to a larger life, capped by the mountains that Ghirlandaio saw from the Loggia of the Vatican. Claude must have looked upon this opening gate—and who dare say that he did not learn much from it ? " The Call of the Apostles," in the Sistine Chapel, was always on view, and again and again must Claude have stood there studying this picture painted nearly one hundred and twenty years before he was born. I might note half a

dozen other examples of Ghirlandaio's love of landscape in picture and frescoes, but this suffices, this sea-gate, dim now, but still powerful to evoke the day when Ghirlandaio saw the wide world from the Vatican heights, and placed in the foreground of his vision of a larger life, the fishermen and their Lord.

Antonello da Messina, according to the latest investigations, was born in the same year as Botticelli. His little " Crucifixion " in the National Gallery is set in a minutely vast and delicate landscape. He adopted this panoramic view in other pictures of the " Crucifixion." Antonello da Messina is credited with the introduction into Italy of the Flemish system of oil painting. Once it was thought that he learnt the secret of Memlinc, but there is no corroboration for the story. He may have popularised the Flemish method in Italy, but Flemish paintings were not uncommon south of the Alps. Antonello was an influence, but landscape did not particularly interest him.

Now I come to one of the most charming and intimate landscapes that had yet been painted, the small " Meeting of the Child Jesus and S. John." This is indeed a pioneer landscape—this delightful rendering of a wood (Pol de Limbourg's was the first) with blue hills, and white clouds glimmering beneath the foliage. It may have been painted about 1470. The gentle and gracious figures with their Botticellian air certainly suggest that great painter. Botticelli was a pupil of Fra Filippo Lippi, to whom this picture was once ascribed. Perhaps (it is a mere suggestion) this work is by Botticelli.

Jacopo del Sellaio has also been suggested as the

painter of "The Meeting of the Child Jesus and S. John." Possibly. Jacopo del Sellaio imitated most of his Florentine contemporaries, including Botticelli. Whoever painted it produced a beautiful work, and a landmark in the evolution of landscape painting.

## XXV

### *Hints of Pure Landscape*

LAZZARO BASTIANI, *c.* 1440-*c.* 1510.
CARPACCIO, *c.* 1450-*c.* 1522.
CIMA, *c.* 1450-*c.* 1517.

One of the delights of this survey, this search for landscape through the ages, is that second and third-rate men rise into the light merely because they loved nature. Lazzaro Bastiani is unimportant, "School of Bastiani" is more unimportant, yet here is a mere "School" picture that has true landscape fancy—an eager Solomon greeting an eager Queen of Sheba across a rustic bridge, a pretty frolicsome scene with the swans and the gleaming water, an interlude, refreshing as when an amateur of sentiment sings a ballad feelingly.

Bastiani, Carpaccio's first teacher, was associated with him in valuing Giorgione's fresco on the wall of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, that has long, long vanished from earthly eyes. Carpaccio the fantastic, the fanciful, to whom a picture was always a decoration, claims notice, and from his achievement one might pick many works where landscape is treated sumptuously. The frankest of them all is the romantic "S. Ursula Taking

Leave of Her Father" from the Layard Collection, now in the National Gallery. The boat waits to convey her to the barque, and as she walks to the landing-stage her cloak will brush the many flowers in the meadow, and the bird perched on the terrace will fly away as she moves. All his pictures have charm, and there is clarity as well, and a fine tree, in the shorescape episode from "The Story of S. Ursula" at Venice.

Carpaccio was a pupil of Giovanni Bellini—Cima of Conegliano was another. Giovanni Battista Cima, of the tender brightness, was so called from the Cima or rocky castled height of his native place, which he constantly introduced into his pictures. To Cima landscape was a joy. He delighted in his gift when he painted the magnificent landscape that surrounds his "Baptism of Christ," in S. Giovanni in Bragora, and when he made the lovely setting above his "Madonna Enthroned," in the Louvre. Cima draws nearest to pure landscape in his "Combat" at Berlin, a small picture, with golden sand in the foreground, a glowing canvas, gold and green—a pure landscape, and the fight is not very terrible. A man accompanies the blows of the champions with music.

The love of nature is now spreading throughout Italy. Almost every artist feels the glamour. So many are they that it will be necessary to make a rigorous choice among their performances. But landscape is still mainly an accessory, a pleasant setting for man, human and divine.

*c.* 1480

Solomon and the Queen of Sheba (Venice)
School of LAZZARO BASTIANI, *c.* 1440-*c.* 1510
*Photo : Alinari*

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY

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*c.* 1490

S. Ursula taking leave of her Father (National Gallery)
CARPACCIO, *c.* 1450-*c.* 1522
*Photo: Alinari*

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## XXVI

### *Storm Clouds and a Solid Rainbow*

LUCA SIGNORELLI, 1441-1523.
BERNARDO PINTURICCHIO, 1454-1513.
FIORENZO DI LORENZO, 1440-1521.

We still dally in Umbria, where Piero della Francesca saw the morning light, which deepened later into the noontide serenity of Raphael. Between Piero and Raphael rose two great men—Signorelli and Perugino. The greatness of Signorelli seems obscured only when we contrast him with Michelangelo. To each the human form, not nature, made imperious appeal. Michelangelo was uninterested in landscape, Signorelli was indifferent, if a great master can be indifferent to anything in his art. Who has not stood before " The Virgin Crowned by Angels " in the National Gallery gazing with delight at the oblong panorama, in the centre, a spacious view of Lake Trasimene. This tranquil landscape is a joy, but when the eyes roam upwards to the figures, even the most unlearned who remember the might of Signorelli at Orvieto can hardly believe that those shambling figures are by him. No ! this is a School Picture, but he who painted that Lake Trasimene loved nature.

The sunset in which Pan sits in Signorelli's masterpiece at Berlin is but an accessory, and we are now beyond the date when we can linger over landscape as an accessory.

Another Umbrian, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, has some brilliant accessory landscapes in his amusing pictures illustrating "The Miracle of S. Bernadino" at Perugia. His pupil, busy Bernardo Pinturicchio, "little and deaf," who began so well, who ended so dully, who learnt from Perugino and the young Raphael, preserved through all the vicissitudes of his "art manufactory" a romantic feeling for landscape. If his landscapes seem a little machine-made, they are very agreeable. Do you remember the romantic view seen through the window in his "Return of Ulysses," and the pretty predella to his "Madonna Enthroned" at Perugia? He let himself go certainly in his journeyman frescoes, illustrating the life of Aeneas Silvius (Pius II) in the Duomo Library at Siena. What a storm threatens Aeneas on his way to the Council at Basle! What a solid rainbow! The clouds look as if Jove were hurtling bombs, but the grass on the hill is green, and the trees have sap, and among the flowers in the foreground you may recognise dandelions, lords-and-ladies, buttercups, campion, mallow, pimpernel and periwinkle. But his landscapes pale before the light and space of the accomplished Perugino who now calls us.

## XXVII

### *Perugino's Spaces of Light*

PERUGINO, 1446-1524.
LORENZO DI CREDI, 1459-1537.
FRANCIA, *c.* 1450-1517.
FILIPPINO LIPPI, 1457-1504; LORENZO COSTA, *c.* 1460-1535.

A chubby, shrewd-eyed, rosy-cheeked gentleman looks Perugino in the portrait he painted of himself in the Chamber of Commerce at Perugia; but there is determination in the mouth of this affable master, who had no doubt as to how the game of life should be played. Popular, triumphant, easy-going, agreeable, he willingly obeyed his patrons when they insisted that the article he provided should be "as before." Well, we all have our troubles, our buffets, and no doubt the cruellest blow of Perugino's life was when he learned that the young Raphael, his brilliant pupil, was preferred to him. Time has confirmed the verdict, even if our adoration of Raphael has lessened. But it was not so very long ago that Ingres said: "Never shall I feel humble save before Raphael and nature." Perugino holds a high place in the affections of the world as figure and landscape painter. Probably it is his suave and smiling accessory landscapes, spaces of light, that we like best, for are they not always beloved Umbria in

her most dainty mood. Many have tried to analyse the charm of the Peruginesque landscape. One is subjugated by Perugino's knowledge of "space-composition," another is obsessed by the magic of his dreams of days among the hills. To Signorelli, the human form was a grim reality, to Perugino it was the passing illusion of a dream-world. Dreams, too, were his landscapes, emanations of his pensive memories of the land of his birth. One might choose at Perugia many of his pictures for consideration; but really to find essential Perugino we need travel no farther than the National Gallery, where his great fresco, "The Adoration of the Shepherds," hangs, supposed to be his last work, painted in 1523. The central panel may be called pure landscape. The Babe lies unattended (little did Perugino care about realism), and beyond, seen through the shed, is the typical Perugino golden-lighted, spacious stretch of nature—reposeful, fine in its way, but just lacking the qualities that lift art into greatness. Spacious, too, full of a golden light, and done with calm delicacy, is the landscape in the "Combat between Love and Chastity," in the Louvre. If at times one is inclined to find the "as befores" of Perugino a little cloying, he soars into mastery when we look at the work of Lorenzo di Credi, his fellow-pupil in the School of Verocchio. At first Credi's hard, vivid, formal landscapes, often seen through openings in orderly chambers, attract, so unsoiled and cheerful are they; but one is like another. Credi's fancy worked in a circle. His unfading colours lead to no horizon. Yet there are days when the landscape of "The Virgin Adoring the Infant Christ" in the National Gallery seems entirely

beautiful; so does the formal garden, so tidy, so brilliant, that forms the background of his "Annunciation" in the Uffizi.

And Francia of Bologna, goldsmith and painter, whose works are akin to those of the Umbrians, and who may have met Perugino when that master visited Bologna? There is one picture among the cold brilliance, as of jewels, of the works of Francia, that gives him a niche in our landscape edifice—his "Madonna in a Rose Garden" at Munich. It is not a great picture; the colour is hard and harsh, there is little observation shown in the drawing and form of the clouds (how Ruskin extolled the skies of Francia!), the Babe is worse than Perugino's, and yet as a landscape of the period how frank, and pretty, and clearly radiant it is, with the trellis of careless pink roses, and shapely leaves; and the clear sky which Ruskin loved.

There are others whom one might dwell upon if space permitted, Lorenzo Costa, for example, a friend of Francia's, who had a predilection for very blue, clear skies, and Filippino Lippi, who had a delicate taste in landscape. But of all this group it is Perugino who stands forth as the most welcome and alluring landscape painter—Perugino, of the spaces of light, who never disappoints and who never deifies.

## XXVIII

### *Piero di Cosimo and His Master*

PIERO DI COSIMO, 1462-1521.
COSIMO ROSSELLI, 1439-1507.
FRA BARTOLOMMEO, 1472-1517.

There are pictures that fail not, that have passed beyond criticism or questioning, that are just loved. One of these picture friends that will never lose its charm, so long as I have eyes to see (and then memory would remain), is " The Death of Procris," by Piero di Cosimo, that quaint, original, detached Florentine. Never do I walk through the National Gallery without pausing before this sunny dream of the lost pagan world, so touching in its human interest, so lovely in its landscape. In the foreground Piero placed the eternal themes —love, friendship, and death ; beyond he suggested in bright, soft colours, the unchanging and consoling element—Nature. Odd Piero, whose character is subtly drawn by George Eliot in the pages of *Romola*, whose conversation was so vivacious and diversified " that some of his sayings made his hearers burst with laughter," exercised his invention in many fantastic pictures wherein a Monster (he was fond of Monsters) often sprawls—the " Perseus and Andromeda " legend at Florence, for example. But he never excelled this interpretation of the Procris legend set in a landscape, ideal if you will, but infused with feeling. How human,

*c.* 1500

The Death of Procris (National Gallery)
PIERO DI COSIMO, 1462-1521
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

*c.* 1510

Landscape with the Death of S. Peter Martyr (National Gallery)
? ROCCO MARCONI, *c.* 1470-*c.* 1540
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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*c.* 1482

Combat between Amor and Castitas (National Gallery)
COSIMO ROSSELLI, 1439-1507
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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how mournfully sympathetic is the watching dog. This delicate, sad fantasy is a glimpse of nature seen with the inner eye. Call it glamour, but there are some who derive more joy from Piero's glamour than from Constable's realism.

We need colour in life. It is the colour of Piero's vision that abides. In a remarkable little landscape that once hung near " The Death of Procris " in the National Gallery, it is the colour that we miss. Labelled " A Combat between Amor and Castitas," Tuscan School, the latest criticism gives this work to Cosimo Rosselli, who was the master of Piero di Cosimo. As Rosselli was born in 1439, we look with some wonder at the very modern treatment of the landscape in this little picture, not so much the flowery meadow where an unaffrighted Castitas receives on her golden shield the arrow of a languid Amor, as the high, rolling meadow in the background with the well-placed masses of the trees. Were it not for the dull and gummy colour, this picture might almost pass muster as a picture of the day in a modern exhibition. With this work, if he painted it, Cosimo Rosselli enters his small kingdom which is overshadowed by the might of his brilliant pupil, Piero di Cosimo, who, according to truculent Vasari, painted all that is good in Rosselli's " Sermon on the Mount " fresco in the Sistine Chapel. Did the pupil help the teacher in the " Amor and Castitas " panel ? Probably not, as it bears no hint of Piero di Cosimo's fair colour.

Master and pupil each had a hand in the teaching of Fra Bartolommeo, the last of the monastic painters. An artist who would sadly inscribe the words " Orate

pro Pictore " on a picture was not the man to give himself whole-heartedly and joyously to nature ; but whatever Fra Bartolommeo did he did well. His landscape accessories to his religious themes are simple and harmonious; but they do not stir; they do not elate. Stand before his " Madonna in a Meadow " at the National Gallery, with its churches, towers, and slender trees, its hovering colour and blue mountains fading into a tender sky, and you take the measure of the uniformly excellent and idyllic landscape performances of this happy, unhappy Frate.

Piero di Cosimo stands out as the master in landscape of this group with his sad, sunny, unforgettable landscape, eternally communicative.

## XXIX

### *Three Italians*

GIOVANNI ANTONIO BAZZI (SODOMA), 1477-1549.
MARCO BASAITI, *c.* 1470-1527.
ROCCO MARCONI, *c.* 1470-*c.* 1540

Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, known as Sodoma, was an unequal painter, talented but uncertain, who has suffered from Vasari's pen. He enters our landscape survey by reason of his frescoes in the cloisters of Monte Olivetto Maggiore, Siena, illustrating the Life of S. Benedict. There appears to have been an inundation, and we see the Saint rescuing a Brother from

drowning. It looks as if the artist had really seen that flood, and although an earlier painter, Konrat Witz, excels him in depicting the agitation of water, this is quite a remarkable example of realism for the year 1507. Some of the other decorations are equally realistic. It is said that the monks of Monte Olivetto stipulated for landscapes in these frescoes. Be that as it may, Sodoma was strongly drawn to nature. In many of his pictures the landscape backgrounds are suave, smiling and spacious, as in the " Deposition in the Academia " at Siena, and the Madonna with the Child caressing a lamb in Milan ; but it is his S. Benedict lake landscapes at Monte Olivetto that give him his place in this survey.

Marco Basaiti has been called a rival of Giovanni Bellini. It is juster to say a follower. In these latter days his name has been associated with Bellini through that lovely picture in the National Gallery, " The Infant Christ Asleep on the Lap of the Virgin," with a charming landscape background that attracts the eyes even among the masterpieces that surround it—so placid and pastoral is this meadow, with its oxen and sheep, the white building on the hill, and the luminous cloud-flecked sky. The National Gallery catalogue still gives this exquisite picture to Giovanni Bellini, but there is now a consensus of critical opinion that it is by Marco Basaiti. Another charming picture by him is " The Calling of the Sons of Zebedee," in which he is content to employ formal rocks and mountain forms, but here, as in the National Gallery picture, he shows his love for water and clear skies, and his fancy for introducing details that may almost be called humorous.

Clarity and delicate shades of colour are his chief contributions to landscape painting.

Little is known about Rocco Marconi. He was a native of Treviso, and was probably a pupil of Giovanni Bellini. His chief works are in Venice. In the Academy his " Deposition " has some delightful landscape features, a shimmering gold sunset sky hovering over faint blue mountains, but his name drops in here because it has been suggested, by Mr. Berenson and others, that he, not Giovanni Bellini, is the painter of " Landscape with the Death of S. Peter Martyr " in the National Gallery. There is observation in the painting of the foliage of the ilexes, and in the light that falls between the trunks of the trees and shimmers upon the grass. The figures are ugly, and so little did he care to represent events as they are that he has allowed the woodcutters to continue their work as if nothing untoward was happening in the foreground ; but it is a real wood, a decidedly real wood, not the first—Pol de Limbourg, and the painter of " The Infant Christ Meeting S. John " were before him—but it is a wood that does honour to Rocco Marconi, or whoever painted it. The light through the trees attracted him. He painted it well because he loved the effect.

1507

Detail of fresco illustrating the Life of S. Benedict (Siena)
SODOMA, 1477-1549
*Photo : Lombardi*

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*c.* 1500

Virgin and Child in a Landscape (Albertina, Vienna)
ALBERT DURER, 1471-1528

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## XXX

### *Dürer and a Lesser German*

ALBERT DÜRER, 1471-1528.
LUCAS CRANACH THE ELDER, 1472-1553.

We do not think of Dürer or of da Vinci as landscape painters, for the whole is greater than the part, and those great minds dwelt upon the whole. Yet if we could gather into a great hall the works by Dürer—drawings, engravings, wood-cuts, pictures—that treat of landscape, what a commanding, what an overpowering contribution to landscape lore they would make. Dürer set the example, showed the way to the student; he brought to the scientific study of nature all the powers of his profound mind. Yet his landscape has not the charm of the work of a lesser man like Patinir, or even of Lucas Cranach the Elder. To Dürer landscape was a part, to Patinir it was virtually the whole. Yet landscape abounds in some of Dürer's works, as in a water-colour by him in the Albertina at Vienna, the " Virgin and Child in a Landscape." She is seated in a meadow, surrounded by a countryside of rural incidents, and upon each the incisive fancy of Dürer has played exquisitely. His drawings at Berlin, as well as at Vienna, pass from flowers to foliage, from landscape to landscape, from the romantic representation of " The Old Castle " to the panoramic exactitude of " The Mill," and the atmospheric " Weierhaus," a scene on the

Pegnitz river near Nuremburg, and so on. Many of these pen drawings are flushed with washes of transparent colour. But as an outstanding example of Dürer's treatment of landscape we may cite his great work, " The Adoration of the Trinity " at Vienna. Landscape is here but a part, but a wonderful part. Below the crowd of adoring and adored figures lies the placid, pleasant earth in serene harmony with the glory of the heavenly world—a transparent sea, a mystical horizon, bright meadows, and to the right the proud, obedient figure of Dürer himself, gorgeous in red and gold, gazing with complacent dignity on all he has created, as if saying—" I, a man, look upon my work, and it is good." This masterpiece was painted in his prime in 1511.

Happily, as I have remarked before, we are so constituted that we are able to love second-rate pictures, even third and fourth-rate examples. The great masters inspire reverence and wonder, but we are not always in the mood for reverence and wonder ; so intrudes our love for painters like Lucas Cranach.

First let me try to place him in fewest words. He was the intimate friend of Luther, and a contemporary of Albert Dürer. Like all German artists working in those days, he was rather overwhelmed by the mighty Dürer. And it cannot have been easy to live aggressively in the shadow of Luther's friendship.

Now for my personal reaction to Lucas Cranach. For years past in Continental Galleries I have been attracted by his frolicsome, comical-serious pictures, and occasionally by his fine portraits. There are a great number of Cranachs and Cranach School works in Continental Galleries, and only by study have I learned

that authentic pictures by Lucas the Elder are few. He was a busy, prosperous man, and he had what in unkind mood I would call an art manufactory, where his sons and pupils turned out the popular facile Cranach pictures which treated classical and religious subjects in a way that often can only be described by the word amusing. I have no means of judging the depth of Lucas Cranach's piety, but it is plain that, according to his lights, he was much interested in the German Reformation. Indeed, he has been called the painter of the German Reformation. Certainly he was an original even in the way he signed his pictures, with a symbol of a flying dragon with a crown upon its head. So quickly did his manufactory (his second son, Lucas Cranach the Younger, was his best pupil) turn out these quaint Reformation pictures that he was called the " rapid painter " ; but he probably worked no quicker than many of the young second-raters of to-day.

Landscape and figure seemed to come to him with equal facility, and I do not think that he cared more for one than for the other. His landscapes are pleasant and spacious, done, I imagine, from memory, not from nature. His figures have a curious charm ; they show something of the wistfulness of Botticelli. He could take pains when he cared, as shown in his picture of the " Magdalene " at Cologne, of a Cardinal seated before his bible in his garden at Berlin (very unspiritual), and the strange portrait of a young girl sumptuously adorned in the National Gallery. Often you meet his prankish, simple figures, sometimes nudes, idealistically realistic, curiously attractive, one not better than

another, products, many of them, of the Cranach manufactory. Of all the Cranach pictures, the two I like best are " The Bath of Youth," of which he or his son made two or three versions, one being at Munich, another at Berlin ; and his " Garden of Eden " at Vienna.

" The Bath of Youth," which, please understand, is a second-rate go-as-you-please picture, has an unusual appeal. Everyone is amused, and also thoughtful before it. In the centre of a large and spacious landscape, freely and decoratively treated, is what we should call in these days an open-air swimming bath. To the left, approaching the healing waters, come in carts, in wheelbarrows and hobbling on foot, the aged, the decrepit, the halt and the lame. They disrobe with propriety, throw themselves into the water, from which they emerge on the other side, rejuvenated and as frisky and as volatile as Germans can be, after which they proceed to clothe themselves in fine raiment, and to dance and feast at tables set in this pleasant landscape. From an academical point of view nothing is drawn, painted or composed as it should be, but the whole picture has such a frolic of fancy, with glimpses of deeper meanings, that it becomes one of the most delightful landscapes with figures that one meets in a day's sight-seeing.

" The Garden of Eden " is equally agreeable and absurd. In a wonderful landscape that Hubert van Eyck would not have despised, we are shown, in different parts of this Paradise garden, the various events that happened to our first parents. Call it facile if you will, lament the lack of seriousness of Lucas Cranach, but admit that he is a delightful person to encounter.

An intelligent child would find in this picture a most entertaining pictorial demonstration of the biblical narrative.

I have been somewhat enthusiastic and lengthy over Lucas Cranach because Monsieur Reinach in his "Story of Art Throughout the Ages" castigates him severely —"Neither thoughtful nor noble"—"superficial elegance"—"supremely comical"—"wooden quality" —"facile pictures"—"eager to amuse," etc.

Let it stand at that. Lucas Cranach the Elder was "eager to amuse." That is something for a propagandist of the German Reformation to have achieved. Perhaps Lucas Cranach the Elder, being a man of imagination, guessed that Luther, though great, was not the end.

## XXXI

### "*Joachim, the Good Landscape Painter*"

JOACHIM PATINIR, *c.* 1475-1524.

HERRI MET DE BLES (? HENRY PATINIR OF BOUVIGNES), *c.* 1480-*c.* 1530.

Joachim Patinir holds in art the sort of friendly place, but not as intimate, that Charles Lamb holds in literature.

Who, in their rambles through the art galleries of the world, has not stopped before small pictures, the landscape spacious, often stretching over a countryside, the figures often immaterial, exclaiming, with a tender look in the eyes, and a sense of pleasure—"Patinir."

In Madrid, Vienna, Berlin; in Belgium and Holland; in London and New York I have had such adventures; and as the years passed this Joachim Patinir became not only a friend, but he grew to hold in my estimation the august place of the inventor of the panoramic, far-flung landscape; indeed, as perhaps the first pure landscape painter, much more interested in nature than in man. Little is known about him, even his birth date is doubtful—some say 1475, others 1485; but it seems certain that in 1515 he purchased the freedom of the Antwerp painters' guild, settled in Antwerp in 1520, and bought a house there. In the following year, 1521, Albert Dürer visited Antwerp, made friends with Patinir, and refers to their intercourse and the presents they exchanged, several times in his diary. The entry that has made Patinir a reality, and that has drawn our hearts to him, is this—"May 5th, 1521, Master Joachim, the good landscape painter, asked me to his wedding, and showed me all honour; and I saw two fine plays there, and the first was especially pious and devout."

Master Joachim, the good landscape painter! Few artists have received so striking a testimonial from a contemporary: and such a contemporary as Albert Dürer.

So Patinir has become a figure in the History of Landscape Painting, partly through Dürer's diary, but chiefly through his charming and arresting pictures. I say arresting, because although I may overlook many worthy pictures in a gallery, I never seem to overlook a Patinir. It may be because I am especially interested in the evolution of Landscape Painting. Patinir always

*c.* 1510

Landscape : River Scene (National Gallery)
JOACHIM PATINIR, *c.* 1475-1524
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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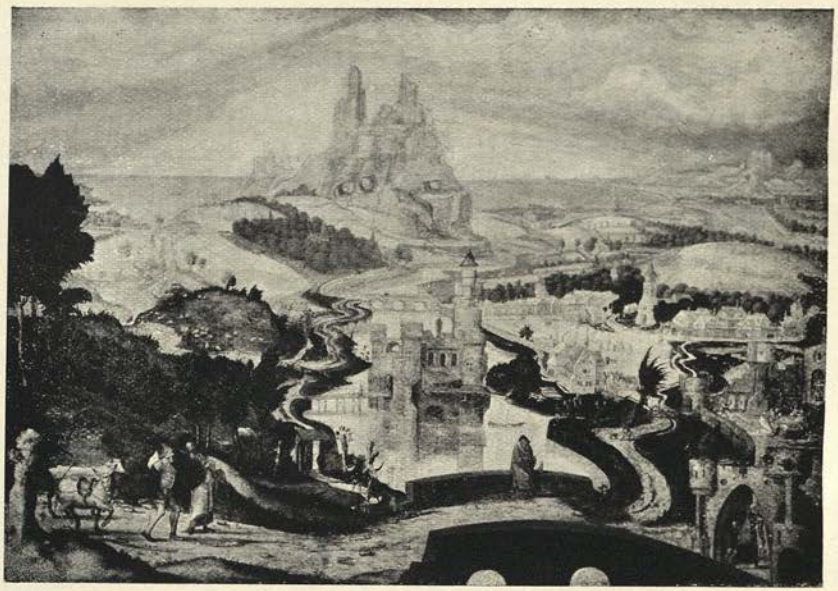

A Romantic Landscape (New York)
JOACHIM PATINIR, *c.* 1475-1524

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gives me a thrill. A loved face smiles at me, and takes me out into the wide world where all manner of wonderful things are happening in nature. What care I that the picture may pretend to be a " Rest on the Flight into Egypt," or a " Martyrdom of S. Catherine," or " S. John on the Island of Patmos." The significance of the subject mattered little to Patinir : he never quite mastered the figure : what he loved was the look of the world seen from a hilltop, or from a mountain, or even as seen by a bird, or even not seen at all, something that his imagination perceived, a land of lakes, rivers and castles ; and land-locked bays ; and the sea opening to infinity, with men and women like busy ants, running about and doing things, but quite unimportant.

Curious it is how Patinir has always attracted me. When I revisited the Metropolitan Museum, New York, after a lapse of some years, in one of the rooms I found a new acquisition, " A Romantic Landscape," by Joachim Patinir, and at once knew that there was no change in Joachim's great friendliness. (I am aware that some critics assert that it is not by Patinir.) This romantic landscape, so funny, and lovely, and odd, and absurd and delightful, was just merry and bright, just the kind of thing the " good landscape painter" liked doing. By-the-by, I have often wondered whether Dürer meant to convey that Patinir was good morally, or good pictorially.

And there is a Patinir that I have loved ever since I began to take an interest in painting. This is the " River Scene " in the National Gallery, a most lovely thing, a pure landscape, with a figure seated at the foot of a tree in the foreground sketching this Peter Pan dream

view. I took it for granted that this figure was Joachim Patinir, the good landscape painter. He looks upon a noble river curving round from the hills to the left, and on the river is a boat, and a barge, and a great, sinuous logwood raft which looks like a glistening sea serpent. In the middle distance is a small town on a wooded upland, and there are strange rocks, with clustering shrubs on them, stretching skyward, and there are reflections in the winding river, which is a delicate, shimmering blue ; and the general tone of the picture is pearly grey, and I have sometimes regarded it as the first pure landscape in the history of the art, and Joachim Patinir as a pioneer.

So far so good. But now my enthusiasm must be tempered. There is sad work ahead.

I do not pretend that the discovery that Patinir is not all we thought him to be came suddenly. For years I have known that the archivists, and the experts who compare old pictures, and make deductions, and reduce art to a formula, were exploring Patinir, his contemporaries and predecessors. Of course they cannot take anything away from the pictures, the many, many delightful pictures, that go under his name ; but they can make, and they have made Patinir much less important as an Innovator, and they have ruthlessly taken from him most of the pictures ascribed to him. I had some inkling of this when the librarian of The Hague library showed me, and translated, the Patinir references that are embodied in the researches of modern archivists and preserved in The Hague library. But it was not until I read the chapter on " Joachim Patinir and His Followers " in Sir Martin Conway's *The Van Eycks*

*and Their Followers* that I realised how much the art historian has taken from the glory of Patinir.

He was a good landscape painter. No one denies that. But we are asked to believe that he was no Innovator. The "Patinir landscape," wide-extending, seen from a height, and from the inner eye of Romanticism, was a growth. It seems to have been practised first by Jerome Bosch, who was at least a quarter of a century before Patinir, and by Gerard David and Quentin Matsys. This kind of landscape became popular, and as Patinir showed a facility for it there is a probability that he sometimes painted in landscape backgrounds for Gerard David, Quentin Matsys, and later for Joost van Cleve. Sir Martin has well said that what "they did incidentally Patinir did professionally. He summed up and gave currency to the new style, and his views, instead of being subsidiary to the figures in the foreground, reduced such figures to minor importance." Yes, Patinir made the seen-from-a-height, extending landscape popular. Then the imitators rushed in, and the reason why the world has called them all Patinirs is because he was not a great artist, only a charming artist, and there is not the startling difference between him and his imitators as between, say, Velasquez and his imitators.

Perhaps the severe art historians have been too severe. At present the pictures incontestably given to Joachim Patinir are well under ten. Three are signed—the "Baptism," at Vienna; the "S. Jerome," in Carlsruhe; the "Flight into Egypt," at Antwerp. Add to these "The Temptation of S. Anthony," at Madrid; a "Landscape," in the Wessendonk Collection at

Bonn ; " Heaven and Hell," in Madrid. Others may some day be passed as Patinirs.

The " River View " in the National Gallery is, alas, taken away from him, and given to—nobody. Art historians cannot agree to give it to anybody. An attempt was made, without success, to father it on Hans van der Elburcht, the painter of the " Fishermen " altarpiece in Antwerp Cathedral. It has been suggested that the National Gallery " River View " was one of the three predella to the " Fishermen " ; as this suggestion has been rejected, my beloved " River View " remains nameless.

History also mentions a Henry Patinir, who has sometimes been confused with Joachim. As this Henry Patinir is now supposed to be Herri met de Bles, we may hope that the light is beginning to shine on the Patinir mystery.

Herri or Henri met de Bles loved detail, and it is plain that " Herri with the Forelock " was a nature-lover and possibly a pious man, but he used scriptural subjects merely as an excuse for an indulgence in spacious panoramic landscapes. In his " Walk to Emmaus " (Vienna) the three pilgrims have to be searched for in this scene of fantastic rocks, river scenery, swans, poultry and distant hills. His chief contribution to landscape is " The Repose in Egypt," at Antwerp. There is a homeliness, a naturalness about it which must have been a startling innovation in those days. For instance, the sleeping figure of Joseph, the basket, and the care with which the trees are drawn from actual models. Already the men of the Low Countries are beginning to study the homely life around

*c.* 1515

The Baptism of Christ (Vienna)
JOACHIM PATINIR, *c.* 1475-1524
*Photo : Brogi*

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*c.* 1498

The Tempest, or Adrastus and Hysipyle (Venice)
GIORGIONE, 1478-1510
*Photo : Alinari*

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them, an impulse which was to affect all the art of the Netherlands throughout the sixteenth century and afterwards.

Like Patinir, who is supposed to have been his master, Herri met de Bles lives in the archives. Albert Dürer, in his diary of a visit to the Netherlands in 1520-21, records that he stayed at Malines with " Maitre Henri le peintre."

But it is Joachim Patinir who won Dürer's highest praise, and it is Joachim who wins our affection to-day. When we are charmed by one of these world-in-the-palm-of-your-hand landscapes, we may say, with truth, that if Joachim Patinir did not paint it, it was painted by somebody who admired him ; and as we do not know the name of this particular imitator, we may for the present continue to express our gratitude to Joachim Patinir and our loyalty to him.

## XXXII

### *The Glamour of Giorgione*

GIORGIONE, 1478-1510.

Again we fly south to Italy—to Venice. Giorgione died at the age of thirty-two. Titian, if we take his birth-date as 1477 (Sir Herbert Cook pleads for 1489), lived for ninety-nine years. They were friends and co-workers ; they acted and reacted upon each other.

As painters of landscape in the opening years of the sixteenth century it is not easy to separate Titian from

Giorgione. They harmonise as clouds and sky. Giorgione, that rare and winning youth, is the stronger influence. Titian was to develop into the great and virile master who dominated the art world, but during Giorgione's life, and for a decade after, Titian was the accomplished, independent, admiring pupil of his friend, and worked frankly on his lines. The landscape backgrounds of three of his noble early works, "Sacred and Profane Love," "The Three Ages," and "Noli me Tangere" are all reminiscent of Giorgione. We know that he completed Giorgione's "Venus" at Dresden by adding the landscape, and he used the same buildings and trees (economical Titian) in his "Noli me Tangere," and in his small "Cupid" at Vienna. Whatever he touched he adorned, but not until about 1520 did Titian begin to assert himself, forget his early companion's charm of vision, and develop into the "Homer of landscape."

What then is this rare and rich Giorgionesque quality that influenced the young Titian, and so many other artists of the period? The minor painters of Venice had to be Giorgionesque in order to sell their pictures. Giorgione loved the opulence of life, and the richness of nature—high noon, and warm, scented eves. The story in a picture did not interest him; he had no moral to relate or teach; he desired only to express the sumptuous variety of nature, the condition of the heavens, and the effects of light. Everybody disagrees as to what his pictures mean; even the titles are disputed. That gorgeous landscape-dream of a summer storm in the Giovanelli Palace at Venice with the tempestuous sky and the hints of a deluge is called indifferently "The

Tempest," "Soldier and Gipsy," "Scholar and Gipsy," and "Adrastus and Hysipyle." "The Philosophers" at Vienna, meditating under a sunset sky, which Mr. Charles Ricketts speaks of as "the first great landscape in painting," is called "The Philosophers" merely because a picture must be called something. So with his over-ripe "Fête Champêtre" in the Louvre, four figures making music and languidly idling in a romantic landscape—it may be called "A Pastoral Symphony," "A Music Party," or what you will. No, Giorgione had no story to tell, no mission to promulgate. The aim of his art, in Mr. Berenson's apt phrase, was pleasure, not edification. Like Watteau 200 years later, he painted to please. And in pleasing himself he pleased his patrons, for Venice was then in the heyday of her magnificence, the sybarite had slipped off the garment of the saint, and this Giorgione, lover of landscape and of all things rich, rare and rhythmic, true child of his times, represented the high noon of the Renaissance. Loving nature as much, perhaps more than others, he, just by being himself, gave to the world the formula of landscape with figures.

It is now over four hundred years since Giorgione passed away, and the world of connoisseurship is still at the feet of this Italian youth of genius, still wonders at his accomplishment, power, and pictorial serenity. He was the ideal of what the world would like an artist to be, charming in manner, of personal beauty and an excellent musician. Add to this the capacity to produce pictures that influenced his contemporaries and followers.

Indeed a word has been coined to express the

influence of Giorgione, the word Giorgionesque, which may be described as a serene blend of nature and human nature, a summing up, in golden terms, of ripeness and richness.

Centuries later, the youth Girtin, who also passed away at an early age, was to influence Turner and others. These youths were a spring of art.

Little is known of Giorgione's life. He was born at Castelfranco, where he painted his great altar-piece, which still remains there ; he passed most of his short life in Venice ; he did not marry. I like to think that the picture now at Glasgow of " Two Musicians," one playing the violin, the other the violoncello, is by him, and that these are portraits of his dear friend Titian and himself. Whenever we think of Giorgione we still quote the characteristic Ruskinian passage from *Modern Painters* :—

" Born half-way between the mountains and the sea—that young George of Castelfranco—of the Brave Castle : Stout George they called him, George of Georges, so goodly a boy he was—Giorgione."

To repeat his name is to evoke certain grave, serene, sumptuous, yet quiet and intimate portraits that pass under his name—those at Buda-Pesth and Berlin ; the Cobham Hall portrait ; the Man in the Red Cap in the Frick Collection at New York ; the attractive " Shepherd Boy " at Hampton Court ; the exquisite " Knight of Malta," now called Gaston de Foix, in the National Gallery, which is supposed to be a study for the saint in his Castelfranco altar-piece ; and that lovely portrait group in the Pitti Gallery, Florence,

called " The Concert " ; but some critics give this to Titian.

Many of these pictures are questioned. Authentic Giorgiones become fewer and fewer, as connoisseurship improves, and to-day there are hardly more than a dozen generally accepted. Even about these there are polite disputes ; but there are three Giorgiones that are unquestioned, and in each of these figures and landscape are so perfectly harmonised, and the landscapes are so accomplished, that it may be said that had he cared to confine himself to landscape painting he might easily have become a great pioneer master.

The first of this trio is the Castelfranco altar-piece, " Madonna and Child with Two Saints," of which Ruskin said : " One of the two most perfect pictures in existence ; alone in the world as an imaginative representation of Christianity, with a monk and soldier on either side." The landscape at the back of this picture is adorable. The sun rises over the distant sea, and the whole scene is suffused with the poetic glamour which was Giorgione's secret.

The second is that which is known briefly as " The Tempest," already referred to. The landscape portion is a romantic study of atmospheric conditions, with a tempestuous sky, a streak of lightning, ominous clouds and hints of a deluge. The third is known as " The Philosophers," or " Evander Showing Æneas the Site of Rome." Behind the three philosophers stands a burly tree, firmly drawn and modelled. The sun is setting, twilight is approaching, shadows are lengthening ; the whole picture is one of repose, dignity and reverie.

Another work, which is probably by him, contains an equally important landscape. This is " The Judgment of Solomon." The landscape fills half the picture. It is dominated by a great cypress in the centre. In the middle distance is a church, and in front a meadow with shepherds and sheep. The placid beauty of the landscape is in contrast to the melodrama of the subject. But Giorgione had no taste for thrills. The two mothers and the executioner are as composed and glowingly statuesque as the trees and rocks in the background. So with his " Trial of Moses " in the Uffizi. I take no interest in the gracious, statuesque figures that fill the lower portion of the picture; but the upper half, the landscape section, how it glows with light: how serene it is.

The famous " Pastoral Symphony " in the Louvre is still given to Giorgione by the French authorities. Whether it be by him or by another, everybody who stands before this picture is captivated by the splendour of the colour, and the richness of the rhythm; and is charmed by the light that falls on the park-like slopes, and on the abundant figures in the foreground.

There is a Giorgione in Glasgow, " The Adulteress before Christ." Of course it has been questioned, but Glasgow insists that it is a Giorgione. This remarkable picture, whoever painted it, has had a considerable effect on the Scottish art of our day. It has been called the parent of the Glasgow School of painting. Little can this youth Giorgione have thought, when he was making music and pictures in Venice, at the end of the fifteenth century, what a great effect he was to have on

the art of painting—landscapes, figures, and landscapes with figures.

With him this Part closes: with him accomplishment in landscape painting reaches the zenith; with him, shall I say, the dream ends, and with mighty Titian, painter of four monumental landscapes, the business of landscape painting begins.

# PART III

# FROM TITIAN TO TURNER

# I

## *Mighty Titian*

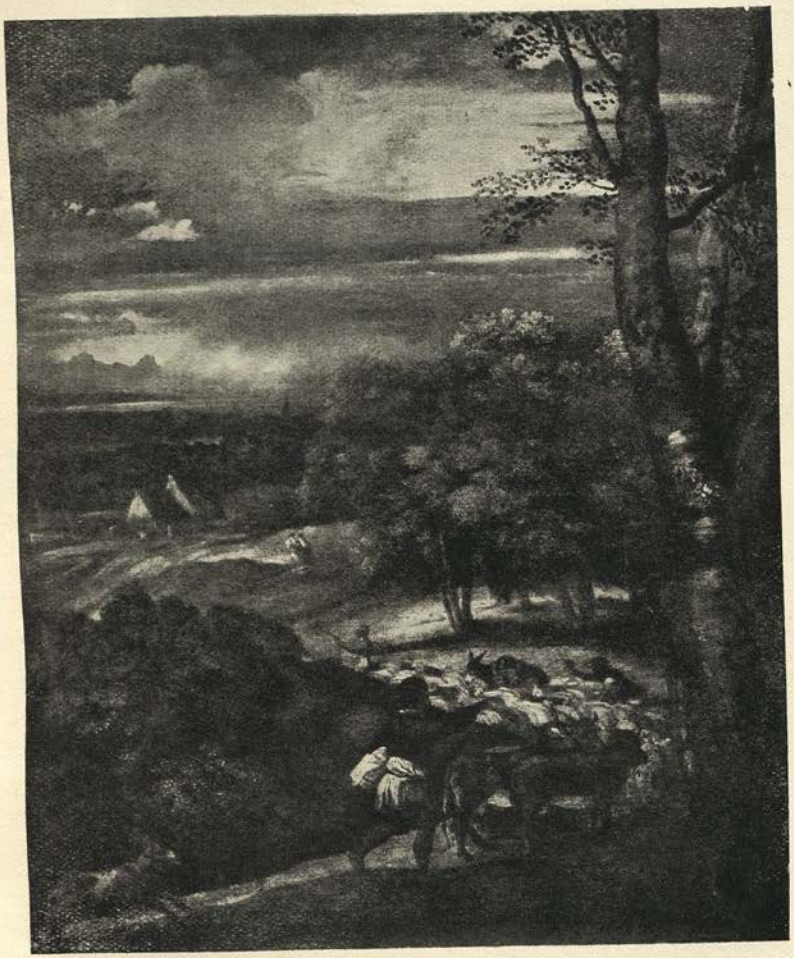
TITIAN, *c.* 1477-1576.

WHAT Giorgione might have become had he lived for nearly ninety and nine years no man knows. Titian, having had this supreme advantage, is the greater of the two. Landscape was, of course, but an episode of his stupendous achievement, yet how magnificent is the result when he bends his great powers to the joyous task. Recall the landscape in his " Bacchus and Ariadne " in the National Gallery in London, wherein he boldly sacrifices truth-to-nature to pictorial beauty, gives us accurate bluebells, anemones, wild irises growing in the grass, and ultramarine hills, so beautiful, so impossible, and yet, from his standpoint of pictorial beauty, absolutely right. Recall his " Noli me Tangere," with its lovely twilight effect, his " Marriage of S. Catherine " in Florence, and his landscape drawings, say, " The Vision of S. Eustace " in the British Museum. His " S. Peter Martyr " was, alas, destroyed by fire, but we have the testimony of Constable as to the importance of its landscape background. In Leslie's " Life of Constable," that great landscape painter is quoted as saying: " The background of ' S. Peter Martyr,' although not the model, may be considered as the foundation of all the styles

of landscape in every school of Europe in the following century." Constable selected the following " four works as marking four memorable points in the history of landscape, and all by historical painters ": " Peter Martyr " by Titian, " The Deluge " by Poussin, " The Rainbow Landscape " by Rubens, " The Mill " by Rembrandt.

Constable never saw Titian's " Stormy Landscape," now in Buckingham Palace, and certainly he never saw its three companions, as they have disappeared, and no trace can be found of these works. That Titian painted them we know, on the authority of Crowe and Cavalcaselle. One, in 1552, was sent to Philip of Spain ; the second, with soldiers and animals, belonged to Paolo del Sera ; the third is the one which Titian showed in his own house to Aurelis Luini ; the fourth is the " Stormy Landscape," in the possession of King George at Buckingham Palace.

It is a pure landscape. The herdsman driving his animals to shelter is subsidiary. The picture is the broad and assured rendering of disturbed nature, murky, threatening, but flushed with sun-gleams. It was painted when Titian had passed three score years and ten, but in the tempestuous sky may we not detect a dim memory of the sky in Giorgione's " Tempest Landscape " ? In recent years doubts have been expressed as to the authenticity of Titian's " Stormy Landscape," as of so many notable world-pictures, but until more positive proof is forthcoming we may frankly accept this pure landscape as Titian's mature contribution to the evolution of landscape painting, an epical work, a bold and magnificent onset plunge into



Stormy Landscape (Buckingham Palace)
TITIAN, *c.* 1477-1576
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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1510

Rest on the Flight into Egypt (Berlin)
ALBRECHT ALTDORFER, *c.* 1480-1528
*Berlin Photographic Co.*

*See page* 142

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the art which was destined, as the centuries passed, to creep closer and closer into the affections of mankind.

We murmur the name of Titian, and at the sound of it come visions of pomp and splendour. But even he cannot command all our fealty. We give mighty Titian our reverent admiration. We are spellbound before the decorative magnificence of his portraits and the rich colour-glow of his finest pictures. But it is profound admiration, not love, that we feel.

We salute his haughty Venetians, spaced with such brave arrogance within their frames, his sumptuous Venuses, and his proud Saints moving augustly in a subservient world. Whatever grief may lurk in his " Entombment " in the Louvre is lost in the majesty of the composition, wherein his painter's eye saw the forms of the mourners against the sky, not the sorrow in their hearts.

It needed a sadder man to see that—a Mantegna. It needed a humbler man truly to realise the soaring Virgin, upborn by clouds of angels in his " Assumption " at Venice, and the brooding, benignant figure of the Almighty welcoming her from the empyrean.

They are painted as if haughty Titian was limning his compeers. More real, more vivid are the figures of his saints raising muscular arms amazedly to the ineffable sight, for they are human ; and, in dealing with man, the arrogance of his intellect added the consciousness of superiority to the magic of his brush.

He met Nature as an equal, and he liked, as in his " Stormy Landscape," to strive with her wilder moods where mountain crags meet the whirl of rushing winds and clouds.

No doubt he saw and noted this tumultuous sky during one of his annual journeys from Venice to his birthplace among the mountains of Cadore. For his sake we moderns take that seventy miles walk along the wild paths where his tall figure so often stalked on the three days' journey from the heat of Venice to the breezes of Cadore, where his retinue would tarry while he sketched the moods and consolations of Nature.

He came down to earth, to us, the countrymen of Turner and Old Crome, when he painted those golden-brown houses on the hill in his " Noli me Tangere " ; the blue mountains of Cadore against a sunset sky lighting the flocks and shepherds, so unconscious of " The Holy Family " in the foreground ; and the deeps of blue in the landscape behind his " Madonna and Child."

He came down to earth also in the " Meeting of Saint Joachim and Saint Anne " in the fresco at Padua, where we seem to walk down the winding path by whose pleasant ways the aged feet of Saint Joachim have just travelled.

And when Titian, like Saint Joachim, was old, having lived magnificently through ninety and nine years, the shadow of the grave chastened him and turned his eyes away from the sunny pagan world, from the warm flesh lustre of his Venuses, from rosy Danaes swooning beneath the golden rain, from the splendour of arrogant Venetians to—to a Pieta, a mourning for Christ, which he painted falteringly in his last months, as, shall I say, a peace-offering to Death. And Death was generous, disdaining to make him battle in the shallows, but

catching him suddenly in the deep, made an end of " il divino Tiziano," with the swift hideousness, cruel but kind, of the plague.

## II

### *Patient, Persevering Altdorfer*

ALBRECHT ALTDORFER, *c.* 1480-1528.
LUCAS VAN GASSEL, *c.* 1480-1555. BERNARD VAN ORLEY, *c.* 1490-1542. NICHOLAS MANUEL, 1484-1530.

Again we pass north : we turn to that remarkable landscape painter, patient, persevering Altdorfer, who was born, if the conventional dates are accepted, three years after Titian.

The ancient town of Ratisbon lingers in the memory as the scene of Browning's brief, heroic poem wherein he rhymes Ratisbon with Napoleon ; but to some it is also renowned as being probably the birthplace, certainly the lifelong dwelling-place, of capable Albrecht Altdorfer, painter, architect and engraver, a civic success, and almost a painter of genius.

His father, who lived at Amberg in Bavaria, was originally from Ratisbon. " Meister Albrecht " was a city councillor of Ratisbon ; he rose to the position of city architect : he built houses, and painted pictures, and he was as fond of collecting rare and beautiful things as Rembrandt. Being a " great genius " Rembrandt lost his preciosities ; Meister Albrecht, burgher of Ratisbon, being a " small genius," kept his. A

prosperous and versatile man was Altdorfer, and although he is called by Kugler the creator of landscape-painting in Germany, he is not even mentioned by Michel in his *Great Masters of Landscape Painting*.

Albrecht Altdorfer was a leader of landscape painting in his exact, exuberant, punctilious way. His pictures, probably a score or so in number, when the canvases of his imitators, that pass under his name, are withdrawn, rise higher every year in the esteem of connoisseurs. His works are studied ; but few new details have been gleaned about the man. He was pious, patient, accomplished and popular. He may have studied under Albert Dürer. Certain it is that Dürer admired him, for the archives testify to a drawing, now lost, with an inscription upon it notifying that it was given by Dürer to Altdorfer. He loved architecture ; he loved landscape. Landscape prevailed. This may be inferred from the records of his various residences. First he lived in a house " with a tower," later in one " with a garden," and finally in one " outside the city," which, we are told, he used only in summer, and " where he studied his atmosphere effects." So, by the shifting of his dwelling-places, we may watch his progress from affection for buildings to love of nature.

Altdorfer has been called " the Giorgione of the North," which is a far-fetched misuse of a comparison. He was certainly a contemporary of Titian and Giorgione, but he was as different from Giorgione in manner of painting and way of living, as Nuremburg or Ratisbon is different from Venice.

Giorgione's art, as I have tried to show, was sumptuous and pagan, and he had the rare gift of combining

episodes into a harmonious unity. The art of Altdorfer is hard activity. He adored detail. Like Dürer, he would lavish all his knowledge upon an inch of canvas, but unlike Giorgione, he could not unite his episodes into a harmonious whole. It would take an hour, and the task would be a labour of love, to master all the details of Altdorfer's " Rest on the Flight into Egypt " in the Berlin Gallery.

This little crowded canvas is a delightful fusion of architectural sculpture and landscape, with innumerable playful details such as the bambini sporting in the basin of the fountain, and swimming towards the beckoning child. The placid lake inlets and the blue mountains in the distance are beautiful. There is nothing in this picture, small in size and exquisite in finish, as are all Altdorfer's works, claiming in the slightest degree the appellation of " The Giorgione of the North." These two artists do meet sympathetically in the strange, wild sunsets each affected ; but Giorgione's are restrained as befits a man of culture : Altdorfer's sunsets are melodramatic.

Of all Altdorfer's pictures the one that completely entitles him to be called a " father of landscape painting " is his wonderful picture of " St. George " at Munich. The combat between the knight and the dragon is insignificant. What fills us with admiration, when we consider that this picture was painted more than four hundred years ago, is the artist's amazing interest in nature, and his patience and skill as a copyist of the fact, not the effect, of an immense tangle of greenery. Nearly the whole of the surface of the picture is covered by countless leaves and twigs crowding the canvas in

ordered confusion, broken only by a small open space in which the light of the sun palely lingers.

After this *tour-de-force* the works of Altdorfer's contemporaries in the north seem dull.

Lucas van Gassel has the hard fate of being severely criticised by Mr. Josiah Gilbert in his *Landscape in Art*, published in 1885. Gilbert, usually the kindest of critics, has not one kindly word to say of Lucas van Gassel. " In him the tasteless landscape of fantastic rocks reached perhaps the lowest depths." That seems a little hard, as Lucas van Gassel's " Thama and Judah " at Vienna, the landscape in question, painted in 1548, is neither better nor worse than other imitators and followers of Patinir.

Bernard van Orley, the Court Painter of Brussels, has been replaced in his not unimportant art position by Friedlander and Martin Conway. He practised landscape painting patiently (see his " Twelve Months " panels in the Louvre). His " Rest on the Flight into Egypt," at Vienna, is a good example of his practical, vigorous, imitative, straightforward painting.

And there was that curious and interesting painter (" clever as a monkey," is the phrase that has been thrown at him), Nicholas Manuel, whose " Coronation of the Virgin " at Basle has a Japanesy-looking landscape in the lower half of the picture, which is ingenious if not charming.

Far above them all is Albrecht Altdorfer. He had originality, superb skill, and the instinct to study nature at first hand ; but the gift of fine colour was denied him. Without haste, without rest, may have been his watchword. His perseverance is rewarded. A lover

*c.* 1515

Landscape, with S. George and the Dragon (Berlin)
ALBRECHT ALTDORFER, *c.* 1480-1528
*Photo : Bruckmann*

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*c.* 1550

Boaz and Ruth (Hampton Court)
JACOPO BASSANO, 1510-1592
*Photo: Hampton Court*

*See page* 147

*Facing page* 145

of nature in his own day, he is honoured in the twentieth century by being placed high among the early sixteenth century leaders of landscape painting. Indeed, there is no exaggeration in Kugler's statement that Altdorfer was " the creator of landscape painting in Germany."

## III

### *Serene Raphael and Eager Bassano*

RAPHAEL, 1483-1520.
JACOPO BASSANO, 1510-1592.
CAVAZZOLA, 1486-1522. PREVITALI, 1480-1525.
ANDREA DEL SARTO, 1486-1531.

Great painters are akin. They see deeply; they are able to portray what they see. And, as I have said before, a great figure painter is, if his inclinations lead him towards nature, also a great landscape painter. But the desire and profit of painters before the day of Claude inclined to the figure, and landscape usually only slipped in under the compulsion of a theme that demanded a landscape setting. In this survey of landscape painting the few who followed the call and pursued the " accessory art " of landscape, rise above their companion painters and become leaders. So it happens that the star of the great Raphael pales before the star of a much lesser light in the firmament of landscape fame—such a man as Jacopo da Ponte, called Bassano from the little market town in the Venetian state where he lived.

Had Raphael desired, he could, no doubt, have painted exquisite landscapes ; but his tastes were urban and he was more at home in the gay corridors of the court than in the lowly ways of nature. He painted lovely backgrounds to many of his pictures—those soft Peruginesque serene glimpses of hills, lakes, and feathery trees, with an overarching, peaceful sky flecked delicately with light. They are very beautiful. The eyes rest gratefully on Raphael's background landscapes and the sight brings quiet happiness. Who has not been charmed by the radiant panorama outstretching behind his " Madonna in a Meadow " at Vienna ? But if all his landscape backgrounds are beautiful, one is very like another. He could produce them so easily, and so attractively ; he had the formula, and his patrons were quite content with it. Raphael's serene disposition was quite willing to avoid agonising over profundities in the expression of natural phenomena. Occasionally he attempted something deeper and stronger than the suave and luminous landscapes of the " Madonna in a Meadow " or the " Madonna del Cordellino " ; such as the golden radiance that illumines the landscape beneath " The Vision of Ezekiel " at Florence, painted late in life, which may almost be described as an Impressionist rendering of light. But such incursions into the idealism of actuality are rare. Raphael, in landscape, is content usually to linger on his serene level of super-excellence.

Perhaps it was his love of animals that drove Jacopo Bassano into the fields and made him the painter of homely landscapes. Light and atmosphere interested him more than men and women, and to his heart an

actual pastoral scene made a stronger appeal than an imaginary Biblical subject. Living in the market town of Bassano, he had the force of character, and the insight, perhaps unconscious, to depict the life that was nearest to him. Beginning with illustrations of the Biblical stories, as the years passed the sights that his own eyes saw from the garden of the family house, pleasantly perched on the river bank, interested him more and more, and he became as absorbed in the country sights in and around Bassano as Thomas Hardy in the country sights in and around Wessex. But there is little subtlety in Bassano, and hardly any power of selection and rejection. George Morland was a painter of country scenes, but he was a magician in paint. Bassano was merely a good craftsman, though with an originality of outlook in advance of his day. Time has not been kind to his pictures, and he holds his place because he was a pioneer, hardly for the beauty of the many works by him that exist to-day. They are mostly able, but uninteresting. Stand before his " Boaz and Ruth " at Hampton Court, and you have the whole of Bassano, a pastoral scene, an everyday scene, busy preparations for a meal, notable because the foreground figures are subservient to the landscape, a rare achievement for those days.

" The Shepherds " at Venice is also typical : so is " A Pastoral " at Florence. The theme is again a meal in the open—a family meal, spread in a glade, whither the party seem to have brought their live stock, a cow, lambs, etc. The mother has prepared the meal, and the baby is enjoying the first sip of the soup. They are a tidy family : a cloth has been spread. The wonder

of this and similar works is not in the grouping and painting, but in the fact that at a period when landscape and genre had hardly begun to be considered, an artist should have thrown himself wholeheartedly into the portrayal of rustic scenes.

Bassano was prolific and prosperous. He, and his four sons, may be said to have had a manufactory of pictures, and gossip relates that when the stock of pictures in hand by the Bassani became overlarge they were put up to auction at the neighbouring fairs.

Other Italians of this period gave attention to landscape, but none of them approach, even by a few steps, to leadership.

At Verona, in the choir of Santa Maria in Organo, I found with delight, but my delight may have been mainly due to surprise, some landscapes by Cavazzola. They are painted on the panel-backs of the seats in front of the high altar—six landscapes. Yes : they are pure landscapes. In the foreground of one a duck is swimming in a blue pool ; the rippling of the surface of the water by the motion of its feet has been faithfully studied from nature. In the distance are hills ; a little town is perched upon one of them ; a path runs up the left of the picture, and along it natural figures are walking.

In another of the landscapes a bridge has been thrown across a stream—a Whistlerian bridge, with small houses on it ; the water that flows beneath the bridge is really wet, and the small figure of the peasant who trudges up the road to the right looks really like a man walking up a lane.

Andrea Previtali in his " Crucifixion " at Venice

shows a charming interest in nature. Indeed, his pleasure in the park-like setting frankly minimises the tragedy of the central episode, which he employs as a decoration. With Previtali faith has become a convention. It is said that Titian admired suave Previtali.

Andrea del Sarto also invoked landscape when necessary, as in his rather ugly and certainly second-rate " The Story of Guiseppe Ebreo " at Florence.

But these lesser men are landscape painters by chance. The palm of the period is carried by eager Bassano, who has won from Mr. Berenson the proud title of " the first modern landscape painter." An examination of many of his mediocre pictures inclines one to think that this should be amended to—the first modern who was supremely interested in the homely and natural life around him, and who had the integrity to paint his preferences.

## IV

### *Tintoretto: Then Twilight*

TINTORETTO, 1518-1594.

LORENZO LOTTO, 1480-1556. CORREGGIO, 1494-1534. G. VASARI, 1511-1574. SCHIAVONE, 1522-1582. PAUL VERONESE, 1528-1588. ANNIBALE CARRACCI, *c.* 1560-1609.

In art, as in life, it is possible to admire, yet to be unmoved: the intellect is aroused, the heart is cold. The power and energy of Tintoretto amazes us into admiration, but excluding his portraits, what average

collector would care to possess a Tintoretto? And who does not secretly sympathise with the Venetians of Tintoretto's day, when they said one to another, before the master's tempestuous and whirling canvases —why does not he paint slowly and carefully like Bellini and Titian? Neighbours in his early days called him "Il Tintoretto,"—"the little dyer," on account of his father's trade; but the nickname which really suits him is that of "Il Furioso," which he earned later. Sebastian del Piombo was, no doubt, quite right when he said that "Tintoretto can paint as much in two days as would occupy me for two years." His "Paradise" in the Doge's Palace at Venice, a mighty performance, is the largest picture in the world, and the most unreal. It fatigues the visitor, but this *tour de force* of Il Furioso shows no fatigue. Neither does it carry out his own bold determination, which he scrawled on the wall of his studio: "The design of Michelangelo and the colour of Titian."

Perhaps Tintoretto is seen at his best, that is in his quietest, most accomplished, and most alluring mood, in the National Gallery, and elsewhere in England; but to soar to the heights and plumb to the depths of his wild imagination and exuberant power, a day, or a week, must be spent at the Scuola di San Rocco in Venice, the many walls of which he covered with no fewer than sixty-two pictures—most of them now dark, damp, time-stained and restored. Making all allowance for the gloom of the Lower Hall of the Scuola, and the dimness of the pictures, it is plain that Tintoretto was a master of light and shadow, that he felt the fascination of colour, and that his fervid imagination had explored

*c.* 1560

The Magdalene in the Wilderness (Venice)
TINTORETTO, 1518-1594
*Photo : Anderson*

*Facing page* 150

*c.* 1570

S. Francis Preaching to the Fish (Rome)
PAOLO VERONESE, 1528-1588
*Photo: Anderson*

*Facing page* 151

the violent contrasts of nature. Perhaps it is as well not to read Ruskin before entering the Scuola. That wilful genius gives us as much of himself as of the artist he adored.

All the world of art was the province of Tintoretto ; landscape to him was but a passing territory, but he brought to it the varied melancholy of his profound powers. " The Flight into Egypt " is a foretaste of Dutch homeliness with the addition of swirling chiaroscuro, billowing clouds, and sweeping foliage, set in a scene that, for Tintoretto, is almost pleasant, with a blue sky, and sunlight in the hills. But it is in that startling study of moonlight—not the first, for gentler spirits, Pol de Limbourg and others, had been before him—called " Mary of Egypt in the Wilderness," that Tintoretto takes rank as a leader in landscape. The wilderness where she sits is, indeed, a " furious " wilderness ; but the ripple of the moonlight on the water, the pale reflection on the tree, the sense of space and distance, make this picture a landmark in the history of landscape. Men who came later, such as Salvator Rosa, who could copy his mannerisms, but not the pulse of his genius, were to abuse Tintorettian fecundity ; but this moonlight wilderness is a pioneer picture —rough but rare. Another painting by him in the Scuola di S. Rocco, Venice, shows " The Magdalene " in another gleaming fantastic landscape.

Sometimes, too, Il Furioso could be benign and reflective. He liked to place in his portraits an open window showing the sun setting over the lagoon, such as may be seen in " Man Playing the Spinet " in the Palazzo Colonna, Rome—a sunset glimpse over the

still water, with birds winging home—Il Furioso in repose—rest after warfare, peace after storm.

That cheerful worldling, Paul Veronese, who preferred pomp to piety, functions to faith, met Tintoretto on one occasion under interesting if rather irritating circumstances. The brotherhood of S. Rocco had invited eminent artists to submit preliminary sketches for a picture on the ceiling of the refectory. On the appointed day Paul Veronese and others, who had sent in sketches, attended. When the designs were exposed it was found that Tintoretto had submitted, not a preliminary sketch, but a finished picture, which was immediately accepted. Tintoretto should have painted the chagrin of his fellow competitors.

But nothing disturbed brilliant Paul Veronese very much. He enters the landscape lists through a picture, now in the Villa Borghese, Rome, depicting " S. Francis Preaching to the Fish." Pomp and circumstance always dogged Veronese. Here we have S. Francis standing on a rock in an attitude of affected power, while the fish bob up from a very green sea, and the companions of the Saint express wonder in melodramatic attitudes, and make the most of their gallant red cloaks ; but the clouds in the quiet, streaky sky are beautifully drawn, and the picture is as near a pure landscape as can be.

Lorenzo Lotto felt the glamour of the low horizon and like Tintoretto he loved to place an open window in his noble portraits, such as the quiet land seen beyond the grave figure of " The Protonotary Apostolic Juliano," in the National Gallery, London. He had a strong feeling for landscape, and if his great altarpiece in the Carmine at Venice were not coated with

candle-grease, and if one could forget " S. Nicholas with Other Saints in Glory," who sprawl over two-thirds of the picture, it would be possible to appreciate the lovely earth landscape from which they have ascended. Had Lotto made this picture all landscape it would have stood out as one of the great works of the early sixteenth century.

There is a " Panorama of Florence " in the Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, by G. Vasari that shows a fine sense of space, and bird's-eye-view composition.

In his " Fishermen " now in the Louvre, fluent Annibale Carracci, who flourished at rather a later date, depicts a scene of exaggerated realism, quite accomplished, and quite amusing. Better, because done with more honesty, is Schiavone's " Io and Jupiter," but we feel that he had learnt the trick of landscape.

Busy, emotional Correggio painted landscape with the flamboyant grace with which he produced his figures, but it is difficult to follow some critics in their high praise of Correggio's treatment of " the out-of-doors." Being a sort of genius he adorned all he touched, but nature needs to be wooed in a more serious and intent mood than was possible to Correggio. But there is feeling for nature in his " Nativity " at Dresden known as " Night," and in his " S. Jerome " in the Parma Academy, known as " Day." Not often did Correggio reach these moderate landscape heights. He hovers on the edge of the twilight into which Italian art was beginning to set. Indeed, after Tintoretto, twilight rapidly fell upon Italian painting, a twilight in which the lesser men groped with extravagant gestures. It deepened until it dipped into the night of Salvator

Rosa ; but ahead were the great lights of two Frenchmen—Poussin and Claude.

The very exuberance of Tintoretto's genius helped the descent. He made melodrama popular, and art, shy of clamour, passed northward to the home-loving and fertile Little Masters of the Low Countries—and to those Masters, Brueghel and Rubens.

## V

### *The Brueghel and Bril Dynasties*

PIETER BRUEGHEL, *c.* 1525-1569.
PAUL BRIL, 1556-1626.
LUCAS VAN VALCKENBORGH, 1540-1625. GILLIS III. VAN CONINXLOOS, 1544-1607. JODOCUS DE MOMPER, *c.* 1564-1635. HENDRICK C. VROOM, 1566-1640. PIETER NOLPE, 1613-1652. ABRAHAM DE VERWER, 1600-1650.

Visitors to Vienna, intent on their own preferences, encounter with delight, in the Imperial Museum, the wall of paintings by Pieter Brueghel. In these Brueghels they find a humorous and observant intelligence rioting in peasant life, allegories and parables ; above all, an artist using line, mass and colour in a pattern that perhaps only an artist can appreciate. Bassano, the Italian, has been commended for his honesty in depicting the rustic scenes surrounding him ; Pieter Brueghel, the Netherlander, who was nicknamed " Peasant " Brueghel, also " The Droll," revelled in such scenes, and made them sparkle with his humour. He was the

friend of peasants ; he lived among them ; he loved them, through them he prospered. He made a journey to Italy. What he gained there is problematical. Italy could not Italianate this sturdy northerner. He was influenced, we know, by that ribald genius, Jerome Bosch. But Bosch's ribaldry was softened and chastened in the crucible of " Peasant " Brueghel's wisdom and humour. So forceful and intimate were his renderings of peasant life, set with rollicking abandon, in the ways and woods of Flanders, that Millet hung engravings of his work in his studio at Barbizon, and held this pioneer Netherlander in profound admiration.

But it is not for his humour or his jollity that we value Brueghel : his fun, to modern taste, is too emphatic and over-elaborated, and the Kermis saturnalia and Boor junketings are no more amusing to the average cultured modern than the spectacle of Coney Island any summer week-end, or Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday. We value " Peasant " Brueghel for the simple and sufficient reason that he was a great artist, not in the least like Memlinc, Raphael or Velasquez, nevertheless a great artist, who had original vision, fine technical skill, and a superb decorative sense. He was very prolific : he painted as if he loved it, and could not stay his hand : he never, I am sure, bothered himself about the modern jargon of art for art's sake, but just went ahead through his brief life of under forty years—painting, because he would sooner paint than do anything else. Remember that the painter in the Netherlands in the sixteenth century was quite an ordinary person, a mere craftsman. " Peasant " Brueghel, or " the Droll," stands out from the herd,

because he was a genius of a kind that the twentieth century, which has lost gusto and the sense of decoration, Brueghel's qualities, admires intensely.

He was not a realist: by that I mean he was not interested in rendering nature as she is, weather and natural effects, such as Constable brought to such perfection two and a half centuries later: he was a student of nature, but he used her as material for design. He employed forms—men, women, animals, trees, skies—not for representation but for decoration, and he seems always to have seen everything as a pattern. No wonder we call him a pioneer, for this method of painting, especially landscape painting, is what many artists of to-day are gradually returning to after a couple of centuries of representation.

So insistent is the decorative pattern in "Peasant" Brueghel that when he paints a "Massacre of the Innocents," or "The Numbering at Bethlehem," the subject seems unimportant; we do not trouble about its meaning: I see only the delightful pattern made by the numerous little figures, and am indifferent to the details.

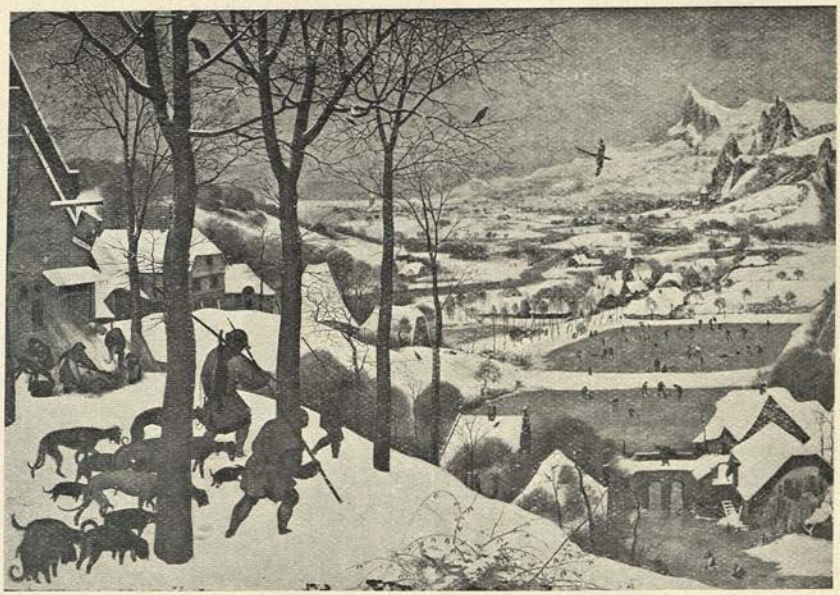
I joy in him as a landscape painter. When he introduces large figures as in "The Parable of the Blind," "The Beggars" or "The Wolf," their ungainliness detracts from the beauty of his landscape, and yet how strong and forceful they are, taking their places in the scheme of colour, which is always robust and exhilarating.

Those who have not visited the European galleries can have no idea of the delight to be gathered from Pieter Brueghel the Elder. America, so far as I know,

Autumn : Return of the Herds (Vienna)
PIETER BRUEGHEL, *c.* 1525-1569
*Photo : Löwy*

*Facing page* 156

*c.* 1560



Winter : The Hunters (Vienna)
PIETER BRUEGHEL, *c.* 1525-1569
*Photo : Löwy*

with the exception of the Johnson Collection Brueghel, and three in the Metropolitan Museum, has no examples by him, and London's recent acquisition, " The Adoration of the Magi," in no way represents the swinging rhythm of his decorative canvases. You must go to Vienna, Munich, Dresden, and Brussels to see him at his finest—walls of Brueghels, one delight after another. He was a wonderful painter of snow, not the realism of snow which certain moderns portray so admirably, but snow used as a decorative feature.

If I were asked to choose two typical and alluring Brueghels I should select (1) his " Autumn : Return of the Herds " at Vienna. In the foreground the cattle, all a golden brown, sweep across the picture, followed by the sturdy herdsmen making play with their decorative prods : in the middle distance is a blue river and a russet vineyard : beyond are faint hills and a wild sky. The other (2) is his " Winter: The Hunters," also at Vienna, a magnificent snow scene with a bitter, greeny-grey sky, wonderfully observed : and the countryside crowded with skaters, and villages and farm buildings wrapped in their white mantle. But the eyes are drawn mainly to the left foreground, where stark trees are silhouetted against the snow fields and the steely sky. You can almost feel the movement of the hunters, with their dogs, ploughing through the white drifts. Like the " Autumn," this " Winter " was seen with eyes that held the glamour of romance, and was executed with the hand of mastery.

No more than the bare facts of the life of this remarkable artist are known. He was born about 1525, in the village of Brueghel near Breda, and in early life

seems to have been influenced by the amusing painting eccentricities of Jerome Bosch. He became a member of the Guild at Antwerp : he travelled in France and the wilder parts of Italy, and in 1563 settled in Brussels, where he passed away in 1569.

Pieter Brueghel the Elder was the head of the Brueghel dynasty of painters. His son Jan, known as " Velvet Brueghel," for his love of fine clothes, was also a good painter, and in the opinion of some rivalled his father ; but Pieter the Elder showed the way : that is everything. Pieter II, " Hell-Brueghel," so called from his " frightful " subjects, and Pieter III also painted prolifically. And there were others. But Pieter the Elder, " Peasant " Brueghel, is the king.

The influence of " Peasant " Brueghel was great. Possibly Lucas van Valckenborgh, who is presumed to have been his pupil, could have produced his gay panoramic landscapes on his own initiative, but one of his pictures at any rate, " The Snowstorm," might never have been painted but for the master. It is a gay piece, but it lacks Brueghel's decision and pattern.

It was the fashion at this time to paint the four seasons of the year. Of all who attempted this, none reached the height of Jodocus de Momper the Younger, a personage about whom very little is known. In his " Spring," at Brunswick, he gives an excellent example of the convention that was to run through the century —the landscape seen from a height, with fields, woods and dwellings set out, sometimes with the orderliness of a chess-board, neatly articulated by strong contrasts of light and shade. Jodocus de Momper painted the home view, the outlying land, the avocations, the young

*c.* 1620

The Snowstorm (Vienna)
LUCAS VAN VALCKENBORGH, 1540-1625

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Spanish Galleons sunk off Gibraltar, 1607 (Amsterdam)
HENDRIK C. VROOM, 1566-1640
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

*See page* 161

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green, the bare trees, in a word, the Dutch countryside, gaily and truthfully ; but the day for the understanding of the tact of omission had not yet arrived. These Netherlanders showed everything as of equal value.

Landscape painting was becoming esteemed in the Low Countries, and the practice of it began to run in families. There were the Brueghels, the van Coninxloos, the van Valckenborghs, the de Mompers and the Brils. Members of a family, children and grandchildren, copied and emulated each other ; but among these dynasties the outstanding figures are Pieter Brueghel and Paul Bril. A word must be said about Gillis III van Coninxloos. Jodocus de Momper is supposed to have been one of his pupils, and in his day he was regarded as a leader in landscape, and a pioneer in the bird's-eye-view panorama. Van Mander said of him : " I know no better landscape painter in our time." That is the record ; but opinions change.

Paul Bril was a better painter than his elder brother Matthias, and he holds an important place in the landscape hierarchy because, if not the originator of the monumental landscape, he fashioned it into a formula that lasted, with amplifications, until the time of Turner. Paul Bril was the master of Agostino Tassi ; Tassi was the master of Claude. How much every painter owes to his forebears and masters ! He may not intend to plagiarise, but a man with delicate artistic antennae unconsciously, and consciously, adapts and conveys. " Tobias and the Angel," by Paul Bril, now in the Dresden Gallery, may be called the parent of the monumental school of painting practised so diligently and magnificently by Claude, Poussin and others.

Claude made this spacious vision his own, but the first visions were certainly Ghirlandaio's and Paul Bril's. A look may be enough. Bril looked at Titian, Tassi at Bril, Claude at Tassi, and the greatest of them all, Turner, looked deeply at Claude and set himself to outpaint him.

Paul Bril was an Italianised Netherlander. Born at Antwerp, he went to Rome at the age of twenty, was patronised by popes, worked in the Sistine Chapel and other churches, and made landscape popular and desirable in high quarters. For Clement VIII he painted, in the Sala Clementina, a vast landscape sixty-eight feet wide.

Paul Bril gave up his birthright, became Italianised, and profited exceedingly. He, too, learned from his artistic forerunners. His " Christ Healing the Demoniac," a small picture painted on copper, shows a group of figures beside the Sea of Genesareth, with piled rocks, blue distance, and an arching sky. With this picture, painted in 1601, Paul Bril might claim a high degree of originality, but on the wall of the Sistine Chapel, which he must often have seen, is Ghirlandaio's " The Call of the First Apostles," painted *c.* 1482, and giving a splendid lead, in composition and handling, to Paul Bril's picture.

His method helped others. There was Hendrick C. Vroom of Haarlem, who met Bril in Rome, and played the sedulous ape to him. Vroom might have become a mere imitator of Bril had he not been shipwrecked on his way to Spain. That experience set him on the right path. Thereafter he painted ships in a fine, decorative, impossible way that may have given hints to Turner.

His " Spanish Galleons Sunk Off Gibraltar " is a spirited picture, and is highly esteemed in these days for its decorative qualities. At the Haarlem Museum there is an immense decorative " Arrival of Frederick V. at Flushing," by him—a gay, delightful fantasy, that gives a lead to all painters of mural marines.

Pieter Nolpe, who flourished later, was another Netherlander with a strong decorative sense, shown in his sunny " Siege of Hertogenbosch " at Amsterdam.

Abraham de Verwer was a clever fantastical painter of melodramatic ships, doing gallant deeds pictorially. His " Sea-fight on the Zuyder Zee 6 October 1573 " is as decorative as an Uccello.

The lazy and art-hurtful habit, to which landscape painters often succumbed, of allowing other men to " put in " their figures was countenanced by Paul Bril. His figures were sometimes supplied by Annibale Carracci. Paul Bril stands out as a pioneer landscape painter, bold and efficient, but not in the same class as that delightful and extraordinary artist, Pieter Brueghel.

# VI

## *Magnificent and Magisterial Rubens*

RUBENS, 1577-1640.

After consorting with lesser masters (I exclude Brueghel) it is inspiriting to pass into the company of Rubens. In his august presence there are no shocks, no disillusions. His performance is level, mighty. It is foolish to confuse the issue of his greatness by tabulating what Rubens was not. He was neither a Botticelli nor a Blake. He was haunted neither by beauty, nor by the unseen. It is enough to rejoice in what he was—an unfailing spring, a fertilising influence, a river which vivified the art world, a sea, rich and deep, into which hundreds of lesser men have cast their nets.

Again the axiom must be reaffirmed, that the greatest masters are equally proficient in the figure, and in landscape, which through the ages has been cold-shouldered. The devotion of the few has made it important. Some almost despised landscape painting, and in our own day there was William Strang saying that he looked upon it as an inferior kind of art, " regarding mankind as the highest theme for the artist's genius."

Rubens took no side. Nothing in the world is alien to the sympathy of the greatest—witness Shakespeare, Goethe, Rembrandt, Rubens. In his tremendous stride, when the time came, Rubens took landscape ; but his great landscape period was from 1635 till 1640, when

his career ended. It was in 1635, when tired of courts and success, that the first call of nature, not to be denied, came to him. He bought the Château de Steen, between Mechlin and Vilcorde, for the large sum of £24,000, became a country gentleman, and added to his other titles and honours that of Seigneur de Steen. Here, in fertile Flanders, bounded by splendid distances, he indulged that love of nature that had always been dormant in him; here, for the idea of magnificence never left Sir Peter, he painted his rural possessions with himself and his château as their centre, gave from the largesse of his genius a grandiloquent pictorial account of country life by the owner of the estate, setting his inventory in spacious landscapes that hang in the places of honour in the chief galleries of the world.

"Autumn, with a view of the Château de Steen," now in the National Gallery, London. Who does not know it, with the baronial hall, the air of abundance and success, the rich country, the silvery-blue sky, and the luminous golden-brown which enwraps this and all his other landscapes like a garment. He painted about fifty landscapes altogether; forty are known; each is in its way a masterpiece, each impels our reverent admiration, but to look at them one after another, is to court monotony. Rubens was the dictator of art, and he dictated to nature. He was not like Constable, or the later Turner, an eager student, breathless to record nature's charm and variety; he was Sir Peter Paul Rubens, Seigneur de Steen, the greatest art figure in the world. To nature he said "Thus and thus," and the world wonders.

But the world of his day did not show a high appreciation of his landscapes : he was so great in other ways. Many of them never left his studio. Before that final five fruitful years from 1635 till 1640 he again and again attempted landscape, but it was a happy, holiday task, not the serious business of life. In some of his early pictures he was content to employ Paul Bril, Jan Brueghel and de Momper, whom he met in Rome, to paint the landscape backgrounds ; but the love of it was in his heart, as his sketch-books show, and by 1615, when he was thirty-eight, he had already produced that great work, a pure landscape, known as " Summer " or " Going to Market," all the glorious world outstretched, and " Winter," representing the interior of a stable, both now at Windsor Castle.

If connoisseurs were asked to make a choice among the Rubens landscapes there would be general agreement upon two—the great " Rainbow Landscape " in the Wallace Gallery, and the smaller " Sunset Landscape " in the National Gallery. The latter is a masterpiece. In design it is a repetition of the spacious formula he usually employed ; but it is quieter, more intimate, more concentrated, and there is poignant beauty in the sun setting to the right of the wide plain, and enveloping all the distance in a golden glow. The great " Rainbow Landscape " is formed in a more heroic mould. A great slice of agricultural Flanders is displayed with peasants returning from harvest work, kine ruminating, and busy haymakers. The rain has lately fallen, the land is fresh and wholesome after the shower ; the sun gleams, the dark trees are illuminated, and across the sky, dipping into the golden distance, is the arch of a

great rainbow. Such a picture as this, so complete, so accomplished, so splendid, so sane, justifies Sir C. J. Holmes in calling Rubens " the real father of landscape painting "; but the children were in the coming centuries to interpret nature, and to express their lyrical joy, in ways, swift, summary and appealing, the variety of which Rubens did not imagine. The father painted the homelands with steady power: the children run hither and thither, ever finding the new thing to paint in a new way. He followed the magnificent world : they follow the gleam.

In Rubens' time the epic was beginning to hold the imagination of men : the lyric and the song, if sung at all, were caged in their sketch-books. Lyrics and songs did not belong to high art, and were therefore not suitable for exhibition purposes ; but if Rubens was hidebound to the epic pastoral, he at least put the classical divinities to flight, and preferred a present Flanders to a past mythology. Poussin and Claude were to resuscitate the classical divinities, but Rubens struck a fine blow for freedom, and the echo of that blow reverberated down the centuries.

Antwerp was his home. There for many years he lived ; there he painted ; there he passed away ; there is his ugly tomb ; there is his statue, and in the Rue Rubens is the building described as his residence, now a rambling antiquity shop, the inside spacious but forlorn, the mere shell of the " magnificent house " he built for himself in Antwerp in 1610.

Many of the " sacred " pictures by Rubens at Antwerp and Brussels I find intolerable. Admitting all that Fromentin has to say in praise of the technical

skill and almost superhuman vigour of these compositions, I can but say that if all art were like this I should never want to look upon a picture again. Times have changed. Rubens painted for the walls of dim churches, where the message of the pictures had to " carry " to the congregation ; but to-day we see these works in orderly museums, which is hard upon Rubens. At Antwerp I can scarcely describe my joy and consolation, after labouring through the Rubens pictures, on suddenly entering a room hung with Flemish and French Primitives. And the same thing happens at Brussels. Think of it! After the flamboyancy of Rubens, Jordaens, et cetera, the intimacy, the love, the gentleness of van Eyck, Memlinc, Bouts, Roger of the Pasture and Corneille de Lyon.

Pray do not think that I am attempting to belittle Rubens. That would be foolish, in these days when he stands out as one of the great figures of the painting world, as the bull of modern art. I am but voicing the mute, bewildered tourists who listen to sacristans in Antwerp Cathedral reverently extolling the two immense " sacred " Rubens that hang there ; and the tourists dare not say how disagreeable and disappointing they find these " masterpieces " of art. They blame themselves for their lack of appreciation.

It would be wiser if some of the guides would express their enthusiasm for certain of Rubens's portraits. There the modern can admire ; but even in his portraits one has the feeling that Rubens was handicapped by his immense facility. Did Rubens ever pause to think? Did this impetuous master ever have any doubts ? Personally, I get my greatest joy from his oil sketches,

*c.* 1636

A Landscape : Sunset (National Gallery)
RUBENS, 1577-1640
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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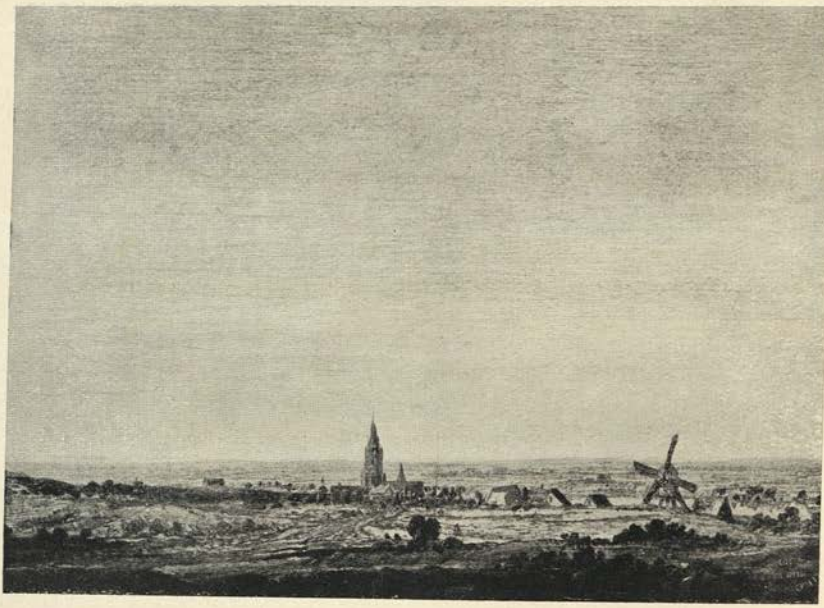

A Dutch Landscape (Berlin)
HERCULES SEGHERS, 1590-*c.* 1640
*Photo: Berlin Photographic Co.*

*See page* 170

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of which he did an immense number—gay, bright studies, the subject unimportant, the florid, impetuous execution everything. And from his landscapes. There he showed his quick love: there he pleased himself and astonishes us: but I do not think, if that incredible opportunity ever happened, that I should wish to hang a Rubens landscape in my own house. In the galleries of the world I look at his magnificent and magisterial countrysides with awe and wonder, and pass on to something more intimate.

## VII

### *From Him Rembrandt Learnt*

HERCULES SEGHERS, 1590-*c.* 1640.

ADAM ELSHEIMER, 1578-1631. J. C. DROOCHSLOOT, 1580-1660. DAVID TENIERS THE ELDER, 1582-1649. HENDRIK AVERCAMP, *c.* 1585-*c.* 1663. CORNELIUS VAN POELENBURG, 1586-1667.

Hercules Seghers, a rare and exclusive painter, a pure Dutchman, born at Haarlem, whose name has of late years emerged from obscurity, may be called the pioneer of the Dutch landscape painters who dominated the seventeenth century.

He was a boy of nineteen in 1609, that golden year for Dutch art, when the truce with Spain ended the devastating war and allowed Holland to practise the

arts of peace in security. That was a piece of good fortune for Seghers—to be at the impressionable age of nineteen when peace was declared. He was the first " pure landscape " Dutch artist, for Paul Bril was born at Antwerp, and Pieter Brueghel belonged in part only to Holland.

Fifty years ago Seghers was hardly known, but today, thanks chiefly to the researches of Dr. Bode, this ill-starred artist, who was broken by debt in his lifetime, and then almost forgotten, emerges as the originator of the poetic, melancholy landscape, usually a spreading, delicate panorama with a vast sky, seen from a height—the bird's-eye view, as it has been called in former essays. His contemporaries paid small regard to him, but Rembrandt understood and appreciated Seghers. We can trace his influence in Rembrandt's landscapes, and years later six of his works were found among Rembrandt's cherished effects.

The rediscovery of Hercules Seghers during the present century makes one somewhat breathless through its fury of appreciation. Dr. Bode claims for him the well-known " Mountain Landscape " in the Uffizi, and refers to this picture as " the artist's masterpiece, one of the most impressive landscape pictures of all times," and he also ascribes to Seghers the " Desolate High Valley " in the Edinburgh Gallery. Lesser men, like van Goyen and others in the late seventeenth century, certainly masqueraded under the name of Seghers. No blame attaches to the painters. Owners or dealers are the sinners. They could sell a picture by the esteemed van Goyen, not by the unknown Seghers, as was shown in Berlin lately when, under the false

signature of Goyen, the true signature of Seghers was found.

Gradually this Dutch master, who in insight and vision was far in advance of his time, has come into his kingdom. His pictures are few, but a clue to them, and an indication of his genius, may be found in the etchings from his hand that are among the rare possessions of the print rooms of Europe. Amsterdam owns fifty leaves by him, and London, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna possess from ten to twenty leaves each. These etchings are almost all of a landscape character, and without figures. This pioneer knew by instinct what the present age has discovered by observation and practice, that the figure is not necessary in a landscape, but 200 years were to pass before this became an axiom among landscape painters. Believing that a fixed purpose on a continental tour is the essence of the tour, I spent some time studying the Seghers etchings in the cabinets of Europe. They are a feast of landscape art; they are a wide statement of the homely landscape of the Dutch countryside.

Who, having seen it, has not been impressed by Seghers' sketch of "A Great Oak" in Amsterdam, a study, minute yet bold, that Rousseau 200 years later would have been proud to sign. This is typical. Many of the Seghers etchings are printed in colour, often faint, always beautiful. They are the beginning of landscape etching in Holland, and in some of them may be discerned hints of that pointilliste method that came to fruition in the nineteenth century.

The Berlin Gallery possesses two small pictures by Hercules Seghers, one signed (the signature was

revealed when the name of Goyen was erased), the other unsigned. They show his favourite motive—a vast sky, and a bird's-eye view of a town, probably Rhenen. The thinly painted, quiet sky of "A Dutch Landscape" is faintly flushed from the setting sun, the little town on the borders of the sand dunes is wrapped in peace, and above the low buildings rises the church tower and a windmill. It is essential landscape, the works of man dominated by nature at peace, illuminated by the beauty of the evening hour. No wonder that the sensitive and profound intelligence of Rembrandt seized on this novel and poetical interpretation of nature ; no wonder that the saying has passed into art history that only one of his contemporaries understood Seghers—Rembrandt, sixteen years his junior, who acquired his landscapes, studied them, and kept them by him always.

Adam Elsheimer, a German, an older man than Seghers, also to a certain extent influenced Rembrandt and the Dutch School. He, too, saw nature freshly and with poetic fervour. He was among those who made Rome their artistic home, and it is said that the Romans, barred in tradition, found a delightful novelty in his fresh and ingenuous landscapes. There is certainly great great charm and simplicity in Elsheimer's " Flight into Egypt," at Munich, with its umbrageous trees, finely massed in a rhythmic sweep, its star-sown sky, and moon reflected in a rippling lake. His pictures have propriety and picturesqueness, and he liked to paint them upon copper. A landscape by him at Frankfurt looks like a hard Watteau.

Hendrik Avercamp, at times, was an attractive landscape painter, but his snow scenes were better done

by some of his predecessors. Neither Cornelius van Poelenburg nor David Teniers the Elder need detain us as landscape painters.

J. C. Droochsloot has no particular fame, but his "Dutch Village" at The Hague, painted in 1652, stands out as a type of the many Dutch villages, stretching along by the sides of canals, that were painted in the seventeenth century. This example is as good as any, but Droochsloot had not learned the secret of atmosphere and aerial perspective with which van Goyen and Jan van de Capelle were to lift such photographic illustrations into works of art, and he had nothing of the peering and patient vision, unacceptable because new, of Hercules Seghers, who was so unsuccessful during his lifetime, so successful since.

## VIII

### *A Great Frenchman and a Dutchman*

NICHOLAS POUSSIN, 1594-1665.
JAN VAN GOYEN, 1596-1656.
EL GRECO, 1545-1614. ESIAS VAN DE VELDE, *c.* 1590-1630. VELASQUEZ, 1599-1660. VAN DYCK, 1599-1641. GASPARD POUSSIN (DUGHET), 1613-1675.

For the first time, possibly, in a history of painting, the names of Nicholas Poussin, the classical French master, and Jan van Goyen, the homely Dutch master,

are coupled. They were contemporaries, but there is no record that they ever met. They stand at the two poles of landscape art, and from them flowed two rivers of influence. Each fulfilled himself: each was a beginning, a herald, a leader; and one was ancient, the other modern.

The history of French painting, logical, clear-sighted, "judgment everywhere" (his own words), begins with Nicholas Poussin. The Dutch School of simple village landscape begins with van Goyen. There were others before him, but he was the leader of the homely exterior view of Dutch landscape.

Poussin founded himself upon antiquity. Greece and Italy, not France, were his real homes. Did not Sir Joshua Reynolds say: "By living as he did with the people of antiquity, Poussin got into the habit of thinking as they did." Van Goyen cared nothing for antiquity. His native land was everything to him. Peace having descended upon it after the terrible war with Spain, the Dutchman settled himself down to enjoy the simple pleasures of domestic and rural life, and van Goyen painted for his countrymen with pedestrian activity, the out-of-doors river, sea, canal and village life that they loved. Poussin was the painter of a noble past, van Goyen of the well-kept home.

Poussin's pictures have darkened. They abound in the Louvre and elsewhere; they afford intellectual enjoyment to the connoisseur who can appreciate the constructive qualities of this most scholarly of painters; the connoisseur can exhaust such epithets as noble, constructive, reasoned, balanced, and, so long as art lasts, Poussin will be regarded as the fully-equipped

father of French painting. But casual observers, Louvre and National Gallery tourists, do not derive much pleasure from Poussin's ageing, academic landscapes. His most popular work, because the most human, is " The Shepherds of Arcadia " depicted reading the inscription " Et Ego In Arcadia Fui " on an ancient tomb.

Poussin stands out, a venerable and majestic master, who was equally proficient in painting the figure or the lie of the land, and if we cannot feel great enthusiasm for his " Deluge " the fault must be in ourselves, for Constable, as I have already quoted, asserted that "The Deluge," by Poussin, was one of his four favourite landscapes; but Constable was a man of enthusiasms, and great admirations for what he himself could not accomplish.

Cézanne once expressed the conviction that modern landscape would be " Poussin painted from nature."

That seemed to me at the time, and it seems so still, one of those profound sayings that add a joy to life. But when I repeated it to friends they did not look any happier, and one of them retorted—" Just what does it mean ? "

It is a statement one feels : it is not easy to explain the significance of it, for unless one has much knowledge of art, the Poussins of the world look dull and uninspiring. To begin with, his colour is dreary, sultry and heavy : it was his practice to paint upon a red ground, which is now betraying itself through the evanescent pigments. Oh, and you rarely find in Nicholas Poussin suggestions of the light that never was on sea or shore, that charm us in the work of his

great contemporary, Claude Lorrain. And his subjects? Even more than Claude, this great Frenchman, Nicholas Poussin, who lived most of his life in Rome, then the Mecca of the artist, involved himself in mythological themes, which are not of much interest to the modern; and he always kept before himself the foolish axiom which he invented and practised, "Without action, drawing and colour fail to influence the mind."

Why, then, did Cézanne say that modern landscape would be Poussin painted from nature; why do those who have spent their lives considering pictures and perhaps painting them, grow more and more impressed by Poussin? It may be his austerity, his dignified formalism, the intense classicism of a painter who lived mentally with the people of antiquity, and evolved the habit of thinking as they thought. But above all, it is the architecture of his landscape, the way the earth and the landscape features that rise from the earth, are constructed. There is something solid and enduring about his practice. This, no doubt, he derived in a measure from Titian, and this is no doubt what Cézanne admired in Nicholas Poussin. We, whose eyes have been so long dazzled by the glitter of Impressionism, by the effect, passing and fugitive, fall back with relief upon the solid and desirable facts that Poussin presents. In his large pictures we are told that he never painted from nature. I have seen in the Vienna Academy a "Ruth and Boaz," with a fine, direct cornfield, and reapers, and horses dragging the plough, a gleam of the natural painter. This picture was not done for exhibition. And there is a drawing by him from nature

in the Louvre that is quite beautiful. Salvator Rosa and some others who came after him missed the great distinction of Poussin, the architectural integrity of his landscape, and copied his opaque colour, dingy trunks and heavy foliage: so it has been said that Poussin was really responsible for the "brown tree," which Sir George Beaumont accepted as one of the principles of landscape, and which Constable one hundred and fifty years afterwards laughed at.

I suspect that Cézanne learned much of the architecture of landscape, "the undulating structure of the ground, the rooting and branching of trees," and the weight of the earth, from the Poussins in the Louvre, and when he made that pregnant remark we may suppose he felt that the moderns might employ Poussin's architectural method, but in a setting of the rustle, movement and gaiety of nature.

Poussin was six years older than Claude, and nineteen years older than his brother-in-law and pupil, Gaspard Dughet, who is also called, somewhat confusingly, Gaspard Poussin. When looking at a fine Gaspard picture, and he was more of a pure landscape painter than his master, with his greater freshness and air of directness shown in his "Abraham and Isaac," and his "Italian Landscape" at the National Gallery, we must remember that Nicholas showed him the way. Nicholas, with his mind and heart fixed in antiquity, might have thought it undignified to depict the green look of nature, and her angry moods of storm, in which Gaspard excelled. Gaspard's "Landscape with Figures: Abraham and Isaac," in the National Gallery, is a sterling performance, but as a landscape painter he was

overshadowed by Nicholas Poussin, and extinguished by Claude. Sir George Beaumont, of the " brown tree," admired Gaspard Poussin's " greens." We shall hear more of the brown tree fetish later on. It was the Poussins and Salvator Rosa who were responsible for the brown tree, not Claude.

Which are the finest Nicholas Poussins ? My choice would fall upon a landscape in the Prado at Madrid, half of it a wood with bushy foliage, and the other half a vista of a hilly country with a great sky ; and there are trees painted so lightly and delicately that they might stand as ancestors of Corot. In the centre he has placed a Cupid, and to the left a reclining nymph in the act of being surprised. The landscape showing a herdsman driving cattle to a river, that came to the National Gallery from the Salting bequest, is a beautiful picture ; but the higher criticism is inclined to take it from Nicholas and give it to Pietro Testa, a follower. All can grow the flower who have the seed. His " Polyphemus " at Petrograd looks in the photograph a magnificent work, of which Turner may have seen a reproduction. And there is " The Shepherds in Arcadia," and his " Cephalus and Aurora," and his " Orpheus and Eurydice," and the magnificent copy he made of Bellini's " Bacchanal," which has found a home in the National Gallery.

France is justly proud of Nicholas Poussin, for he is the first great figure in French painting, after the Primitives, and a strong and outstanding example of the classical spirit which France, in spite of modern experiments, clings to and treasures. The Louvre has added to its Poussins the third of the Phocion series,

*c.* 1650

Landscape (Madrid)
NICHOLAS POUSSIN, 1594-1665
*Photo : Hanfstaegnl*

*Facing page* 176

*c.* 1641

The Mass, Dordrecht (Amsterdam)
VAN GOYEN, 1596-1656
*Photo : Hanfstaegnl*

*Facing page* 177

painted in 1648, and lost for over two hundred years. It was found in a house in Guernsey.

What a record and a spectacle is French art from Poussin—to Matisse !

Constable, the most natural of painters, had a great admiration for the heroic and magnificent. Did he ever see a good, honest, homely van Goyen ? Did he ever see that view of " The Mass, Dordrecht," now at Amsterdam, with the great sky, filled with tempestuous clouds, and the church, mills, sails, boats—all the busy, placid river life such as van Goyen saw, and we see to-day in Holland. The clouds are heavy : they have not that suggestion of *plein air* that Jan van de Capelle introduced later ; but this view of Dordrecht is a reality, whereas Poussin's noble canvases are magnificent unrealities. Van Goyen painted for the people. To them, to the burghers and to the court he supplied, with untiring energy, the large demand for pictures of home, and he had energy to spare for speculation in bulbs, pictures and house property, over which he lost heavily, even to bankruptcy. An alert, pushing man, so determined was he to succeed, that before the age of nineteen he had culled knowledge from five masters. One of them was Esias van de Velde, a van Goyen in little, whose " Ferry Boat," now at Amsterdam, rather coarse and careless though it be, may have set his eager pupil upon the track of the homely Dutch landscape, which the people clamoured for, and for which they would pay a moderate, a very moderate sum. As Esias van de Velde's " Ferry Boat " is signed and dated 1622, thirty years prior to Droochsloot's " Dutch Village," his claim to be a pioneer of the

homely Dutch landscape school can hardly be contested.

Two other great names of this period should be mentioned. They are Velasquez and van Dyck. These masters touched landscape when it suited them, Velasquez in those two small, grave, accomplished pictures in Madrid, views in the Villa Medici; and van Dyck in his landscape studies. One of them showing a country lane, now in the British Museum, is extraordinarily modern. But van Dyck was too busy and too popular to answer the invitation of nature. As for Velasquez, his official position at the court of Philip II offered little opportunity for the recreation of painting trees and skies. But landscape was certainly in his mind during his first visit to Italy in 1630. Then it was that he painted the two "Villa Medici" landscapes; and it was in Rome, having been instructed by his King to purchase twelve pictures by the most celebrated painters of the time, that his choice included Poussin's "Plague."

El Greco was born fifty-two years before Velasquez. There is a haunting landscape by him in the possession of a private collector in New York, a "View of Toledo," with a tempestuous sky; a landscape—ominous and gloomy—characterised by all those fantastic qualities that have given him so high a place among modernist writers and painters.

These great men, Velasquez, van Dyck, and El Greco, pass from our survey. They could have painted landscapes had they chosen, but they did not often choose. Nicholas Poussin was an all-round painter, with a partiality for landscape; so of them all, van

*c.* 1600

View of Toledo (New York)
EL GRECO, 1545-1614
*Photo: Durand-Ruel*

*Facing page* 178

1664

The Enchanted Castle (Lockinge House)
CLAUDE LORRAIN, 1600-1682
*Photo : Braun*

1668

Abraham, Hagar and Ishmael (Munich)
CLAUDE LORRAIN, 1600-1682
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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Goyen, the lesser man, emerges as the leader, because landscape, illustrative Dutch landscape, was all he really cared to do.

## IX

### *The Secret of Claude*

CLAUDE LORRAIN, 1600-1682.

AGOSTINO TASSI, 1565-1644. WENCESLAS HOLLAR, 1607-1677. SALVATOR ROSA, 1615-1673.

What is the secret of Claude? His figures are often childish; his foregrounds are usually confused; his mythology is tiresome; his classical and baroque buildings are monotonous. He was uneducated; the harp of his art had only one string, and he tired even of that. Yet a fine Claude always gives consolation and quiet happiness. Who can look upon his "Abraham, Hagar and Ishmael" without feeling the greatness and poetry of the design? Abraham never saw so noble a classical building, but that was an inaccuracy that did not trouble Claude. Weary men have found rest in Claude of Lorrain. It is true, as an archæologist has said, that in a gallery of masterpieces we are often drawn, in the few precious moments before leaving, to that "tame, dull green picture by Claude in the corner."

Ruskin, who riddled Claude with hostile, almost venomous criticism, calling him this "blundering, pseudo-classical, pseudo-picturesque painter," revealed

the secret of Claude when he said that Claude first set the sun in the heaven. By that he meant that Claude first painted suffused sunlight, and the dim blue distances that linger while there is light. His contemporaries realised Claude's discovery. Did not they, when he had ceased to labour, proclaim to the Roman world that Claude " marvellously rendered with his brush the very rays of the rising and sinking sun."

Painters before Claude, Dirk Bouts and Memlinc, to name but two, set the sun in the heaven, but he was the first to express the golden radiance that transforms and transfigures everything. So the world has loved, and loves, this illiterate genius. He gave us suffused light in painting, light that illumines ; he opened the gate to boundless horizons in the distances of his pictures, and he never closed it. However silly his foregrounds and figures may be, however banal his classical themes, in every picture he opens the gate, and saturates the way with golden light leading the eyes upward to where the distance fades in blue and silver haze. That is the gift of Claude to the world, and if I suggest that he derived the idea of the open gate from Ghirlandaio's fresco in the Sistine Chapel, that invitation was open to any painter. Claude had eyes to see.

This Frenchman, who discovered aerial perspective, through observation, not through books ; who found a permanent home in Rome and became world-famous there, made his first journey thither as a pastry-cook, a boy, one of a group of migratory pastry-cooks, for the Lorrainers were famous for their confectionery. As a pastry-cook the boy Claude obtained employment with Agostino Tassi, the landscape painter, and was

soon promoted from making cakes to grinding colours. So Claude glided into the right road. The rest he did himself. Art occurs : it can never be arranged.

Tassi was a pupil of Paul Bril in Rome, and Claude absorbing from them, and from Nicholas Poussin and other Italianated painters, consummated their efforts, evolved his style, and set the world a fashion in landscape painting, not entirely to the world's advantage. Lesser men could copy Claude's manner, but not his secret.

The great Turner set himself to rival, and outrival Claude, and as all the world knows, ordained that his " Sun Rising Through Vapour " and " Dido Building Carthage " should hang for ever in the National Gallery, London, beside Claude's " Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca " and " Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba." Turner was superbly confident ; but he did not know then that in the future he was to soar to heights of colour harmonies that none of these four pictures hints. Turner also honoured Claude in imitating his Liber Veritatis. That was intended to be a mere record of pictures sold, but Turner, always eager to outrival his rivals, made his Liber Studiorum what it is.

Constable sang Claude's praises, but as a painter he went his own English way, contenting himself with making a copy of Claude's " Cephalus and Procris," one of his simplest and most beautiful pictures, now in the National Gallery. So long as we are given the golden light and the pearly distance, one fine Claude is as good as another, whether it be " Abraham, Hagar and Ishmael " or the " Landscape with Figures " which Sir George Beaumont loved so much that after

he had presented it to the National Gallery he begged for its temporary return, as he was unhappy without it.

But of all Claude's pictures the one that has most captivated the hearts and imagination of men is " The Enchanted Castle," the proper title of which is " Psyche Dismissed from the Castle of Eros." Our eyes disregard the dumpy Psyche and the foolish animals in the darkened foreground ; our eyes ascend to the sun climbing over the treetops through a pale golden haze, thence to the delicate harmony of greys and greens, onward to the golden radiance that enwraps everything, making the baroque castle magical and mysterious, and upward through the sunshine in misty air, up to the sky, " most perfect and beyond praise," as Ruskin called it. This picture, essentially Claude, hangs at Lockinge House, Berkshire. Beside it, again the old rivalry, are Turner's " Off Sheerness " and " Walton Bridges." These superb Turners were painted more than a century and a half later, but the Claude stands glowing and supreme. The young Keats looked upon " The Enchanted Castle " and wrote a poem beginning :

" You know the Enchanted Castle—it doth stand
Upon a rock, on the border of a lake,
Nested in trees . . . "

It is a sea, not a lake ; that is a detail. Upon Keats this picture made such an impression that out of his transfigured recollection of it came, we are told, the magical words,

" Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

The art of Claude might stand proudly and completely before the world by this one picture. And from among his drawings, of which the British Museum owns a priceless assortment, there is one showing what a bold and free student of nature he could be when freed from mythological and classical tyranny—the drawing called " The Tiber Above Rome," a work that would hold its own in the best of modern exhibitions. Add to that a little picture called " The Sheepfold," now in Vienna, which Constable would have been proud to sign, and you have the best of Claude Lorrain, who began life as a pastry-cook and ended as a world-famous artist. His secret was but love of light triumphant.

In the *Farington Diary*, Vol. I, 1793-1802, there occur the following interesting comments by West, Smirke and Turner on Claude's technique :

" West observed that Claude had so continued his lights that the eye always settled upon the distance and the centre of the picture—as the eye naturally does in viewing the scenes of nature. He remarked how carefully Claude had avoided sharp and decided forms in the distance, gradually *defining* the parts as he came nearer to the foreground. He thinks Claude began his pictures by laying in simple gradations of flat colours from the horizon to the top of the sky, and from the horizon to the foreground, without putting clouds into the sky or specific forces into the landscape till he had fully settled those gradations. When he had satisfied himself in this respect, he painted in his forms, by that means securing a due gradation from the horizontal line to the top of his sky, and from the horizontal

line to the foreground.—Smirke remarked how entirely all positive colour was avoided, even to the draperies of the figures.—Turner said he was both pleased and unhappy while he viewed it,—it seemed to be beyond the power of imitation."

Almost contemporary with Claude, fifteen years younger, was Salvator Rosa. Highly esteemed in the time of Reynolds, to-day he is negligible. His ruthlessness offends the modern eye; but Salvator had force and he was unafraid. What a combination the two, Claude and Salvator, would have made.

Another contemporary, Wenceslas Hollar, must be mentioned. Born at Prague, he found patronage in England, and travelled about making drawings of picturesque buildings and "gentlemen's seats." His architectural landscape designs are prized. Although Hollar's landscape gift was small, he stands forth as the originator of the Topographical Tramp, which was the beginning of the tinted architectural drawing, and which led in time up to the British Water Colour School.

Claude Lorrain was the first to make a business of landscape painting, but he lives because into that business he flashed the dream, and it is the gleam of his dream, not the business, that remains—a secret communicated, yet incommunicable.

# X

## *Rembrandt as Landscape Painter*

REMBRANDT, 1606-1669.

AART VAN DER NEER, 1603-1677. ADRIAN BROUWER, 1605-1638. PHILIPS KONINCK, 1619-1688. ALLART VAN EVERDINGEN, 1621-1675.

Rembrandt was not naturally a landscape painter: he turned to nature for consolation when his world went awry, which it did as he advanced in years. His landscape drawings and etchings are spontaneous: in his oils he is overfond of the golden-brown convention, and the lowering sky. Probably his first landscape in oil is "A Mountain City in a Storm," now in the Ducal Palace, Brunswick. It is signed and dated 1638, when he was thirty-two. Being, probably, the greatest artist our modern world has known, in intensity and in profundity of vision, it follows that when he essayed landscape he would produce significant and memorable works. Like Claude, his brush could suffuse a canvas with a golden glow; but he was not a colourist, as we understand colour, and the search after colour, nowadays. He was a great master of chiaroscuro; with unerring skill he could mass lights against darks, and mingle them boldly or delicately as the theme demanded.

His known landscapes are fewer than twenty; indeed, the number is probably under fifteen, as modern criticism has taken from Rembrandt at least two, the

" Mountain Landscape " in the Uffizi, and the " Desolate High Valley " at Edinburgh, and given them to that pioneer landscape painter, Hercules Seghers, whom Rembrandt admired, and from whom he learnt. There are critics also who claim Rembrandt's " The Beginning of the Storm," at Lockinge House, for his pupil, Philips Koninck. This ascription has not been widely approved. A daring critic has even submitted that " The Mill " is by Seghers, but his lonely voice has no support.

Four only of Rembrandt's fifteen landscapes are now in Great Britain. Two have left these shores within recent years—" The Stone Bridge," now in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam—a characteristic Rembrandt; masses of light and dark strongly contrasted, a great sky, half of it heavy with clouds, the foreground dark, and the middle distance illuminated by a ray of light from the lowering clouds. If the great master were required to present a visiting card of his credentials as a landscape painter he might show " The Stone Bridge." But his most important work in landscape is the world-famous " Mill."

It was in 1911 that Rembrandt's " Mill " was sold to Mr. Widener of Philadelphia, from the collection of the Marquess of Lansdowne at Bowood, for the colossal price of £100,000. This sum probably exceeds the sum that all the Dutch painters, including Rembrandt, received for all their pictures during the fertile seventeenth century. Before " The Mill " was actually sold, but after Mr. Widener's offer had been received, this wonderful picture, described by the Director of the National Gallery as that rare thing in art, the

perfect fusion of subject matter and manner, was exhibited at the National Gallery, in the hope that the British Government and people combined would provide the purchase price and keep the treasure in England. A considerable sum was subscribed, but far short of the £100,000. Opposition from some quarters was violent, but it was prompted not so much from disapproval of the picture, as resentment that so large a sum should be expended on an old master when modern painters (old or otherwise) were in sore need of buyers. That is an ancient and selfish plea.

" The Mill " aroused an extraordinary amount of diverse criticism. Even laymen crossed swords. Bernard Shaw considered the sky " the most wonderful feat of oil painting of that kind in the world," the art editor of *The New Age* asserted that the sky was " meaningless, a mass of dirty blacks and browns." The criticism, laudatory and unkind, that the exhibition of " The Mill " produced would form, if collected into a volume, a complete compendium of the divergences of art opinion among people who practise the subjective method of criticism.

Rembrandt's " Mill " remains one of the great romantic landscapes of the world, his inner vision of the wonder of the universe bathed in the splendour of lingering light, loth, as it were, to leave the darkening earth. Rembrandt himself probably regarded his landscape etchings and drawings with greater favour. He always found the oil vehicle cumbersome and circumlocutory; but in such etchings as " The Goldweighers Field," " Jan Six's Bridge," and in many others—slight, sufficient, eloquent—he could state his

love for and knowledge of nature direct, unvexed by the complications of oil, spontaneously, with lyrical intensity, as a bird sings.

None of the other Dutchmen of his time even approaches his supreme intensity of insight, but his pupil, Philips Koninck, has charm—the charm of vastness seen intimately, as in his capacious "View in Holland" in the National Gallery. Such views captivated him: he must have seen them every day when toiling as bargemaster between Amsterdam and Rotterdam. These spacious Koninck views attract the most casual observer; but it is Walter Pater who has chiefly won the hearts of Englishmen to Bargemaster Koninck. Students of Pater will remember that Sebastian van Storck, that charming character, had four Koninckes hanging on his wall, and few can look at one of his spacious views in a picture gallery without recalling Pater's sensitive and melodious prose describing Koninck's "prospects *à vol d'oiseau*—of the caged bird on the wing at last—of which Rubens had the secret, and still more Koninck; visionary escapes, north, south, east, and west, into a wide-open, though, it must be confessed, a somewhat sullen, land."

Most of the Dutchmen of that day, so practical, so devoted to the obvious, had a love for these visionary escapes.

With Aart van der Neer this soft-hearted longing to escape took the form of a constant attachment to moonlights. In the mystery of moonlight and the allure of winter eves and dawns he found relief from creditors, and his commercial failure as an artist. He kept a tavern to make a living; his poetry intruded into his pictures.

*c.* 1658

The Mill (Philadelphia)
REMBRANDT, 1606-1669
*Photo: Braun*

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*c.* 1670

View in Holland (National Gallery)
PHILIPS KONINCK, 1619-1688
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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This capable, moody painter shrank from the glare of life. Of him a modern poet has written : " Strange fear of Day's bright pageantry made thee a seer." Several of his pictures claim for Aart van der Neer the title of a seer, such as his " Sunset Landscape " in the National Gallery, his " Landscape by Moonlight " at The Hague, and his Moonlights at Amsterdam and Berlin. His temperament in art was uniform. One of his pictures is much like another. He did not soar, he did not sink—he dreamed.

After this dreamer of dreams who kept a tavern, his contemporary, Adrian Brouwer, seems rough and worldly. Brouwer was a frolic man, who sang and acted, a man of roystering tendencies. It is said that Rubens refused to entertain him a second time at his courtly and sedate mansion : but Rubens esteemed Brouwer highly as painter. He died young. Many of his pictures are coarse, but there is a fine swing and go about his small " Sunset Landscape " at Berlin. The lie of the land is well indicated, the setting sun is magnificent. This picture has a modern look, and were it not for the Teniers-like figures this sunset might have been painted by one of the Barbizon School. There is another very fine " Sunset Landscape " by him at Grosvenor House, which Dr. Bode calls " a masterpiece."

A host of Dutch landscape painters, mostly minor, crowd into our survey as we approach the period of the master in whom the school culminated—Jacob van Ruisdael. Art history has connected the name of Allart van Everdingen with Jacob van Ruisdael, because he was Ruisdael's precursor in painting Norwegian

scenery. Everdingen may be described as a tame Salvator Rosa, with a spasmodic gift for colour. He was fond of painting the raging waterfalls which he found in Norway. They form suitable companions to Salvator Rosa's raging bandit pictures. Chance brought Everdingen to Norway. He was wrecked on the coast, and some time in his wanderings he painted " The Gun Factory, Sweden," now in Amsterdam. There is no better Everdingen in existence. " Mighty fine," was the laconic remark of a distinguished painter before Everdingen's " Gun Factory." One of his good pictures is his " Winter Landscape " at Amsterdam, briskly and vigorously painted.

Ruisdael went no further than Everdingen's pictures for the material of his Norwegian paintings, using them instead of going to Norway. Ruisdael could have dispensed with Everdingen. Jacob van Ruisdael needed no aid from other men. He, Vermeer of Delft, Hobbema, and Cuyp are the four outstanding Dutch landscape masters; beyond them, an august and lonely figure, is Rembrandt of the Rhine.

*c.* 1635

A Sunset Landscape (Berlin)
ADRIAN BROUWER, 1605-1638
*Photo : Berlin Photographic Co.*

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River View (Rotterdam)
CUYP, 1620-1691

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## XI

### *Gold and Pearl : Cuyp and Cappelle*

AELBERT CUYP, 1620-1691.
JAN VAN DE CAPPELLE, *c.* 1624-*c.* 1679.

The Dutch painters were usually content to choose the homely, the ordinary, as subjects. But so well did they paint these familiar scenes that they have the serenity of harmonious home life. Sometimes, in vision, they rose above their homely subjects, as Pieter de Hooch in his " Grace Before Meat," as Aelbert Cuyp in the years of his mastery, between the ages of thirty-five and fifty. That was the period of Cuyp's golden glow, radiant with light and shimmering air. His subjects—cows, sheep, huntsmen, boats—matter little, so long as the picture is rich in Cuypian gold. Who can resist it? Those who have seen his " View of Dordrecht" at Dorchester House, carry away with them into the grey streets of London an ineffaceable memory of this landscape flooded with golden light. When his " Herdsmen and Cattle " was hoisted upon the easel at Christie's a few years ago, expressions of delight arose from the crowded room, and applause followed the winning bid of 4,800 guineas. The golden vision of Cuyp brought sudden, æsthetic joy to all who were present.

Of this attractive artist it has been said, " One Cuyp tells all." Hardly—but there is truth in that brisk statement. A typical Cuyp is that early morning " River View " at Rotterdam, veiled sunlight, and everything —cattle, boats, distant town—bathed in the golden

tone which was almost always with him, and which he loved.

Cuyp was a versatile painter: he could turn, with urbane Dutch nonchalance, from a portrait of a man to a portrait of a cow, from the beautiful "Moonlight on the Water" in the Six Collection at Amsterdam, to the ugly "Cows in Landscape" at the Louvre. If we admit that his "sameness almost amounts to a recipe," we must also admit that it was open to the other Dutch painters to employ this recipe. They did not, because they could not. There was a secret of Cuyp, as there was a secret of Claude, though Claude's was the profounder. Cuyp's monotonous pictures charm (one grows quite fond of his huntsman in a scarlet coat, and his benign cliff rising to the sky), and his life elates. He escaped the misfortune that dogged most Dutch painters: he was prosperous: he sold his pictures, and he married a rich wife.

Jan van de Cappelle also escaped the common destiny of Dutch painters, because he was the son of a dyer and inherited the business. But he was also something of a genius, "self-taught" as he himself said, and probably he painted only in his spare time, which is an excellent way for an artist who is not a Rubens. There is no hint of professionalism in his work. Only "something of a genius" could have produced those luminous skies, piled with clouds, instinct with atmosphere, in his two "River Scenes," companion pictures, in the National Gallery, London. The foregrounds are the usual thing, but those pearly skies! Have they ever been excelled? This dyer, and full citizen of Amsterdam, lives as the father of vast atmospheric skies which

River Scene with State Barge (National Gallery)
JAN VAN DE CAPPELLE, *c.* 1624-*c.* 1679
*Photo : National Gallery*

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*c.* 1670

The Windmill (Amsterdam)
JACOB VAN RUISDAEL, *c.* 1628-1682
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

in the nineteenth century were also to make Weissenbruch and Jacob Maris famous; but are the skies of these two moderns better than the skies of Jan van de Cappelle? I doubt it. Their foregrounds are certainly better, because by their time the tact of omission had been learnt and employed.

Gold and Pearl! How often have I carried away with me from galleries, visual memory retaining, and most unwilling to let them fade—the golden glow of Cuyp, and the pearly skies of Cappelle.

## XII

### *Ruisdael and a Greater: and Others*

JACOB VAN RUISDAEL, *c.* 1628-1682.

VERMEER OF DELFT, 1632-1675.

SALOMON VAN RUISDAEL, *c.* 1600-1670. JAN BOTH, *c.* 1610-1652. P. WOUWERMAN, 1619-1668. GUILLAM DE BOIS, 1620-1680. NICHOLAS BERCHEM, 1620-1683. NOOMS THE SEAMAN, 1623-1668. ISAAC VAN OSTADE, 1621-1649. KAREL DU JARDIN, *c.* 1625-1678. PAUL POTTER, 1625-1654. JAN WYNANTS, *c.* 1625-1682. JAN SIBERECHTS, 1627-1703. VERMEER OF HAARLEM, 1628-1681. JAN HACKAERT, 1629-1699. WILLEM VAN DE VELDE, 1633-1707. ADRIAEN VAN DE VELDE, 1635-1672. JAN VAN DER HEYDEN, 1637-1712.

Of the greatness of Rembrandt there is no question. Consciousness of the greatness of Jacob van Ruisdael is

slower to mature. Always majestic, yet he is monotonous and over-prolific. The National Gallery of London contains twenty-one Ruisdaels, and they abound in Holland. But a survey of the pedestrian, patriotic Dutch landscape art of the seventeenth century shows that " faithful and tender-hearted " Jacob Ruisdael was the culmination of much that had gone before, and the greatest of the busy company of pure landscape painters. He stands firm upon the summit.

The Dutchmen composed their pictures ; the swift, lyric mood was beyond their comprehension or perhaps desire. Ruisdael was a master of composition. Everything is reasoned and balanced ; there are no happy accidents in his work. He was an epic poet in paint ; his landscapes have an air of strength, peace and tranquility, even when they deal with waterfalls ; he was a master of tone, a lover of great skies with cumuli pressing up into the blue. His are studio pictures, harmonious and often melancholy, the antithesis to the open air art, where the wind blows and the rain wets, which Constable gave to the world. Yet Constable adored Ruisdael. In a letter to Fisher, dated 1826, he wrote : " I have seen an affecting picture this morning by Ruisdael ; it haunts my mind, and clings to my heart, and stands between you and me while I am talking to you. . . ." Goethe called Ruisdael a thinker and a poet, and admired his " perfect symbolism " ; but it was the subject of the picture (" The Jewish Churchyard " at Dresden), not its treatment, which won Goethe's laudation.

A great Ruisdael is a great experience. He who stands, for the first time, before his " Windmill " at Amsterdam

(the catalogue title is "The Mill near Wyk-by-Duurstede") is conscious of standing in the presence of a monumental work, expansive and profound. It is an illustration of a typical Dutch scene, yet how parochial most Dutch landscapes are contrasted with this solemn immensity. Similar feelings are evoked by "The Swamp" at Petrograd (I have seen only a photograph) and "The Environs of Haarlem," formerly in the Kann Collection. "The Shore at Scheveningen" at The Hague, and a similar subject in the National Gallery, are fresher and nearer to humanity. His sea symphonies are treated with a lighter hand than his land epics.

In the National Gallery, an inferior Ruisdael hangs above a superior Aart van der Neer. But when the eyes wander from the sprightly van der Neer to the gloomy Ruisdael the words that rise to the lips are, "van der Neer is a little master, Ruisdael is a great master." Such mastery defies analysis. It is there. That is all.

Yet it cannot be said that Jacob van Ruisdael advanced the art of landscape. He consolidated it, made it vastly important, as they would say in the eighteenth century. Ruisdael was a man of superb talents rather than a man of genius. Vermeer of Delft was a man of genius.

The pictures by Vermeer of Delft number under thirty-seven, the landscapes by Ruisdael approach, if they do not exceed, four hundred. Only two of Vermeer's known pictures can be called landscapes. One, "The Street," that was in the Six Collection, is mainly architectural, the other is the "View of Delft" at The

Hague. If, before a noble Ruisdael, the word mastery rises to the lips, before Vermeer's "View of Delft" our lips are dumb because there are no words to express the delight that this picture gives—so radiant and tender in colour, so harmonious, so filled with the beauty of suffused light. Vermeer paints this landscape and produces a masterpiece, one of the world's supreme pictures. It has had a great influence on modern painting. Here the nineteenth-century Dutch artists learnt; here you may see a beginning of pointillism; here is perfection of landscape art in the convention which demands an illustration of a scene, pervaded by exquisite subtlety, serenity and harmony.

To explain Vermeer would be, I suppose, to explain the mystery of art. Put simply, he saw more than others, and he was able to express what he personally saw. Thousands and thousands of painters have made pictures of the very subjects that he immortalised, and they remain commonplace. They paint the object: he paints the light which reveals and unites all objects. Manet was one of the first to admire and extol the pictures of Velasquez and Vermeer of Delft, and it was probably through studying them that he made his great saying, "Light is the principal person in a picture."

Vermeer of Delft also has the courage of omission. He seems to paint everything before him, but in reality he leaves out everything that is unessential in order to gain his effect. These omissions are so subtle that the casual eye would not note them; but look closely—what a man! And how wonderfully he relates all the parts of a picture one to another. His values are

*c.* 1670

View of Delft (Hague)
VERMEER OF DELFT, 1632-1675
*Photo : Bruckmann*

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The Avenue : Middleharnis, Holland (National Gallery)
HOBBEMA, 1638-1709
*Photo : National Gallery*

*See page* 202

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instinctive, and his technique—his subject dictates it. His hovering brush even employed pointillism long before that word was invented. And his colour? Why, the phrase "Vermeer blue" has become a commonplace of the schools, but who is able to repeat its mystery?

"The Street" is wonderful, for it is but a street, with a house, an archway, and another part of a house, and in front a cobble-paved roadway such as you see any day in Delft, or in any Dutch town. What a gift to be able to convert this simple scene into a work of art? I look and look, admire the extraordinary decision, yet freedom, with which the bricks are indicated, and the simple white spaces of house paint utilised. I note how wonderfully he places the three figures, just where they should be—inevitable. Of all his works this Street is, I think, the one that astonishes me most, for it is just a street transformed, as by a miracle, into a work of art.

But we come back in the end to his "View of Delft." It is impossible to be extravagant in praising this picture. He takes the commonplace, or the ordinary, and says to it—"You are rare, wonderful, and beautiful. Be so!"

After Vermeer of Delft the other Dutch painters of the period seem a lot of mediocrities illumined by occasional gleams.

Salomon van Ruisdael, uncle of Jacob, must be mentioned. Born thirty years or so before his great nephew, he rose rather above himself in "The Halt" at Amsterdam, which is his best picture. His "Ferry" at Munich is as good and as uninspiring as Dutch

cheese, but the great sky and the placid homeliness of the scene have their quiet appeal.

Vermeer of Haarlem, not to be confused with his famous namesake, had a neat talent. There is a noble sky in his " Dutch Landscape " at Brunswick, and there is dignity and beauty in his " Open Landscape " at Rotterdam.

Paul Potter has been overpraised for his overrated "Bull," but he was adept at animals, and some of his small, luminous landscapes are delightful, truthful and observed. The landscape portion of the " Bull " is excellent.

Isaac van Ostade, a younger brother of Adriaen, like Paul Potter, had but a few years of painting life. " The Halt at the Inn," in the Frick Collection, is one of his best pictures. With Karel du Jardin we see light again. His " Pasturage " at the Louvre might, on a dark afternoon, be taken for one of the works of the Barbizon school.

Jan van der Heyden painted street architecture and picturesque churches excellently, but his whole heart was not in painting. He invented a fire engine and introduced street lamps. That he was gifted as an artist his " Landscape with a Castle " at Brunswick shows ; the sky is fine, and he understood mass and the sweeping line.

One picture by Guillam de Bois is noteworthy, the " River View " at The Hague, yet no better and no worse than other Dutch landscapes. Few of these busy painters could paint the figure ; most employed a " figure man," and it is the figure that spoils the " Pastoral," at The Hague, by Jan Siberechts. He visited

London in the train of the Duke of Buckingham, and while in England he painted views of Chatsworth and Longleat.

Jan Hackaert was a one-string painter. His sportsmen, in an ash-tree avenue, must have been popular because he frequently repeated the theme. He felt light, and painted it, and he had a good eye for a swinging composition, shown in his " Stag Hunt " in the National Gallery.

Jan Wynants was a monotonous painter, but he exercised influence. His " Farmhouse," at Amsterdam, is fresh and pleasant. The ubiquitous Adriaen van de Velde painted the accessories to many of Wynants' pictures.

Philips Wouwerman, a pupil, with A. van de Velde, of Wynants, produced innumerable pictures, yet he was no mean artist. His " Dune Landscape " at Frankfurt has air and space, and might be described as a tender David Cox. His " Bathing " landscape at Vienna shows a powerful, if vulgar, realism. A white horse is as common in Wouwerman's pictures as is a red cap in works by Corot.

Occasionally the industrious picture lover may find a Nicholas Berchem or a Jan Both that he likes, but they are out of favour—justly—although Jan Both occasionally employs a soft, second-rate Cuyp gold tone in his atmosphere. The twain (they were rivals and are always associated) will never recover from Constable's cruel-only-to-be-kind remark about the pair. In one of his lectures at the Royal Academy he uttered severe strictures on Both and Berchem. After the lecture a pupil asked : " I suppose I had better

sell my Berchems ? " " No, sir," replied Constable, " that will only continue the mischief ; burn them." Yet Ruskin, who at times could be so woefully wrong, classed Berchem with Claude. They stand as warnings : they point to the decadence of seventeenth-century Dutch painting, which was soon to sink into nothingness, and the reason was (the old story) the Dutchmen ceased to go direct to nature, and wooed success through imitating the works of other painters. Both and Berchem were not alone in this sorry plagiarism. Many minor Dutch painters of the late seventeenth century are in the same category. But Dutch landscape painting was to be lifted up again, and he who did it was Maris—Maris and Nature.

Adriaen van de Velde was proficient in figure and in landscape, capable, accomplished, and quite uninspired, except perhaps in his atmospheric coast pieces, such as his " Scheveningen Shore " at Cassel, upon which Jacob Maris may have looked. He was highly in demand for the insertion of figures into landscapes. His best work is " The Artist and His Family," at Amsterdam, an admirable blend of " figures and landscape." If this represents himself and his family (it has been doubted) Adriaen was more prosperous than most Dutch landscape painters.

The fame of his brother, Willem van de Velde the Younger, has declined since the day when Walpole proclaimed him " the greatest man that has appeared in this branch of painting " (sea pieces). Sixteen works by him at the National Gallery attest his erstwhile popularity. Willem's precise and pearly " Coast Scene : a Calm " is quite popular among people who still regard

art as a sedative. His seas in repose may pass. His seas in action are tiresome, but that he could paint a majestic and decorative marine his "Cannon-Shot" at Amsterdam testifies.

Nooms the Seaman, so called because he made long voyages, was quite the equal of Willem in decorative sea pictures, but he had not his luck. Willem van de Velde's luck consisted in being employed with his father by Charles II and James II. They were each given a pension of £100 a year, the father "for taking and making drafts of sea fights," and the son "for putting the said drafts into colours."

No such luck as a pension and a lodging at Greenwich befell either Jacob van Ruisdael or Vermeer of Delft. Ruisdael, a bachelor, spent his last days in an almshouse belonging to the Mennonites, his Haarlem "friends." In the sale of 1696 Vermeer's "View of Delft" fetched 200 florins. To-day there must be half a dozen collectors who would pay half a hundred thousand pounds—or more—for this unrivalled landscape. Sad it is that so many artists could not enjoy the fruits of their gifts while they lived. Perhaps the search for beauty was their reward and their compensation. *Chercher c'est vivre.*

# XIII

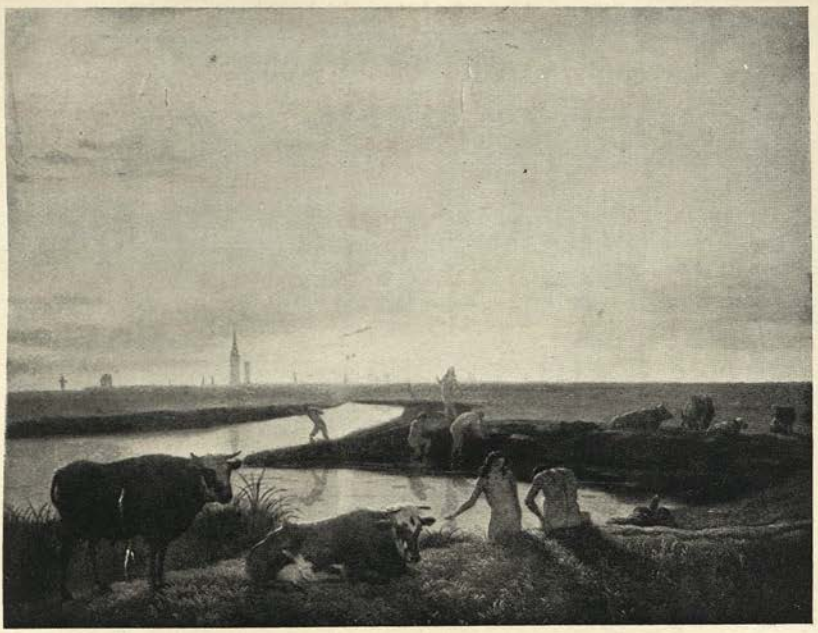
## *Hobbema—and the End*

MEINDERT HOBBEMA, 1638-1709.

HENDRICK TEN OEVER, *c.* 1640-*c.* 1700. GILLIS NEYTS, 1647-*c.* 1690. JAN DUBBELS, *c.* 1660-*c.* 1720. FRANS MILLET OF ANTWERP, 1644-1680.

One more Dutch master was still to uprise, Meindert Hobbema. In him we see the final flowering. After him —the end, for, in the eighteenth century, there were virtually no Dutch painters. Hobbema's is a curious case. When he painted for a living he painted well, in a hard, literal way, as may be seen in his " Showery Weather " (it does not look at all showery) and in his " Village, with Watermills," a clear light with clever tree painting, in the National Gallery, London ; but when he obtained a post in the Customs, his interest in art ceased. Hardly any of his pictures are dated after 1670, when he was thirty-two, and had become an excise officer. Even the influence of his master and friend, Jacob Ruisdael, could hardly inspire him to further essays in art. Yet, as late as 1689 he produced his masterpiece, " The Avenue, Middleharnis," probably the most popular landscape that has ever been painted, and certainly in design one of the most perfect. It appeals to everybody. Countless reproductions have been sold. He lives by this picture and also in another beautiful way. John Crome adored him, and his last words, a century and a quarter later, were, " Hobbema, Hobbema, how I have loved you."

*c.* 1675



The Bathers (Edinburgh)
HENDRICK TEN OEVER, *c.* 1640-1700
*Photo : Annan*

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The Sea Shore (Florence)
JAN DUBBELS, *c.* 1660-*c.* 1720
*Photo : Brogi*

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After Hobbema, the others are—what are they? Frans Millet of Antwerp had a certain grandiosity. In vision Gillis Neyts might have been his twin brother. Neither counts. The darkness is falling. There is a gleam of light in a Dutch landscape at Edinburgh, "The Bathers," by Hendrick ten Oever, who was alive in 1690. His dates are probably about 1640-1700. Little is known about him, but the landscape in which these realistic bathers, contiguous to two uninterested cows, are sporting, is spacious and charming.

Another gleam of the new Holland that was to arise a hundred years later is shown in the fresh sea pieces of Jan Dubbels. He went to nature. But who was Dubbels? Was Jan the painter of the "River View" at Amsterdam, and the "Sea Shore" at Florence, or was Hendrik Dubbels the author of these lively and loving smoky-grey seascapes? Were Hendrik and Jan or Giovanni the same person? However it may be, the name of Dubbels shines out from the dim, dull landscape Holland of the early eighteenth century like a good deed in a naughty world.

After Hobbema, following a period of twilight, the torch of landscape flashes into France—to Watteau, the chief of the desire-to-please painters, and after Watteau, to Richard Wilson, Georges Michel, Gainsborough and Crome. Then the great Turner.

# XIV

## *Watteau and His Kin*

WATTEAU, 1684-1721.
FRAGONARD, 1732-1809.
OUDRY, 1686-1755. LANCRET, 1690-1743. PATER, 1696-1736. BOUCHER, 1703-1770. J. F. NOLLEKENS, 1702-1748.

Watteau was a landscape painter only in the way that a great artist can paint anything beautifully. Watteau is the fluttering landscape link between Rubens and Gainsborough, a link shimmering with the iridescence of gaiety. Consummately painted are his trees and sunny distances in "Fête in a Park" in the Wallace Gallery, and in a similar scene at Dresden; essential poetry are the fragile landscapes in "The Embarkment for Cythera" in the Louvre, and "The Fountain" in the Rothschild Collection; but in each case the landscape is frankly subordinate to the dainty and delightful figures.

His pictures, exquisite as they are, have not the spontaneity of the drawings which were done for his own pleasure. They arouse joy in us because he enjoyed doing them. Many of his drawings are studies of women, not any particular woman, for Watteau was in love with beauty, and being a child of his day, he thought he found it in the gestures, movements and graceful restlessness of the Parisiennes he saw flitting through the Luxembourg Gardens, who lived to please, and

who would seem, according to his pictures, to have spent their time disporting in glades, languishing, dallying and listening to music, and to gallants.

There were other worlds, other interests in Paris, but Watteau, who was the inventor of the Fête Champêtre in art, and its most accomplished showman, lingered in those glades where it is always afternoon. The exquisites he dressed *à la Watteau* fascinated him. These pictures were what Paris wanted, and what Watteau could do so beautifully.

Let us be grateful for this charming painter, who is as far above his contemporaries—Pater, Lancret, Boucher and the other desire-to-please Little Masters—as Velasquez was above his son-in-law, Mazo.

Indeed, when you see a Fête Champêtre picture,—ladies and cavaliers idling in a glade, or dancing in an open air ballroom, or at a halt during the chase; or a scene from the Italian comedy, and you are told that it is by Watteau, or after Watteau, examine the drawing of a hand, and the turn of a neck, and the way the colour is trickled on, and if these are not perfectly done, you may be sure that Watteau had no hand in this work.

He could not paint a bad or a poor picture. Even when he was asked to produce a sign for the shop of his friend and patron, Gersaint, he produced a little masterpiece, "Gersaint's sign," hardly ever seen to-day, for it hangs in the palace of the ex-Kaiser at Potsdam.

The Louvre has his masterpiece, "The Embarkment for Cythera." There it hangs, somewhat darkened by time, but still golden, with the gay figures, each one an entity of grace and pretty gestures, each clad in

rainbow raiment. These butterflies are gathered negligently on the confines of a romantic wood, the trees brushed in with the feathery touches that Gainsborough was to employ later with such gracious distinction ; and at their feet is an inland waterway. On those calm, sparkling waters rocks the barque, with rose-coloured sails, which is to waft them to the abode of Venus. Watteau knew that on those shores they would find no continuing city, but it was all the fashion of the day to play with life easily and lackadaisically, and Watteau, although he may have asked questions in his own life, asked nothing of art but that it should allow him to sport with the rest. But in many of his pictures he permits himself a satirical comment. Often in the corner of one of his conversation pieces, or "Fêtes Galantes," he introduces a sardonic, elderly figure into the philandering company, in it yet not of it, who regards the scene disdainfully as if saying, "Play on, children. This is not the promised end."

"The Embarkment for Cythera" was his *pièce de reception* or diploma picture for the Academy. It was painted in 1717, when he was thirty-three, rushed off, we are told, in seven days, and elaborated but hardly improved in the Potsdam version. It made a great sensation in Paris, and confirmed the engaging title under which he had been admitted to the Academy—"Peintre des Fêtes Galantes."

Subjects to Watteau were of little importance. He found them close at hand. He was a consummate draughtsman and painter, and he had rare taste. He flashed upon a Paris chilled by academical art: he appeared like some bright bird: he set a fashion in

art, and in clothes, and " Paris dressed, posed, picnicked, and conversed *à la Watteau.*" Not only did he set a fashion, he also showed artists a new way of painting. He may be called the first Impressionist, this son of a Valenciennes plumber, who tramped on foot to Paris and became the greatest painter of the century, whose drawings, contrasted with the drawings of many others, may be compared to a master luring music from a piano—and a pianola !

Whenever he touched landscape, Watteau did it beautifully, but he was a town dweller ; as a landscapist he just flutters across this survey—a bird of passage, but his fragile communings with nature remain with us to our delight.

Fragonard was the best after Watteau. The thick trees in his " Swing," in the Bearn Collection, are dark and mysterious, and designed not to honour nature, but to show up the diaphanous figures. It is in their drawings from nature (you may see them in the Louvre) that the Watteau satellites shine, those pleasant, desire-to-please painters : Oudry, Lancret, Pater, Boucher.

" Old Nollekens " of Antwerp and London imitated Watteau, and in " Gripholm Castle " produced a light and luminous lake landscape ; but the figures are Nollekens, not Watteau.

This interlude of French charm and grace, between plodding Hobbema and perverse Wilson, hardly counts, if we except Watteau, in our landscape survey. France's time will arrive with the Barbizon school, which changed the aspect of modern landscape painting, and Impressionism, which revolutionised it. But all that is in the future.

# XV

## *Two Venetians*

CANALETTO, 1697-1768.
GUARDI, 1712-1793.
GUISEPPE ZAIS, *c.* 1710-1784. BERNARDO BELLOTTO, *c.* 1722-1780.

Now, for a last bright look, we turn again to Venice, to two artists who revivified her fading glory. In art, cities, like people, rise, flourish and decline. Mighty and magnificent Venice dwindled in the sixteenth century to Jacopo Bassano, for whom the claim has been made that he painted the real country, not scenery. But his art was commonplace. In the seventeenth century Venice rested upon her laurels : her art impulse seemed exhausted. Then arose gallant and gay eighteenth-century Tiepolo, and a little later Venice was honoured by the birth of two artists, who have expressed her charm and wonder with a completeness vouchsafed to no other city. They were Antonio Canale, called Canaletto, and Francesco Guardi. Each was mainly architectural, each found many of his themes in Venice.

There are plenty of Canalettos in the world ; but they are fewer than those that pass under his name, for his nephew, Bernardo Bellotto, and other followers and imitators, produced " Canalettos " large and small. All the great galleries have Canalettos, and I suppose that those who have never been to Venice

take their impressions of the City of the Lagoons from his attractive architectural pictures. Not only was he a fine draughtsman, but he was a master of tone, and he could give, as well as anybody, the mass of a great wall, the natural grouping of buildings, the glitter of water, and the sense of the little life of man bustling about the great architectural features of Venice. And although not the first, he was one of the first to take an interest in atmospheric problems, and what is called to-day *plein air*; but I do not think that he ever argued about such matters, or knew that he was doing anything uncommon; he just used his good eyes, and saw that things were happening in the sky, and in the air about him, quite as interesting as people, or buildings, or the black gondolas flashing down the bright canals of Venice.

And yet, was not his pupil, Francesco Guardi, the better man of the two—Guardi, so lively, so gay, so fresh and quick with his gestures and accents? That may be, but we must remember that Canaletto started the game, and that Guardi had the advantage of seeing all that his master had done. And after all, did Guardi ever produce a finer and nobler thing than Canaletto's "The Island of S. Michele" in the King's collection at Windsor? That is a great atmospheric epic, and I can almost forgive M. Michel for saying that it stands comparison with Vermeer's "View of Delft."

Then there are the great Canalettos at the Wallace Gallery and the group at the National Gallery, especially the glowing and magnificent "A View of Venice," No. 127, and "The Piazetta, Venice," No. 939, so different from Canaletto's usual performances that

they have been doubted. And the magnificent " View of Venice " in the Louvre, and his lovely " Eton College Chapel " in the National Gallery; and I remember, seeing in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's collection, a splendid view of " Whitehall " and how I was bothered because Canaletto had stuck into the picture, close to Whitehall, Le Sœur's statue of Charles I, which is really half a mile away, because he liked it and thought that it would look amusing alongside Whitehall. It was Canaletto's way to take " liberties with the disposition of buildings," so that in some of his pictures you must make up your mind that certain buildings are there, not because they are there, but because Canaletto liked them to be there.

Then there is the interesting topic of Canaletto's stay in England and the curious discrepancies and disputes about it: how it has been said by some that he never came to England at all, but that an impostor aped his name and style, thus accounting for the number of second-rate pictures passing under Canaletto's name. I remember an article by Herbert P. Horne in *The Magazine of Art* wherein he laboured to prove, and quite failed, that Canaletto was never in England at all; and that many of the pictures going under his name which we pass by without interest are really by his nephew, Bellotto, and by imitators (which is so), for this Venetian set a fashion in architectural pictures, and many great men, even Turner, Constable, Whistler and the landscape Frenchmen owed something to the " heartless mannerism " of Canaletto. " Heartless mannerism " was Ruskin's phrase. When Ruskin is wrong no one is quite as wrong as Ruskin, and when

Ruskin is right no one is quite as beautifully right as Ruskin.

Well, you will find in No. 9 of the annual volumes of the Walpole Society an article on " Canaletto in England," by Hilda F. Finberg, a long, informing article with plates of twenty-seven pictures by Canaletto now preserved in England, and a Catalogue Raisonné of his English views running into twenty-two pages.

This fine piece of research work is, I suspect, final. Mrs. Finberg proves beyond doubt that Canaletto was eight years in England. He came in 1746, and he remained, with one short interval, until 1754 or 1755, and the first picture in the article is a lovely thing, painted in 1746, " The Thames from Richmond House," now in the possession of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon ; no mannerism here, just frank, fresh ordered nature before the Thames was spoiled. It was painted from an upper back window where Richmond House stood in Whitehall. This, I suppose, is " the view from the garret of a little shop on the site of what is now the corner house of Richmond Terrace, Whitehall," where Canaletto lodged for a time. We are told that he was " whimsical and varied his prices every day." His chief lodging in Silver Street, Golden Square, no longer exists under that name. Since 1883 it has been known as Beak Street. When Canaletto set up business there as a painter of topographical landscapes to the nobility and gentry of England, he issued an advertisement, being a practical man, and knowing that pictures are painted to sell. Here is the advertisement, which is quoted by Mrs. Finberg from Daniel Lyson's *Collectanea :*

"Signor Canaletto
"hereby invites any Gentleman that will be pleased to come to his House, to see a Picture done by him, being
"A View of St. James's Park
"which he hopes may in some Measure deserve their Approbation. The same View may be seen from Nine in the Morning till Three in the Afternoon, and from Four till Seven in the Evening. He lodges at Mr. Richard Wiggin's, Cabinet Maker, in Silver Street, Golden Square."

Well, I have let my pen run away with me, but Canaletto has always been a great favourite in England. He was prolific. There are thirteen pictures by him at Hertford House, twenty-four at Woburn Abbey, and a wonderful collection at Windsor Castle.

And now for Guardi, whose name is always linked with Canaletto. They have been called the Castor and Pollux of Venetian architectural landscape painting. Canaletto was more of a formalist than his pupil Guardi. Canaletto was a master of composition and linear perspective, but Guardi had more dash and daring. He excelled his master in sparkle and in crispness of touch. Some critics have seen in Guardi's pictures traces of Chinese and Japanese influence. He probably never saw works from these countries, but he may have derived something from the Chinoiseries of brilliant Tiepolo, who was his brother-in-law, and sixteen years older.

Through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Canaletto was esteemed the greater painter, but to-day

higher admiration, by, at any rate, the younger school of artists and writers, is given to Guardi. He also has been hailed as one of the founders of Impressionist painting, and there is no doubt that the air of instantaneous effect evident in many of his pictures anticipates the modern spontaneity movement. Once his pictures were called " careless and sketchy," but that is almost a virtue nowadays. Guardi was not careless ; but he loved a brilliant sketch.

He painted Venice and little else. So prolific was he that one authority has declared that the number of his pictures scattered over Europe in public and private collections " almost baffles calculation." But all pictures passing under his name are not by him. The Canaletto-Guardi brand was popular, and invited imitation.

The Wallace Collection at Hertford House contains a group of paintings by Guardi hardly surpassed in any other gallery collection—Venice, always Venice. One of them is that superb view of " Santa Maria della Salute," with the church towering like a great golden, symmetrical flower in the background, a vast sky above, and, beneath, the wide canal dotted with gondolas, the quick movements of the gondoliers indicated in Guardi's inimitable manner. This is a monumental Guardi. Contrast with it " The Ferry " in the Uffizi at Florence, a gay scene of dancing figures, an archway, a rough pier and water, all brushed in with brevity and gusto.

The National Gallery now owns fifteen Guardis, some of them magnificent in mass and tone. Eleven of them are from the Salting Collection. That omnivorous collector was his great admirer.

The authority on Guardi is Mr. George A. Simonson, who has written a monograph on him, also an article in *The Burlington Magazine* for October 1912, wherein he gave illustrations of certain Guardis which were unknown to most people. One of them he calls Guardi's masterpiece, a "Storm at Sea," in the van Horne Collection, a wild tumult of waves and boats, wherein Guardi, like Turner sometimes, allowed himself to shout with nature. Personally I prefer Guardi in his lyrical moods. Another uncommon picture by him is a spirited rendering of a fire on the Grand Canal, Venice, in 1789, shooting flames and groups of huddled apprehensive figures. This nocturne can be matched with Turner's "Burning of the Houses of Parliament," but Turner went deeper into the harmonics of beauty and discord.

We must not look to Guardi for accuracy. It was his way to over-accentuate the picturesque, and, like Canaletto, he could play with topography; but, as Mr. Simonson remarks, Guardi appeals to us by his faults as well as by his virtues.

His life seems to have been uneventful. He was born in Venice, he painted Venice, he died in Venice. His people came from Mastellina where, we are told, his ancestors had resided for centuries. A few years ago a tablet was placed on the parental house, Casa Guardi, by the inhabitants of Mastellina in memory of the town's great son. Guardi and Canaletto deserve the gratitude of the world. They have given us a wealth of pictures of Venice that I sometimes think are more beautiful than the city herself, and eager, facile, lively and daring Guardi has another honour. He gave a clear

*c.* 1740

The Guidecca, with the Doge's Palace (Wallace Gallery)
CANALETTO, 1697-1768
*Photo : Gray*

*c.* 1760

The Ferry (Florence)
GUARDI, 1712-1793
*Photo : Alinari*

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*c.* 1755

The Convent : Twilight (Glasgow)
RICHARD WILSON, 1714-1782
*Photo : Annan*

*c.* 1760

Landscape with Bathers (National Gallery)
RICHARD WILSON, 1714-1782
*Photo : National Gallery*

lead to the painters who came a century and a quarter later, and proudly called themselves Impressionists.

Guiseppe Zais, a pupil of Zuccarelli, is hardly worth considering. His landscapes are pretty, but they are now ignored. Bernardo Bellotto has dropped into the limbo of all imitators.

## XVI

### *England Begins*

RICHARD WILSON, 1714-1782.

ZUCCARELLI, 1704-1788. JOSEPH VERNET, 1714-1789. GEORGE SMITH OF CHICHESTER, 1714-1776. WILLIAM HODGES, 1744-1797. ROBERT CRONE, *c.* 1740-1779. J. FARINGTON, 1747-1821. GEORGE ARNOLD, 1763-1841.

In her gifts of the landscape vision to the children of men nature acts sporadically—in her own way. Gaily she inspires Giotto, a peasant boy in Italy; Claude, a pastry-cook in France; Ruisdael, a frame-maker in Holland; Turner, a barber's son in England; gaily she sets Italy, France, the Low Countries, England, in turn to enlarge the landscape dream. Claude, as we have seen, charmed the dream into a business, and the Dutchman changed it into a trade. Now it is England's turn.

The star of Richard Wilson rises in the art firmament—"Honest Wilson," who began as a portrait painter, and who gave as his diploma gift to the Royal Academy, not a landscape—a portrait of himself, stout

and bland, wearing the turban he always affected, wreathed about his bald head.

As a landscape painter Wilson had patrons. When he made his sketch for " The Ruins of the Villa of Maecenas at Tivoli " three grave earls watched the proceeding. He was esteemed. He exhibited at the Society of Artists from 1760 to 1768, and he was one of the thirty-six Academicians nominated on the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768 ; yet landscape painting to Wilson spelled starvation. In his heart he was as Ruskin described him, an apostle of " sincere landscape art, founded on meditative love of nature." In practice he was often a pseudo-classicist, urged thereto by the narrow, bombastic taste of his day. Wilson was before his time. The art of landscape in England was still cold-shouldered. Our love of nature, which took an ideal aspiration in the poetry of Wordsworth, and a concrete form in the week-end cottage, had not yet begun.

Yet poor Wilson (poor is the favourite epithet of his biographers) was truly the father of English landscape. He avoided the dark Dutchmen ; his ancestry goes back to Claude and the Poussins, and had he not been burdened by financial troubles, and therefore at the mercy of his patrons who were wedded to the brown tree and the classical tradition, Wilson might have forced the public to applaud his glowing natural landscapes, fat and juicy in colour, radiant with air and space. But it was an artificial age, an age which must cloak nature with the mantle of " The Destruction of Niobe's Children " or " The Ruins of the Villa of Maecenas," two of Wilson's " machines " ; an age

which sought nature not on hills and moors in knickerbockers, but in parks, and in the glades of artificial town gardens, where mondaines flirted and gambolled in dainty clothes.

Honest Wilson. The epithet is " Peter Pindar's " :

> " But, honest Wilson, never mind,
> Immortal praises thou shalt find."

High praise Wilson has certainly received in our own time from discerning critics, but from the monetary standpoint Wilson is still unfortunate. I bought, a few years ago, a beautiful little Wilson for £4 at Christie's, partly from shame at the lowness of the bids. Everyone prophesies a future for Wilson, but it tarries. The world still prefers a third-rate Corot to a first-rate Wilson.

At his best, how fine Wilson is, and he is only at his best when he escapes from the conventions that had accumulated about the classical formula, in such sunny, spacious, simple scenes as " De Tabley House," the unattractive dwelling relegated to the background, and the whole scene swimming in light. It was probably this picture that Constable saw in the gallery of Sir John Leycester (afterwards Lord de Tabley), and of which he wrote : " I recollect nothing so much as a large, solemn, bright, warm, fresh landscape by Wilson, which still swims in my brain like a delicious dream."

Among his fine canvases are the " Italian Coast Scene," " The River Wye," the " Landscape with Bathers," of which Sir C. Holmes wrote : " This glowing union of air and space and noble colour may have been painted for a few shillings in a miserable garret

in Tottenham Court Road," all in the National Gallery; the " River Scene with Castle " and " Snowdon," at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the exquisite " Lago di Aguano " in the University Galleries, Oxford. They glow, they allure, they are essentially Wilson. These are fantasies on the lyrical moods of nature, but Wilson could also be profoundly moved by form, and produce such solemn and beautiful harmonies as " The Convent—Twilight " at Edinburgh, and " Aquae Albulae." The two horsemen silhouetted against the lake are memorable.

Wilson could draw the figure when he chose; but he had always leaned towards landscape, and it was while living in Italy that Joseph Vernet and Zuccarelli (who was a foundation member of the Royal Academy), a clever producer of decorative landscapes, praised Wilson into the path of landscape painting. The result was that for a time he starved in many lodgings, including the garret in Tottenham Court Road, and was humbly grateful for the small salary that came to him from the post of librarian of the Royal Academy. Happily, he eventually inherited a legacy from his brother, and retired to the village of Llanberis in Wales. His sufferings may not have all been due to his love of landscape, for he was truculent and ill to live with, and as prone to quarrel as Hogarth.

Whenever I visit the National Gallery, or other collections that possess early English pictures, invariably I am attracted by the Wilsons, and usually by what his contemporaries would have called the unimportant Wilsons. Sunshine seems to be imprisoned in them, and they have a glow of colour, and a richness

and fruitiness in the pigment that is absent from most of the landscapes of the seventeenth-century Dutchmen, and that we do not find again until we come to John Crome. Wilson, in his personal pictures, which are his best, looked against the sun, not with it. As anyone who cares to make the experiment can ascertain, in looking with the sun nature becomes veiled into a cool blue, but looking against the sun, a method adopted by many moderns, in which Wilson was a pioneer, nature is golden and sparkling, the sun shines through the leaves of trees, setting everything quivering with light. Wilson did not, of course, go to the extremes of Monet and the Impressionists in looking against the sun, for in spite of the statement of Reynolds that Wilson had not a mind " naturalised in antiquity," yet he rarely escaped wholly from antiquity and classicism, and even in the most golden and fruity of his pictures we feel the classical urbanity and fervour. He developed into something nearer to Cuyp than to Claude ; he felt his way towards atmospheric effect and aerial perspective, and when Wright of Derby, who was fond of painting " candle light and fire themes," proposed that the two exchange pictures, there was considerable meaning in Wilson's reply, " Yes, Wright, I will give you air and you shall give me fire."

There were landscape painters before Richard Wilson —some great ones, in Holland especially, but Wilson was a pioneer in England, and like all pioneers, he suffered financially.

He had his patrons among the aristocracy, and, as I have said, he was a foundation member of the Royal Academy, but landscape was not popular in his time,

and prices were small. Twelve guineas was the sum he received for one, and forty guineas was considered a handsome figure.

Constable said of him, " Poor Wilson ! Think of his fate, think of his magnificence," and Ruskin in his inimitable way praised this " honest Englishman . . . possessor, he, of so much of the evidently blessed peace of things."

Wilson was a man of some genius in a time of mediocrities. One of the mediocrities on an important occasion outpaced him—George Smith of Chichester, who won, over Wilson's head, the premium of the Society of Artists for a landscape in 1760.

Wilson's pupils and followers—William Hodges, R.A., Joseph Farington, R.A., now famous through his Diary, who had a pretty taste in views of Thames and north country scenery, George Arnold, R.A. (virile, but without taste), Robert Crone—often imitated him. Sometimes they produced interesting works, and their busy brushes account for the number of spurious Wilsons ; but a real Wilson is easy to distinguish, and is a joy to behold. Some day, who knows, honest, unsuccessful Wilson will come into his own.

So England begins her contributions to the landscape art of the world with the glowing visions of Richard Wilson, to be followed some years later by the solemn harmonies of John Cozens. And while Wilson was suffering for his partiality for landscape, Gainsborough was making a fortune by his portraits ; but his heart, too, was with nature. Landscapes were his solace. Again and again it has happened—portraits for fame, landscape for love.

## XVII

### *Gainsborough's Racial Landscapes*

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, 1727-1788.
SAM WALE, *c.* 1720-1786. DE LOUTHERBOURG, 1740-1812. SIR G. BEAUMONT, 1753-1827. A. NASMYTH, 1758-1840. J. C. IBBETSON, 1759-1817.

With Gainsborough we dip deep into racial landscape. Wilson was inspired mainly by Italy, Gainsborough never left the shores of " this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England ! " His subjects were few—rustic scenes, kine drinking in blue pools, glades, the harvest cart, children at play. As his friend, Sir Uvedale Price, described him—so he was. The two friends used to ride together in the neighbourhood of Bath. Sir Uvedale refers to the eager, irritable mind of Gainsborough, playful, but at times severe and sarcastic, and describes how, when on their rides, they drew near to cottages and village scenes with groups of children, Gainsborough's countenance " would take an expression of gentleness and complacency." Again and again in his letters he describes his longing to escape from town, and his work " in the Face way " (his own phrase), into the country where he could enjoy himself painting " Landskips " (his own spelling). He escaped often, and he sold his " landskips " (Sir Peter Burrell gave him 350 guineas for " The Market Cart "), but they did not sell as freely as his unrivalled portraits. There were forty unsold landscapes in his studio

when his widow came into possession of his effects, varying in price from 10 to 500 guineas.

Wilson was a greater landscape painter than Gainsborough, but it was Gainsborough who raised the pastoral into a serious and esteemed department of art. Contemporary criticism makes it clear that he was regarded as a landscape painter who practised portraiture for a living. Think of it! The painter of "The Market Cart" and "The Harvest Waggon" being ranked above the painter of "The Morning Walk" (Squire Hallett and his wife) and "Mrs. Robinson" ("Perdita"). Gainsborough's volatile air of command impressed people, and no doubt critics and public took their cue from him.

He, like many portrait painters, regarded landscapes as a luxury, as a relief from interminable sitters, as Romney turned to "heroic art" as a relief from the "cursed business of portrait painting." Once Gainsborough said to Lord Lansdowne, who had visited him at Schomberg House: "People won't buy my landscapes, you know. I'm a landscape painter, and yet they will come to me for portraits." The people were—wise.

There are over fifteen landscapes by Gainsborough in the National and Tate Galleries, but visitors are disappointed when they are confronted by the two big rural scenes. One, "Wood Scene, Village of Cornard, Suffolk," formerly catalogued as "Gainsborough's Forest," is a dark, finicking, and all-over-the-place survey of nature, but this large canvas has great historic interest. In a letter from Gainsborough, printed in Mr. W. T. Whitley's "Life," the artist says that "Cornard

Wood " was begun at Sudbury " before I left school," and so is " a little in the schoolboy stile " (spelling bees had not been invented in Gainsborough's time). This work, showing how early he turned to landscape, was probably painted in 1748, when he was twenty-one, and the promise of it induced his father to send the boy to London to study.* The other rural scene is a large " Sunset," five feet wide, much later in date, much darkened, and not very interesting.

It has been said that Gainsborough " skipped the dark Dutchmen," and carried on the Flemish (Rubens and the landscape drawings of van Dyck) tradition of lightness and transparency. That statement is correct, with a qualification. In his " Wood Scene, Village of Cornard," he leans rather heavily on the Dutchmen, especially Wynants; and even in the massed foliage of " The Market Cart," touched rather heavily into detail, with the brown tree lurching towards the foreground, painted late in life, we can note the influence of Holland.

For essential Gainsboroughs we must look elsewhere —to the small " Watering Place," delicate and luminous; to " Landscape with Cows " in the Ionides Collection at South Kensington; to the masterly " Landscape " in the Hugh Lane gift; and to the " Pastoral Landscape " from the Delawarr and Huth collections that made such a sensation when sold at Christie's in June 1907. An interpretation in black and white, such as that printed in the catalogue, gives the design, but not the charm of the colour. It is the difference between a face that is set, and one that smiles.

* The National Gallery catalogue states that this picture was painted " about 1753."

Those who attended the auction in 1907 had no doubt about the beauty and value of the large "Pastoral Landscape with Figures and Cattle." It drew the eyes; its luminosity and Gainsboroughian air of vivacity and clarity remained in the vision of the inner memory. It would lighten any room and evoke an emotion of gladness whenever the eyes rested upon the blue pool of water in the foreground, breaking into greens and pinks; the golden sheep and cattle; the light, feathery trees against the blue sky, and the distant hills rising between them. Gainsborough looked at nature, at a typical English scene, when he painted this pastoral. This was a picture after Gainsborough's own heart, worthy to hang by two other of his masterpieces—the unapproachable "Perdita" and the superb "Morning Walk."

A pretty letter Gainsborough could have written to his friend Jackson, one of the hasty, vivid, impulsive letters, so like his pictures, had he been present at Christie's on the day of the sale. He would have heard the applause that rose from the crowded room when his pastoral was hoisted upon the easel; then the hush of expectation, the pause, and the first offer of 1,000 guineas. The bidding was so quick and quiet that he would not have known when a buyer caught the auctioneer's eye, or quite how it happened that finally the hammer fell at 5,700 guineas. Maybe he would have longed to celebrate the occasion with a wild air of triumph on his violin; and maybe he could put the right interpretation on that saying of Jackson's that has troubled the biographers, "Gainsborough's profession was painting, and music was his amusement—

yet there were times when music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion."

If Wilson was the father of British landscape painting, Gainsborough was the uncle, and an uncle more racially English than Wilson. Great men were soon to follow—Crome, Turner and Constable—and a horde of little landscape painters, such as de Loutherbourg, R.A., Alexander Nasmyth, J. C. Ibbetson, and others. They picked the crumbs from the tables of the great men, kneaded them into their own dough, and sometimes made palatable meals. Sir George Beaumont was a persistent but poor landscape painter, an eager connoisseur, and a generous patron. He was an amateur pupil of Wilson's, and a lifelong friend of Constable's. But he was wedded to the false classicism of his day—the dark, sprawling pictures which Hogarth loathed and inveighed against. Sir George Beaumont is famous for the fatuous question, " But where is the brown tree ? " which he uttered when shown a lively sketch of green nature.

One of the interesting minor landscape-figure pictures of this period is " The Mall," at Windsor Castle, once ascribed to Hogarth, but more probably by Sam Wale. It is interesting to contrast this heavy treatment of the scene with Gainsborough's feathery and gracious handling of " The Mall," which is now in America.

Gainsborough played the fiddle, liked a lark, and happened to be a genius ; sly, too. Did he not write to the treasurer of the Royal Academy : " You know my cunning way of avoiding great subjects in painting, and of concealing my ignorance by a flash in the pan. . . ."

" You must take me altogether—liberal, thoughtless

and dissipated," he said at the close of his life. We do. We take him altogether ; we honour this exquisite and delicate portrait painter unexcelled as an interpreter of femininity, and sometimes, but not very often, we honour him as a great landscape painter. In portraiture Reynolds equalled him ; in landscape, Turner outsoared him. And when, on a certain occasion, Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed Gainsborough's health as " the best landscape painter of the day," we may surmise that the great Sir Joshua was in playful mood, and performing three actions simultaneously. He was pulling the leg of Gainsborough ; he was pulling the leg of Wilson, and he was patting himself. Yet Sir Joshua had no illusions. He, in the manner of a great English gentleman, had essayed to paint nature, and knowing how difficult it was, he had a boundless admiration for Mr. Gainsborough's racial landscapes. But he had his own opinion as to which was the greater portrait painter.

## XVIII

### *Father and Son : Alex. and John Cozens*

ALEXANDER COZENS, *c.* 1715-1786.

JOHN COZENS, 1752-1799.

SAM SCOTT, *c.* 1710-1772. THOMAS SANDBY, 1721-1798. PAUL SANDBY, 1725-1809.

With Alexander and John Cozens England begins in another branch of art, which was to rise to dazzling heights with the performances of Turner and Girtin,

*c.* 1770

The Market Cart (National Gallery)
GAINSBOROUGH, 1727-1788
*Photo : National Gallery*

*See page 223*

*Facing page 226*

*c.* 1775

Valley with Winding Streams (V. and A. Museum)
JOHN COZENS, 1752-1799
*Photo: V. and A. Museum*

*Facing page 227*

the art of paper staining, of tinted architectural drawings, of water-colour painting. It started with the " topographical tramp," of which Hollar was a foreign pioneer, when draughtsmen, who were beginning to ornament their drawings with colour, journeyed to noblemen's seats to portray their beauties. Sam Scott may be called the English beginner of this " topographical tramp." There are two delightful pictures by him in the Guildhall Art Gallery, " The Fleet River " and " Old London Bridge." The topographical tramp was continued by Paul Sandby, who almost lifted water-colour drawing into an art, and in a lesser degree by his brother, Thomas, but the important pioneers were Alexander Cozens, and John Cozens, his son, who showed the possibilities of water-colour, and paved the way for Turner.

Alexander was the artist of promise, John, of performance. It is strange, and also blessed, how some artists affect us, become a kind of mild glory, always shining, in the vicissitudes of life. John Cozens is one of such beacons to me, a steady not a great light, but always shining. That light is ever beauty. Some of his water-colours are more beautiful than others, of course, but I do not know a John Cozens landscape that is unbeautiful.

Sometimes I ask myself, " Did you first approach him through his water-colours, or through reading about him ? Were you drawn to him by his ' Valley with Winding Streams,' and his ' Lake Scene,' or by the words of great praise another John—John Constable—wrote about him ? " It does not much matter. The goal is the thing : the way is immaterial.

## LANDSCAPE PAINTING

John Constable was born in 1775, so he was twenty-three years younger than John Cozens, who was born in 1752. Now Constable was a very fine fellow besides being a very great painter, and one of his uncommon and acceptable qualities was his faculty for praising. When he liked anything he was wholehearted in his admiration. Great men often praise greatly. Of John Cozens, generous John Constable said : " His works are all poetry—the greatest genius that ever touched landscape."

That statement was my approach to John Cozens through literature ; but we must remember that it was made by a landscape painter who knew his business perfectly, and who ranks among the first six painters of landscape that the world has produced. Constable's praise of Cozens has influenced thousands of people who have never seen a Cozens water-colour.

For years Constable's joy in Cozens has been familiar to me, and for years I have been devoted to two of his blue, wide stretching, poetical landscapes, his " Valley with Winding Streams " and his " Lake Scene." These two are among the group owned by the Victoria and Albert Museum. They are part of the Dyce and Foster Bequest, and for some time, when the Dyce and Foster rooms were closed for alterations and repairs, these two masterpieces were hung on a screen to the left of the entrance-hall. Whenever I visited the Museum I would stop to enjoy their beauty, and each time, never failing, they produced in me a quiet happiness that consecrated the moments when I looked at them.

" All poetry," said Constable. That is just what they are. Each is dim blue—Cozens' favourite colour—

with dim gold lingering in the sky. In one you see little streams feeling sinuously for their level in a valley surrounded by hills, and beyond are higher hills and a pass or a gateway into the world beyond. The other water-colour shows a great, still lake, Nemi, I suppose. This, too, is blue, atmospheric blue, and here also there are great atmospheric distances, and a luminous arching sky flecked with gold.

I have seen many other water-colours by John Cozens, but these two were my first love, and, as I have said, I cannot tell whether I approached him through Constable, or through these two classical water-colours.

A remarkable Loan Exhibition of his works was held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1922, and may I say that I was not thrilled ? Cozens played upon one string, powerfully and poetically, and sometimes he soared, but there is a uniformity about his work that does not permit it to be admired ecstatically in bulk. And yet there were two or three water-colours in the Burlington Fine Arts Collection that aroused everybody's enthusiasm, one especially, " Ruined Aqueducts in the Campagna," a wonder—free, blue, luminous. In the room downstairs I had a delightful experience. Three water-colours by John Cozens hung above the line, and beneath them were three of the same scenes, a little different, a little simplified. These were copies by Turner.

Turner was also a great admirer of John Cozens, and he too praised him with gusto. He and Girtin, as youths, were set to copy the water-colours of Cozens by good Dr. Munro, at his house in the Adelphi, and Turner also had seen at least one of Cozen's few oil paintings,

the " Hannibal Crossing the Alps," which is lost. Of this picture Turner said that he learned more from it than from any other painting he had seen. With Constable and Turner, so brimming with admiration for this pioneer water-colour painter, can we wonder that this saying has passed into art history,—" Of the famous draughtsmen who prepared the way for Girtin and Turner, he (John Cozens) is the most famous."

He was a poet: he sought and found beauty, and he drew from nature a patient loveliness—restrained, modest, world embracing—which, in the times he lived, must have seemed and was very original and wonderful. Something, no doubt, he learned from his father, Alexander Cozens, a strange man, an experimenter, who is said to have been a son of Peter the Great by an Englishwoman when he was working in the dockyards at Deptford; but this has been denied. I have never been able to feel much enthusiasm for the father's yellowy, deliberate interpretations of nature.

Alexander Cozens wrote a book called *A New Method of Drawing Original Landscapes*, in which he advocated a system of smudges and dashes of colour, as the foundation of a picture. Edward Dayes called Alexander Cozens " blotmaster general to the town."

To-day it is beginning to be the custom rather to depreciate John Cozens, and to sneer at the " overpraise " of Constable and Turner. But why? They knew the business of landscape painting much better than we do: so in having an abounding love for the water-colours of John Cozens (most of them) I feel that I am in excellent company.

# XIX

## *A Pioneer Frenchman*

GEORGES MICHEL, 1763-1843.
HUBERT ROBERT, 1733-1809. H. H. VALENCINNES, 1750-1819. DIRK JAN VAN DER LAEN, 1759-1829.

There may be laws that govern the rise and fall of great periods of painting in various countries, but we do not know them. We have seen how the mighty art past of Venice, having dwindled almost to nothingness, was revitalised in the eighteenth century by Tiepolo, Canaletto, and Guardi. We have observed the spectacle, also, of the rise and fall of landscape painting in France, and how, after the domination of Claude Lorrain and Poussin, in the seventeenth century, mastery in landscape painting passed to Holland, and lingered there as long as Hobbema held a brush.

In the eighteenth century it returned to France, to Watteau, who touched landscape graciously and with charm. When Watteau and his busy, brilliant followers had run their course, the art flashed to England, to such masters of landscape as Wilson, Gainsborough, Crome, Turner and Constable.

France was fallow, as if she were reserving her energies for the glorious performances of the Barbizon School. France had fallen into the rut wherein almost all countries drop, some time or another: she was copying other painters, not going to nature; she was producing mediocrities like Henri Valencinnes, an academic landscape painter, a formalist without vision

and without fervour, who wrote a book as uninspiring as his paintings, called *Elements of Practical Perspective, with Reflexions and Counsels on Landscape Painting*. And there was Louis Moreau, also dry and uninspired. These men founded themselves on the past, forgetting, or not knowing, that they were copying the faults of great practitioners, such as Claude Lorrain, not their virtues.

But there was one painter, a Frenchman, a lonely, disregarded man, an original, but unrecognised during his lifetime, who has now come into his circumscribed kingdom. He was discovered, as it were, at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889. His sombre, somewhat clumsy, heavily painted, brooding pictures made an impression upon the few. The elder painters were questioned, and it was remembered that his pictures had been exposed for sale in shops on the Northern Boulevards, unframed, for a few francs each, and that he had been an exhibitor at the Salon, but not after 1814. He disappeared from the annual show, not because he had ceased to paint pictures, but because he had been rejected as a revolutionary. His name was Georges Michel, called sometimes Michel of Montmartre, because the environs of Montmartre were his chief painting ground.

He is to-day regarded as a pioneer of the romantic revolt, a lonely voice, not very articulate, labouring in paint, the return to nature. I could never understand why his pictures have been sometimes mistaken for those of his English contemporary, John Crome, but it is so.

Georges Michel was not as great a painter as Richard

Wilson, who was born nearly half a century earlier. Far from it. But his position in the French school is somewhat akin to that of Wilson in England. Each stood on the outposts of the old and heralded the new. Georges Michel has been described as the forerunner of Theodore Rousseau.

Like Wilson in England, Michel found it very difficult to live by painting landscapes. He seems to have spent some portion of his life restoring, cleaning, and varnishing Dutch paintings, of which he was enamoured. No doubt he was much influenced by Rembrandt and Ruisdael. We can see Rembrandt's vision and handling in many of Michel's pictures.

He was a solitary, a stay-at-home. He seldom left the little bit of the world where he was born, the suburb of Montmartre, which was then in the country, and almost all his pictures are inspired by that district, so different to-day. Most of us know Montmartre only in its present sophisticated aspect, but a picture of it in Michel's time has been given by a Frenchman, Monsieur Emile Michel, in his *Great Masters of Landscape Painting*. He says that in those days the Butte Montmartre was " a wild, lonely spot, with its slopes covered with vineyards and pasture land. Uncultivated ground stretched away in the distance, grasses and brambles ran wild, and the quarries had become the sheltering place of all the vagabonds and ruffians of the great city." It was just such scenes that Michel painted. His " Environs of Montmartre," now in the Louvre, is characteristic.

Although Michel was influenced by the great Dutchmen, his pictures were painted from nature. I imagine

that he chose, on the desolate plain of Montmartre, such scenes as Rembrandt, in robustious mood, might have selected. He did not want to travel. He did not desire to be awakened to other visions under other skies. It is on record that when he was asked why he did not seek painting grounds farther afield, say in Italy, he replied : " The man who cannot find enough to paint during his whole life in a circuit of four miles is in reality no artist. Did the Dutch ever run from one place to another ? "

The best and the most characteristic Michel that I know is " The Mill," presented by that rare collector, Constantine Ionides, to the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is a smallish, dark picture with an immense grey-blue sky, lightening in the centre. To the left stands the mill on a height, and outstretching is the plain of Montmartre, with a gleam of light falling across a cornfield in the middle distance. Unappreciated Michel of Montmartre loved those gleaming splashes.

There is another splash of light in his " Stormy Landscape " in the National Gallery, with a tremendous threatening sky, and in the foreground, illuminating a huddle of ruined buildings, stretches the Michel light reflected from the troubled sky.

He was a poor colourist, but he had sense of the brooding bigness of nature, and he stands out as a pioneer because, when his companions had fallen into an academic groove, he painted what he saw. And the nature that he happily loved was his birthplace—the wild, gloomy, untidy plain of Montmartre.

A Dutchman, Dirk Jan van der Laen, deserves mention for his spirited " House in Sunshine " in the

*c.* 1800

The Mill (V. and A. Museum)
GEORGES MICHEL, 1763-1843
*Photo : V. and A. Museum*

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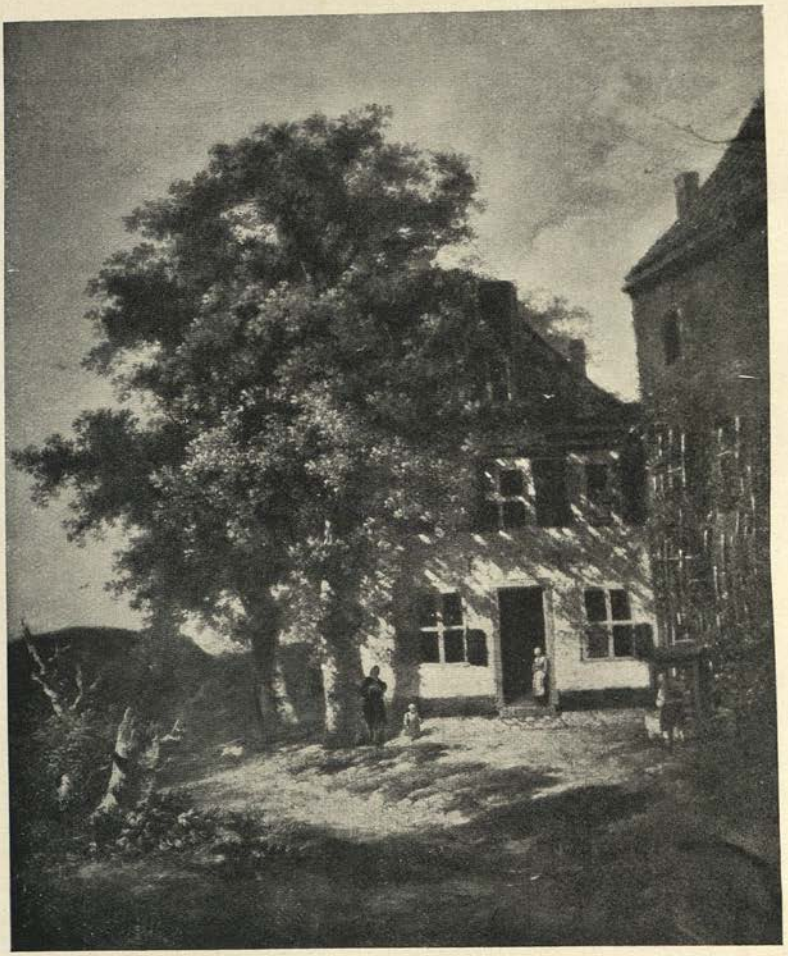
*c.* 1800



House in Sunshine (Berlin)
DIRK JAN VAN DER LAEN, 1759-1829
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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Berlin Museum. He was a native of Zwolle, and so well considered was this charming picture of sunlight and shadow, a vision sensitive, vivid and direct, that it was for years ascribed to Vermeer of Delft.

It is enough just to mention the name of another Frenchman, Hubert Robert, known as " Robert des Ruines," on account of his fondness for crumbling antiquity. I have already referred to Henri Valencinnes, who founded a school of " classical landscape," and hoped that France would follow him. Useless. The knell of formalism was sounding. It sounded. The landscape inspiration had passed to England.

## XX

### *Crome—and the End of the Brown Tree*

JOHN CROME, 1768-1821.

JAMES WARD, 1769-1859.

GEORGE MORLAND, 1763-1804. G. BARRETT, JUNR., 1767-1842. BARKER OF BATH, 1769-1847. R. LADBROKE, 1770-1842. JAMES STARK, 1794-1859. GEORGE VINCENT, 1796-*c.* 1821. J. STANNARD, 1797-1830. E. T. DANIELL, 1804-1842. H. BRIGHT, 1810-1873.

He is known as Old Crome, a sign of our affection for this manly, home-loving Englishman ; but also to distinguish him from the members of his family, his son Bernard and others, who " also painted." Norwich was his birthplace ; Norwich was his home. In 1803 this great provincial founded the Norwich Society of

Artists, which held its first exhibition in 1805 ; to-day the kernel of the museum in Norwich Castle is the permanent exhibition of works by men of the Norwich School. Without Old Crome the Norwich School would be negligible.

John Crome is the roast beef of Old England. But there are other courses besides joints—the *hors d'œuvres*, the *entrées*, game, the desserts, with dainty and delicate accessories. All these Gainsborough gave us: sometimes, also, a joint. But there is something about Old Crome's joint that lifts it above the material. There is no better explanation of this " something more " that gives character and significance to Crome's work, than his last words to his son : " John, my boy, paint, but paint for fame ; and if your subject is only a pigsty—dignify it." Dignity, common sights touched to fineness, is the essence of his paintings. These qualities are implicit in " Mousehold Heath "—" done for air and space," to quote his own words ; in the superb " Slate Quarries," the large view treated largely ; in that magnificent landscape " The Poringland Oak," painted towards the end of his life, a poem on England, a pioneer picture pointing to a solution of the problems of direct and reflected sunshine. It is said that the bathing figures were painted in by the artist's friend, Michel Sharp, and that they are portraits of Crome's sons.

Dignity, encompassed with light and air, is the characteristic of " A Windmill on Mousehold Heath." Would that Crome had omitted the pantomime donkeys and the wraith of a boy on a wraith of a pony ; but even straight-seeing John Crome could not always

discard the shibboleth of " human interest." All these pictures are in the National Gallery. Happily "Moonrise on the Marshes of the Yare " is there now also, through the bequest of Mr. Salting. Could a design be simpler and more dignified ? Could the soft mystery of moonrise be rendered more delicately or more truly than in this eloquent silhouette? Here is John Crome painting his native land : here is an English landscape that, in design and workmanship, is of its kind hardly to be excelled. Looking at this picture and at " Poringland Oak," we have a feeling of regret that Crome found himself urged to utter that other valedictory saying : " Hobbema, my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you." All would have been well if love had stopped short of imitation. Crome was so purely English, nurtured on Gainsborough and Wilson, enthusiastic about the landscapes then being first shown by a younger man called J. M. W. Turner; so strong and sure when he was looking at nature through his own eyes, that we resent the influence of Hobbema, or any of the Dutchmen.

He sold his landscapes, when he was able to do so, for about £50, and like most of his landscape contemporaries, he increased his income by teaching drawing. Crome kept two horses and gave lessons to the neighbouring families in style. He liked to spend his evenings in an inn. A jolly fellow, this Crome, who began life as an errand-boy.

Gainsborough became a fine gentleman. Crome was always at heart a yeoman, and he had the inestimable advantage of learning his trade in the right and regular old way through being apprenticed to a coach, house

and sign painter. That gave him the freedom of the brush. He never quite lost the technique of the sign-painter's broad sweep of colour, and it was only when Hobbema's accomplishment began to haunt him that he became almost timid.

The Norwich School has a higher place in art history than it deserves. There were only two men of eminence in the school—John Crome, and John Sell Cotman, and Cotman belongs to England rather than to the capital of Norfolk. He wandered far from the pastures of East Anglia. The genius of Cotman, who was fourteen years Crome's junior, will be considered, at length, later. For particulars of the other members of the school the reader is referred to the painstaking volume by Mr. W. F. Dickes on " The Norwich School," wherein he catalogues and appraises thirty and more painters, and does full, if not over-full justice to James Stark, George Vincent—Vincent is probably the painter of the pretentious " Galiot in a Gale " in the National Gallery, formerly ascribed to Cotman—R. Ladbroke, J. Stannard, H. Bright and others, including the painting cleric, the Rev. E. T. Daniell, who had a real gift for impulsive water-colour. The economy of means and synthesis of some of his drawings is delightful. Daniell and Joseph Stannard shared a two-windowed studio at Norwich in 1827, and they used the two halves of Crome's " Mousehold Heath," which had come into their possession, to screen the light from the lower part of each window. Such are the ways of disciples, and the vicissitudes of masterpieces. "Mousehold Heath," which had been sold by Crome's widow for £12, was afterwards joined together again,

and came into the possession of the National Gallery in 1862.

George Morland, a fine artist, author of delightful "rural scenes," can hardly be called a pure landscape painter. But when he touched landscape his dexterous brush produced lovely passages, as in his "Roadside Inn," with the fresh and lively painting of the trees.

Barker of Bath was an honest craftsman, who sometimes had a touch of inspiration, as in his "Clover Field" at the National Gallery, and his "Lansdown Fair" at South Kensington.

There was a glimmer of poetry in George Barrett, Junr., but the chief figure of the period after Crome is James Ward, who painted almost everything, always with force. There is a Crome-like dignity about his immense, bituminous "Gordale Scar" in the Tate Gallery, and a fine feeling for space in his stormy, setting-sun view of "Harlech Castle and Surrounding Landscape." In the foreground you may see a felled brown tree and others in the act of being carted away. James Ward may not have meant it, but here he has frankly symbolised the end of the brown tree. This picture was painted about 1808. Crome, who preceded Constable by eight years, and Turner by seven, showed that a tree is nearer to the colour of grass than to an old fiddle, and that a heath, a pond, a quarry, are better motives than the amours of mythological gods and goddesses. He postulated the possibilities of rural England as a painting ground. Born in the country, Crome was faithful to the soil of his district, and showed by his works that the road to greatness in landscape painting was not necessarily through Italy.

M. Romain Rolland, in writing of music, states that the man is sometimes greater than his music, as in Mendelssohn and Cherubini, and that the music is sometimes greater than the man, as in Bach and Brahms. Of John Crome it may be said that the man and his painting were equally poised. Each was simple, sincere and dignified. To these add genius : the result—Old Crome.

## XXI

### *Turner's Friend*

THOMAS GIRTIN, 1775-1802.

When an artist dies young, having made a great reputation, and when that reputation increases as the years pass, he becomes a figure of romance. Such is Masaccio. Such is Giorgione. Such is Girtin.

Thomas Girtin has another claim to romance. He was the early friend of Turner. Perhaps he was the only real friend that Turner ever had. They worked together as boys. Turner was slow and painstaking in those early days. Girtin had imagination and dash. Girtin dazzled Turner, and showed him the capabilities of the art which they practised together.

Turner rose to great heights. Had Girtin lived as long as his friend, who knows to what he might not have attained? Something of this may have been in Turner's mind when he said, with kindly exaggeration, many, many years afterwards, " Had Tom Girtin lived I should have starved." That was his way of expressing

*c.* 1818

The Poringland Oak (National Gallery)
JOHN CROME, 1768-1821
*Photo: National Gallery*

*See page* 236

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*c.* 1800

Kirkstall Abbey, Yorkshire (V. and A. Museum)
THOMAS GIRTIN, 1775-1802
*Photo: V. and A. Museum*

*c.* 1808

Moonrise on the Marshes of the Yare (National Gallery)
JOHN CROME, 1768-1821
*Photo : National Gallery*

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his great admiration for the friend of his youth. To the end of his life Turner would speak of " poor Tom," and he was wont to murmur of " Tom's golden drawings."

As Girtin worked in water-colour, and as it is difficult to describe the appeal of a water-colour in words, it is hardly possible to express the effect upon the observer of Girtin's work. Until his time, with a few great exceptions, it had been staining paper or water-colour drawing. Girtin's imagination saw the full possibilities of the medium : he painted, he did not tint, and he produced such wonderful and poetical interpretations of nature as " The White House at Chelsea," " Plinlimmon," " Bridgenorth," " Kirkstall Abbey," " The Rainbow," " Stepping Stones on the Wharfe," to name but six.

And I recall the boldness of his " Harlech Castle," and the accomplishment of his " Above Lyme Regis," which hung just below the " Harlech " at the Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition.

I hold no brief for Girtin, but this I know : when I visit a collection of old water-colours, and that is often, the works of Girtin always stand out from the others. There is a luminosity about them, a sense of distance and atmosphere, and beauty—always beauty. " The White House at Chelsea " is one of the most exquisite small landscapes that I have ever seen, all ambient light and harmony yet full of body, and solidly constructed. It is a reach of the Thames with a few buildings, a windmill, a glorious sky, and a small white house reflected in the water, which gives the picture its name. One day, long afterwards, a dealer, going through

Turner's water-colours, said : " These are very fine, Mr. Turner, but I have brought something finer with me." " I don't know what that can be," said Turner, " unless it is Tom Girtin's ' White House at Chelsea.' " It was.

There are over one hundred water-colours by Girtin in the British Museum, thirty-one at the Victoria and Albert Museum, including the spacious " Kirkstall Abbey," and many at the Whitworth Institute, Manchester. Indeed, he is represented in most of the great English galleries, but " The White House at Chelsea " is privately owned, and so is the lovely "Exmouth"—a blue luminosity, so shining that it looks like a light on the wall.

It was genius that enabled Girtin to produce such works. He had no advantages, and no particular art training. He was the son of a brushmaker or ropemaker, of French Huguenot descent, mark that ! who lived on the Surrey side of London Bridge, and his friend Turner, who was born in the same year, was the son of a barber in Covent Garden. Girtin was apprenticed to Edward Dayes, who, for some reason or other, disliked him, and Girtin disliked his master. There was trouble, and young Girtin was committed to Bridewell as a refractory apprentice. There he had the good fortune to meet Doctor Munro, friend of artists, whose custom it was to gather them together at his house in the Adelphi, where they spent the evenings copying the pictures and drawings in his possession. There he met Turner, there together they copied the earlier masters such as John Cozens ; and Girtin also copied there and elsewhere Canaletto and Piranesi. Good

Doctor Munro gave the boys half a crown and their supper for their pains.

Much has been written about Girtin's character, but he seems to have been no more than a high-spirited youth, delighting in life. " Generous and giddy," are the words used about him by Doctor Wolcott—Peter Pindar. We are also told that his chief failing was a " great carelessness in money matters," but all this matters little. He was a great worker: his drawings were highly appreciated, and his future was assured before he was of age.

He was probably the founder of the Drawing Society, the first sketching club which met in turn at the houses of the members. Besides his water-colours he produced at least one oil picture and a panorama of London, which he probably painted in 1797-1798. He sketched by Thames side: he travelled through England making water-colours, and then in search of health he visited Paris, worked upon a series of twenty drawings of the city and its surroundings, came home ill, and passed away amidst the tools of his craft in his painting room in the Strand on November 9, 1802.

His fame was never greater than it is to-day. Even Ruskin with his immense admiration for Turner could write, " Turner owed more to Girtin's teaching and companionship than to his own genius in the first years of his life."

What Giorgione was to Titian, that was Tom Girtin to Turner—an inspiration, a friend, and an abiding memory.

## XXII

### *Turner*

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, 1775-1851.

The Inventory of Turner's water-colours and pencil drawings fills two closely printed volumes, and numbers about 20,000 items. The immense task of cataloguing these records of the foundation and scaffolding of Turner's life-work, which Ruskin in 1856 cursorily catalogued, was seriously undertaken by Mr. A. J. Finberg in 1905, and completed in 1909. The 20,000 or so sheets of paper, painted or drawn upon, showing the yearly progress of this great landscape painter are stored in the National Gallery of British Art at Millbank.

The British nation probably owns 80 per cent. of all Turner's work. Roughly it may be said to consist of two hundred important oil pictures, " finished " and " unfinished," about three hundred completed water-colours, " unfinished " water-colours, and the thousands of sheets of paper painted or drawn upon. The " Turner Bequest " was thus described officially in 1858. " Finished pictures 100. Unfinished, including mere beginnings 182. Drawings and sketches in colour and pencil, including about 300 coloured drawings, 19,049." The terms " Finished " and " Unfinished " are often misleading. A work of art is finished when the artist has expressed himself; but the terms are useful, so they are retained. No other painter has

left such a record of paintings and experiments. It is as if Shakespeare had kept a daily notebook of his thoughts, observations, experiences and experiments and bequeathed them to the nation.

Turner, the artist, was a solitary being, with one passion, one aim—his art. Turner, the man, was shrewd, suspicious, secretive, and in his lighter moods, the ordinary jocular Englishman who is half-educated and shy of, rather than indifferent to, convention. Outside his art, outside convivial company, he was almost inarticulate. " Looked on the sun with hope," is one of the few simple and suggestive lines in his rambling doggerel poem, " The Fallacies of Hope," which he worked at, intermittently, all his life, and portions of which he tagged to his pictures in the Royal Academy catalogues. Very ambitious and determined to excel, for half his life, roughly until he was fifty, he set himself to rival and out-paint the landscape painters of the past. He engaged them one after the other—Claude, Poussin, Ruisdael, Cuyp, etc., etc., determined to show that J. M. W. Turner was their superior. He had no doubts. But he admired greatly : he never depreciated. " Van de Velde made me a painter," the old man cried (perhaps after a glass of " the brown sherry "), and of a golden-brown Cuyp he muttered, " I would give a thousand pounds to have painted that." It was assurance, the confidence of genius, not vanity, that prompted his first bequest of two pictures to the British nation, with the injunction that his " Sun Rising Through Vapour " and " Dido Building Carthage " should hang between Claude's " Landscape : Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca," and " Seaport : Embarkation of

the Queen of Sheba." There was no suggestion of belittlement in this rivalry. It was Titan against Titan. Claude one day, Ruisdael the next. There is no such place as Port Ruisdael. Turner called one of his contributions to the Royal Academy of 1844, "Fishing Boats bringing a Disabled Ship into Port Ruisdael," merely as a compliment to the celebrated Dutch painter.

Turner's art life may be divided into two periods—the material and the immaterial—the works of man and the works of nature. To conquer the world of landscape painting was the purpose of his material period: he proceeded to do so with "Calais Pier" (1803); "The Sun Rising Through Vapour" (1807); "Crossing The Brook" (1815); "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus" (1829); "The Fighting Temeraire" (1839). The other Turner, the immaterial Turner, painted for love, not from rivalry, or for exhibition. That was the real Turner. Ruskin, who could be unjust when his prejudices intervened, was blind sometimes to the real Turner; but the real Turner he truly understood when he grew eloquent over the late Venice pictures, and described some of his water-colours as "Delight drawings."

For years, from 1856 when the Court of Chancery made their final decree concerning the "Turner Bequest," until 1905, this immaterial side of Turner, although not hidden, was overweighted by the other pictures. But in the two large crowded Turner Rooms at the National Gallery, anybody with eyes to see, saw with joy among the monumental canvases such visions of beauty as "The Sun of Venice Going to Sea," and other Venetian faded lovelinesses, saw the alluring

1807

The Sun Rising through Vapour (National Gallery)
TURNER, 1775-1851
*Photo : National Gallery*

1829

Chichester Canal (Tate Gallery)
TURNER, 1775-1851
*Photo : Hanfstaengl*

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1843

The " Sun of Venice " going to Sea (National Gallery)
TURNER, 1775-1851
*Photo : National Gallery*

1844

Rain, Steam and Speed (National Gallery)
TURNER, 1775-1851
*Photo : National Gallery*

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" Petworth Park," the romantic " Orvieto," and those heralds of Impressionism—" Peace: Burial at Sea " and " Rain, Steam and Speed." And on the ground floor of the National Gallery (you had to descend the stairs to see them) were those wonderful water-colours —form swooning in light and colour—the red Rigi, the blue Rigi, the blue and gold " Arth from the Lake of Zug," the moonlight Venice, and the atmospheric magic of the " Lake of Uri." The South Kensington Museum showed that rapid suggestion of the spirit of place called " Sketch of an Italian Town," and the " Lake of Brienz," pure flame of Turner, a fairy-like thing, a dream of blue, purple and gold.

Before the year 1900, Turner seemed set, placed, accepted, unquestioned like any other old or elderly master. But with the turn of the century a movement, prompted by a few enthusiastic admirers, began for a thorough examination of the " Buried Turners," that is of those pictures by Turner which Ruskin had labelled " unfinished " and therefore, in his opinion, unsuitable for exhibition, which for fifty years had reposed in the cellars of the National Gallery. The agitation was successful. The " Buried Turners " were cleaned, restored and found to be as brilliant and fresh as the day when they were painted.

On February 5th, 1906, they were exhibited in Room VII of the Tate Gallery. There were twenty-six in all. A few showed but the tumbling splendour of his decline: a few were failures, grand but absolute failures, such as the " Burning Fiery Furnace " and the two " Deluges "; but the majority of them, ah, can I ever forget my joy when I stood in that gallery

and saw for the first time these dream children of Turner's, done for love, not for fame, his statement of the beauty and wonder of the world, his shorthand conversations with infinity.

There was the " Norham Castle : Sunrise," a flash of light and colour, the immaterial form of the castle lingering in the blue mists of dawn : there was the " Hastings," golden greys and delicate blues, with splendour in the sky, and the blood-orange sail of the boat drawn up on the beach setting the whole canvas aflame ; there was the majestic propriety, yet so fresh and rhythmic, of " A Ship Aground," and that riot of forms and colour called " Interior at Petworth," where everything was disregarded except his wild desire to express light and movement ; there was that " Rocky Bay," the heart of romance, done to please himself, which he might spoil by converting into a classic picture " done for exhibition " ; and there was " The Evening Star," thrown off by this artist who explored all beauty, a nocturne wrought in secret, long before Whistler had popularised the word.

No wonder the people flocked to see these " unfinished " recovered Turners. Two more were added later—" Bridge and Tower " and " A Wreck with Fishing Boats."

In 1908 there was another surprise in the shape of three large water-colours that had been " discovered " in the private offices of the National Gallery, with forty-nine further examples of his " unfinished " works that had recently been cleaned, mounted and framed. More of his revelations of the heart of landscape, such as "Tree Tops and Sky," "The Thames near Windsor,"

and " Sunset on the River." Finally, to make the twentieth-century acknowledgment of the greatness of Turner complete, Sir Joseph Duveen, then Mr. J. J. Duveen, offered to add a wing to the Tate Gallery for the exhibition of the Turner Bequest. This wing, known as the Turner Annexe, was opened to the public in 1910. So at last into his full heritage came this material-spiritual man, who passed from sense to soul, from rivalling the works of man to interpreting the works of nature, to the sun and the sea, to light and air, and who found in the sun his true nativity.

The artist ? You find him in his works. The man ? Here is a picture of him. He might be seen on a fine day, " with lobster-red face, large fluffy hat, and enormous umbrella " on the deck of the old Margate steamer, studying the movement of the water and the boiling foam in the wake of the " Magnet," and making his luncheon off " shrimps strewn over an immense red handkerchief spread across his knee." Although not a clubable man, Turner was fairly convivial, but, as he grew older, man became of less and less interest to him. At the age of seventy-two he disappeared from his old haunts and became deeply interested in optics and photography : but his chief prepossession was the sun, and the ways of light.

Viewing Turner's astonishing career as a whole, his progress from the material to the spiritual, from man to nature, certain of his pictures arrange themselves in pairs, early and late examples of his achievement, the early when he was feeling his way and rivalling man, the late when he had found his way, when there was nothing between him and nature. Take " Norham

Castle," which he drew and painted so many times. It had served him so well that when he passed the castle, so we are told by Cadell, the Edinburgh bookseller, he would doff his hat to the ruins. Look from the Norham Castle, done in 1799, when he was twenty-four, accurate and ordinary, to the " Norham Castle: Sunrise," painted in 1840 when he was sixty-five, iridescent colour, forms floating in light, a realisation by the poet-artist of the mystery of dawn, the blue mists parting before the sun-rays, the material shrinking behind the golden veil of the spiritual.

Look from his " Moonlight at Millbank " of 1797, muddy and muddled, to the clarity and transparency of " The Evening Star " nocturne of 1829; look from the studio-magnificence of " Calais Pier " of 1803, a marvellous picture within its limits, to the fresh and buoyant movement of " Yacht Racing in the Solent " of 1827. Contrast such titles even as " Spithead: Boat's Crew Recovering an Anchor " of 1809 and " Waves Breaking against the Wind " of 1840. Finally, look from his first exhibited water-colour, the hard and tight " Archbishop's Palace, Lambeth," of 1790, to that wonder of 1847, the " Study on the Rhine," that seems to have been blown upon the paper and to have rested there, a vision of blue and green loveliness. But we must always remember that the Turner who had passed fifty could paint the dream, because he had long before learnt the hard business.

In his youth, as I have said, Turner had the advantage of Girtin's example and influence. As Giorgione flits through the early life of Titian, leading and lighting the path of his slower companion, so Thomas Girtin,

the daring, the gay, the deep-hearted, flits through the early life of Turner. Slow was Turner's development, and he never forgot the promise and the performance of the friend of his youth.

Turner experimented in every branch of landscape, and his contemporaries and those who came after him fully acknowledged their indebtedness to his pioneer work. Constable—ever generous—said: "I believe it would be difficult to say that there is a bit of landscape now done that does not emanate from that source." Pisarro, the Frenchman, has told how during the war of 1870 he and Monet came to London, studied Turner at the National Gallery, and found in him (also in Constable) practical certitude in matters of technique which they had but vaguely suspected and discussed at the Café Guerbois. Finally, let M. le Sizeranne speak: "All the torches which have shed a flood of new light upon art—that of Delacroix in 1825, those of the Impressionists in 1870, have in turn been lit at his flame."

Surgery has been divided into two periods—before and after Lister.

Landscape painting, as I have already suggested, may also be divided into two periods—before and after Turner. Shoulder to shoulder with Turner marched Constable, who showed the world that the rain wets, the wind blows, and leaves rustle, and a little behind stalked Old Crome, proclaiming with Constable that England is a fine and paintable place.

From these three Englishmen—a weaver's son (Crome), a miller's son (Constable), and a barber's son (Turner)—the modern movement in landscape sprang.

But Turner is the real parent—the great experimenter and pioneer. Hardly a landscape has been painted since his day, from the sparkle of Monet to the tone of Whistler, but hints, and more, may be found in the colossal and wide-reaching work of this man, this magician who was " short and stout, with weather-beaten complexion, blue eyes, hawk nose, small hands and sturdy sailor-like walk," whose voice was deep and musical, who was playful in conversation, and as a public speaker or lecturer confused and tedious to the point of incoherence.

Turner closed the doors of the past and opened the gates of the future. There is little in the past that he did not rival and outsoar, but there was something. Not for him the serenity of the Primitives, not for him the tranquil beauty of the landscape in the van Eyck pictures, not for him the quiet loveliness of the landscape seen through the window of that perfect work by Memlinc, the " Mother and Child " at Bruges.

Landscape painting has, of course, advanced and broadened since Turner, and Turner would be the first to recognise it and to attempt to stride in front of the advance. Segantini moved forward with a new vision and a new technique. The weight and volume of Cézanne, the fury of van Gogh, the synthesis and decorative rhythm of Gauguin, the abstractions of Matisse, the geometrical designs of Picasso, are visions that had not passed into Turner's ken. The influence of these men is circumscribed. The normal new movement in landscape, painting in colour, discarding of chiaroscuro—that is all in Turner, in his shorthand

conversations with infinity, secretly in " delight pictures," done for himself, hidden for half a century, then revealed to a wondering world.

Landscape painting after Turner covers an immense and glorious field, which broadens every year, but the more we become familiar with the work of Turner, the greater is our astonishment that in one brief life such understanding of nature, and such expression of it, was possible.

[*In Preparation.*

*Volume II.* " *From Constable to the Present Day.*]

# PART IV
# A LIST OF IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

# IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

## FROM GIOTTO TO TURNER

| | | | |
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| | *c.* 1295 | | |
| " S. Francis Preaching to the Birds " | (*Assisi*) | Giotto | *c.* 1266-1337 |
| " S. Francis Gives his Cloak to a Needy Man" | (*Assisi*) | Giotto | *c.* 1266-1337 |
| " The Miracle of the Spring " | (*Assisi*) | Giotto | *c.* 1266-1337 |
| | *c.* 1306 | | |
| " The Baptism of Christ " | (*Padua*) | Giotto | *c.* 1266-1337 |
| " Joachim Retires to the Sheepfold " | (*Padua*) | Giotto | *c.* 1266-1337 |
| | *c.* 1310 | | |
| " Entry into Jerusalem " | (*Siena*) | Duccio | *c.* 1260-*c.* 1319 |
| " The Garden of Gethsemane " | (*Siena*) | Duccio | *c.* 1260-*c.* 1319 |
| " Lazarus Appearing to the Sister " | (*Assisi*) | ? Buffalmacco | *c.* 1262-*c.* 1351 |
| | *c.* 1328 | | |
| " Guidoriccio Riding out from the Sienese Camp" | (*Siena*) | Simone Martini | *c.* 1285-1344 |
| | *c.* 1338 | | |
| " The Results of Good Government " | (*Siena*) | Ambrogio Lorenzetti | *c.* 1290-*c.* 1348 |

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| | *c.* 1340 | | |
| " The Hermits of the Thebaïd " | (*Florence*) | Pietro Lorenzetti | *c.* 1280-1348 |
| " The Voyage of S. Peter " | (*Florence*) | Taddeo Gaddi | 1300-1366 |
| | *c.* 1350 | | |
| Landscape | (*Siena*) | School of A. Lorenzetti | *c.* 1290-1348 |
| | *c.* 1355 | | |
| " The Annunciation to the Shepherds " | (*Florence*) | ? Taddeo Gaddi | 1300-1366 |
| | *c.* 1365 | | |
| " The Legend of S. Julian " | (*Munich*) | Agnolo Gaddi | *c.* 1325-1396 |
| " The Legend of S. Nicholas " | (*Munich*) | Agnolo Gaddi | *c.* 1325-1396 |
| | 1387 | | |
| " The Marriage of the Virgin " | (*National Gallery*) | Niccolo di Buonaccorso | *c.* 1320-*c.* 1388 |
| Centre Panel of " The Baptism of Christ in the River Jordan " | | Niccolo di Pietro Gerini | *c.* 1340-1415 |
| | *c.* 1400 | | |
| " Paradise Picture " | (*Berlin*) | Artist unknown | |
| | 1407 | | |
| " The Death of the Virgin " | (*Siena*) | Taddeo di Bartolo | *c.* 1362-1422 |

# IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

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| | *c.* 1407 | | |
| Decorative Battle Frescoes | (*Palazzo Pubblico, Siena*) | Spinello Aretino | 1332-1410 |
| | *c.* 1415 | | |
| Miniatures in *Les Très Riches Heures du duc de Berry* | (*Chantilly*) | Pol de Limbourg. Assisted by his Brothers. Painted between 1412-1416 | *c.* 1380-1434 |
| | *c.* 1416 | | |
| " Adam and Eve " and " Fishing " | (*Très Belles Heures*) | ? Hubert van Eyck | *c.* 1366-1426 |
| " River View " or " Baptism of Christ " | (*Très Belles Heures, Milan*) | Hubert van Eyck | *c.* 1366-1426 |
| | *c.* 1420 | | |
| " The Crucifixion." Upper Portion | (*S. Clemente, Rome*) | Masolino da Panicale | *c.* 1383-*c.* 1447 |
| | 1423 | | |
| Predella to " The Adoration of the Magi " | (*Academy, Florence*) | Gentile da Fabriano | *c.* 1360-1427 |
| | *c.* 1425 | | |
| " The Adoration of the Lamb " | (*Ghent*) | Begun in 1415 by Hubert van Eyck | *c.* 1366-1426 |
| | | Completed in 1432 by Jan van Eyck | *c.* 1385-1441 |

*c.* 1425—*cont.*

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| " The Three Marys at the Sepulchre " | (*Cook Collection, Richmond*) | Hubert van Eyck | *c.* 1366-1426 |
| " The Tribute Money " | (*Florence*) | Masaccio | 1401-1428 |

1428

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|---|---|---|---|
| " The Baptism of Christ " | (*Castiglione d'Olona*) | Masolino da Panicale | *c.* 1383-*c.* 1447 |

*c.* 1430

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| " Chancellor Rolin Kneeling Before the Virgin " | (*Louvre*) | Hubert van Eyck and Jan van Eyck | *c.* 1366-1426 *c.* 1385-1441 |

1431

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| " The Miraculous Voyage of S. Mary Magdalene" | (*Tiefenbraun, Baden*) | Lucas Moser | *c.* 1395-*c.* 1450 |

*c.* 1432

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| " The Rout of San Romano " | (*National Gallery*) | Paolo Uccello | *c.* 1397-1475 |

1437

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|---|---|---|---|
| " Marriage of S. Francis and Poverty " | (*Chantilly*) | Stefano Sasseta Begun 1437 Completed 1444 | 1392-1450 |

*c.* 1438

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|---|---|---|---|
| " S. Christopher " | (*Basle*) | Konrat Witz | *c.* 1400-*c.* 1447 |

## IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

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| | *c.* 1440 | | |
| " Panorama of the Alps " | (*Fresco, Palazzo Castiglione*) | Masolino da Panicale | *c.* 1383-*c.* 1447 |
| " The Crucifixion " | (*Berlin*) | Konrat Witz | *c.* 1400-*c.* 1447 |
| " S. Luke Drawing the Virgin " | (*Boston*) | Roger de la Pasture | *c.* 1400-1464 |
| | *c.* 1443 | | |
| " Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene " | (*San Marco, Florence*) | Fra Angelico | 1387-1455 |
| | 1444 | | |
| " S. Peter Sinking," or " The Miraculous Draught of Fishes " | (*Geneva*) | Konrat Witz | *c.* 1400-*c.* 1447 |
| | *c.* 1445 | | |
| " The Adoration of the Magi " | (*Berlin*) | Vittore Pisanello | *c.* 1385-1455 |
| " S. John," " S. Christopher," from " The Adoration of the Magi " | (*Munich*) | Dirk Bouts | *c.* 1415-1475 |
| | 1447 | | |
| " The Way to Calvary." Predella to " The Hymn of Praise " | (*Perugia*) | Giovanni Boccati | *c.* 1415-*c.* 1480 |
| | *c.* 1448 | | |
| " The Baptist's Entry into the Desert " | (*Ryerson Collection, Chicago*) | Giovanni di Paolo | 1403-1482 |
| " The Baptist's Testimony to Christ " | | | |

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| | *c.* 1450 | | |
| " The Vision of S. Eustace," and " S. Anthony and S. George " | (*National Gallery*) | Pisanello | *c.* 1385-1455 |
| " The Flight into Egypt " | (*Siena*) | Giovanni di Paolo | 1403-1482 |
| | 1456 | | |
| " The Crucifixion " | (*Bergamo*) | Vincenzo Foppa | 1427-*c.* 1515 |
| | *c.* 1458 | | |
| " The Procession of the Magi " | (*Palazzo Riccardi, Florence*) | Benozzo Gozzoli | 1420-1497 |
| | *c.* 1459 | | |
| " The Agony in the Garden " | (*National Gallery*) | Giovanni Bellini | *c.* 1428-1516 |
| | *c.* 1460 | | |
| " Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon," from *Les Faits des Romains* | | Jean Fouquet | *c.* 1415-*c.* 1480 |
| " S. John in Patmos " | (*Chantilly*) | Jean Fouquet | *c.* 1415-*c.* 1480 |
| " S. John in Patmos " | (*Rotterdam*) | Dirk Bouts | *c.* 1415-1475 |
| | *c.* 1461 | | |
| " S. Christopher " | (*Eremitani, Padua*) | Bono da Ferrara | *c.* 1430-*c.* 1490 |
| | 1462 | | |
| " The Nativity " | (*Annunziata, Florence*) | Alessio Baldovinetti | 1427-1499 |

# IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

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| | 1465 | | |
| " The Baptism of Christ " | (*National Gallery*) | Piero della Francesca | *c.* 1416-1492 |
| " The Resurrection " | (*Munich*) | Michael Wolgemut | 1434-1519 |
| | 1468 | | |
| Frescoes | (*Campo Santa, Pisa*) | Benozzo Gozzoli<br>Begun 1468<br>Finished 1484 | 1420-1497 |
| | *c.* 1470 | | |
| " The Meeting of the Child Jesus and S. John " | (*Berlin*) | ? Jacopo del Sellaio | *c.* 1441-1493 |
| " The Assumption of the Virgin." Detail | (*National Gallery*) | Matteo di Giovanni | *c.* 1430-1495 |
| " The Rape of Deianira " | (*Yale University, U.S.A.*) | Antonio Pollaiuolo | 1432-1498 |
| " Religious Allegory " | (*Uffizi, Florence*) | Giovanni Bellini | *c.* 1428-1516 |
| " The Baptism of Christ " | (*Florence*) | Andrea Verrochio | 1435-1488 |
| " The Death of the Virgin " | (*Madrid*) | Mantegna | 1431-1506 |
| | 1473 | | |
| " The Virgin in a Rose Garden " | (*S. Martin, Colmar*) | Martin Schongauer | *c.* 1447-1491 |
| " The Miracle of S. Bernadino " | (*Perugia*) | Fiorenzo di Lorenzo | 1440-1521 |
| | 1475 | | |
| " S. Sebastian " | (*National Gallery*) | Antonio Pollaiuolo | 1432-1498 |

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| | | *c.* 1475 | |
| " The Fall " | (*Vienna*) | Hugo van der Goes | *c.* 1435-1482 |
| " The Portinari Altar Piece " | (*Florence*) | Hugo van der Goes | *c.* 1435 1482 |
| " The Madonna and Child Enthroned " | (*National Gallery*) | Memlinc | *c.* 1433-1494 |
| | | 1476 | |
| " The Burning Bush " | (*Aix Cathedral*) | Nicholas Froment | *c.* 1417-*c.* 1480 |
| | | 1477 | |
| " The Crucifixion " | (*National Gallery*) | Antonello da Messina | *c.* 1444-*c.* 1493 |
| | | *c.* 1480 | |
| " The Visitation " | (*Munich*) | The Master of the Life of Mary (The Master of Werden) | *c.* 1430-*c.* 1490 |
| " Solomon and the Queen of Sheba " | (*Venice*) | School of Lazzaro Bastiani | *c.* 1440-*c.* 1510 |
| " Conversion of S. Hubert " | (*National Gallery*) | The Master of the Life of Mary (The Master of Werden) | *c.* 1430-*c.* 1490 |
| " The Legend of S. Giles " | (*National Gallery*) | The Master of S. Giles | *c.* 1445-*c.* 1490 |

## IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

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| | *c.* 1482 | | |
| " The Call of the Apostles " | (*Sistine Chapel, Rome*) | Ghirlandaio | 1449-1494 |
| " Combat Between Amor and Castitas " | (*National Gallery*) | Cosimo Rosselli | 1439-1507 |
| | 1482 | | |
| " Moses Destroying the Tables of the Law " | (*Sistine Chapel, Rome*) | Cosimo Rosselli | 1439-1507 |
| | *c.* 1485 | | |
| " S. John the Baptist seated in a Meadow absorbed in Meditation " | (*Berlin*) | Gerard of Haarlem | *c.* 1460-1488 |
| | 1487 | | |
| Wings of " The Crucifixion " | (*National Gallery*) | Niccolo da Fuligno | *c.* 1430-1502 |
| | *c.* 1488 | | |
| " The Vision of S. Bernard " | (*Badia, Florence*) | Filippino Lippi | 1457-1504 |
| | *c.* 1490 | | |
| " S. Ursula taking leave of her Father " | (*National Gallery*) | Carpaccio | *c.* 1450-*c.* 1522 |
| | 1490 | | |
| " The Madonna in a Rose Garden " | (*Munich*) | Francia | *c.* 1450-1517 |
| | 1494 | | |
| " The Baptism of Christ " | (*S. Giovanni in Bragora, Venice*) | Cima | *c.* 1450-*c.* 1517 |
| " The Combat " | (*Berlin*) | Cima | *c.* 1450-*c.* 1517 |

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| | *c.* 1498 | | |
| 'The Tempest" or "Adrastus and Hysipyle" | (*Giovanni Palace, Venice*) | Giorgione | 1478-1510 |
| | *c.* 1500 | | |
| "The Death of Procris" | (*National Gallery*) | Piero di Cosimo | 1462-1521 |
| "Virgin and Child in a Landscape" | (*Albertina, Vienna*) | Albert Dürer | 1471-1528 |
| "Weierhaus" | (*British Museum*) | Albert Dürer | 1471-1528 |
| "A Romantic Landscape" | (*New York*) | Joachim Patinir | *c.* 1475-1524 |
| "The Trial of Moses" | (*Uffizi, Florence*) | Giorgione | 1478-1510 |
| | *c.* 1505 | | |
| "A Pastoral Symphony" | (*Louvre*) | Giorgione | 1478-1510 |
| "Madonna in a Meadow" | (*Vienna*) | Raphael | 1483-1520 |
| | 1505 | | |
| "Aeneas Silvias on his Way to the Council of Basle" | (*Duomo Library, Siena*) | Pinturicchio | 1454-1513 |
| "The Combat between Love and Chastity" | (*Louvre*) | Perugino | 1446-1524 |
| | 1507 | | |
| "Frescoes of the Life of S. Benedict" | (*Monte Olivetto, Maggiore, Siena*) | Giovanni Antonio Bazzi (Sodoma) | 1477-1549 |

# IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

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| | *c.* 1510 | | |
| " The Crucifixion " | (*Venice*) | Andrea Previtali | 1480-1525 |
| " Landscape with the Death of S. Peter Martyr " | (*National Gallery*) | ? Rocco Marconi | *c.* 1470-*c.* 1540 |
| " The Infant Christ on the Lap of the Virgin " | (*National Gallery*) | ? Marco Basaiti | *c.* 1470-1527 |
| " The Calling of the Sons of Zebedee " | (*Venice*) | Marco Basaiti | *c.* 1470-1527 |
| " Landscape : River Scene " | (*National Gallery*) | Joachim Patinir | *c.* 1475 1524 |
| " The Walk to Emmaus " | (*Vienna*) | Herri met de Bles | *c.* 1480-*c.* 1530 |
| | 1510 | | |
| " Rest on the Flight into Egypt " | (*Berlin*) | Albrecht Altdorfer | *c.* 1480-1528 |
| | 1511 | | |
| " The Adoration of the Trinity " | (*Vienna*) | Albert Dürer | 1471-1528 |
| | *c.* 1515 | | |
| " Landscape with S. George and the Dragon " | (*Berlin*) | Albrecht Altdorfer | *c.* 1480-1528 |
| Landscape from " The Vision of Ezekiel " | (*Florence*) | Raphael | 1483-1520 |
| " S. John in Patmos " | (*Munich*) | Hans Burgkmair | 1473-1531 |
| " The Baptism of Christ " | (*Vienna*) | Joachim Patinir | *c.* 1475-1524 |
| | 1515 | | |
| " The Virgin Crowned by Angels " | (*National Gallery*) | ? Signorelli | 1441-1523 |

## LANDSCAPE PAINTING

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| | *c.* 1520 | | |
| " The Garden of Eden ' | (*Vienna*) | Lucas Cranach the Elder | 1472-1553 |
| " Christian and Gudula " | (*Munich*) | Master of the Death of Mary | *c.* 1480-*c.* 1540 |
| " The Annunciation " | (*Uffizi*) | Lorenzo di Credi | 1459-1537 |
| " The Repose in Egypt " | (*Antwerp*) | Herri met de Bles | *c.* 1480-*c.* 1530 |
| " The Story of Guiseppe Ebreo " | (*Florence*) | Andrea del Sarto | 1486-1531 |
| | 1523 | | |
| " The Adoration of the Magi " | (*National Gallery*) | Perugino | 1446-1524 |
| | *c.* 1530 | | |
| " S. Nicholas in Glory " | (*Venice*) | Lorenzo Lotto | 1480-1556 |
| | 1530 | | |
| " Repose on the Flight into Egypt " | (*Vienna*) | Bernard van Orley | *c.* 1490-1542 |
| | *c.* 1546 | | |
| ' The Bath of Youth " | (*Munich*) | Lucas Cranach the Elder (? The Younger) | 1472-1553 |
| | *c.* 1548 | | |
| " Landscape with Thama and Judah " | (*Vienna*) | Lucas van Gassel | *c.* 1480-1555 |

# IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

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|---|---|---|---|
| | *c.* 1550 | | |
| " Boaz and Ruth " | (*Hampton Court*) | Jacopo Bassano | 1510-1592 |
| A Pastoral | (*Florence*) | Jacopo Bassano | 1510-1592 |
| | 1552 | | |
| " Stormy Landscape " | (*Buckingham Palace*) | Titian | *c.* 1477-1576 |
| | *c.* 1560 | | |
| " Mary of Egypt in the Wilderness " | (*Venice*) | Tintoretto | 1518-1594 |
| " The Magdalene " | (*Venice*) | Tintoretto | 1518-1594 |
| " Panorama of Florence " | (*Florence*) | G. Vasari | 1511-1574 |
| " Winter : The Hunters " | (*Vienna*) | Pieter Brueghel the Elder (Peasant Brueghel) | *c.* 1525-1569 |
| " Autumn : The Return of the Herds " | (*Vienna*) | Pieter Brueghel the Elder (Peasant Brueghel) | *c.* 1525-1569 |
| | *c.* 1570 | | |
| " S. Francis Preaching to the Fish " | (*Rome*) | Paul Veronese | 1528-1588 |
| | *c.* 1600 | | |
| " Fishermen " | (*Louvre*) | Annibale Carracci | *c.* 1560-1609 |
| " View of Toledo " | (*New York*) | El Greco | 1545-1614 |

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| | 1601 | | |
| " Christ Healing the Demoniac " | (*Munich*) | Paul Bril | 1556-1626 |
| | 1615 | | |
| " Summer, or Going to Market " | (*Windsor*) | Rubens | 1577-1640 |
| | 1617 | | |
| " Spanish Galleons Sunk off Gibraltar, 1607 " | (*Amsterdam*) | Hendrick C. Vroom | 1566-1640 |
| | *c.* 1620 | | |
| " The Snowstorm " | (*Vienna*) | Lucas van Valckenborgh | 1540-1625 |
| " A Dutch Landscape " | (*Berlin*) | Hercules Seghers | 1590-*c.* 1640 |
| " Spring " | (*Brunswick*) | Jodocus de Momper | *c.* 1564-1635 |
| | 1622 | | |
| " The Ferry Boat " | (*Amsterdam*) | Esias van de Velde | *c.* 1590-1630 |
| | *c.* 1625 | | |
| " The Flight Into Egypt " | (*Munich*) | Adam Elsheimer | 1578-1631 |
| | *c.* 1630 | | |
| " A View of the Villa Medici " | (*Rome*) | Velasquez | 1599-1660 |
| " The Storm " | (*Florence*) | Hercules Seghers | 1590-*c.* 1640 |

## IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | *c.* 1635 | | |
| " A Sunset Landscape " | (*Berlin*) | Adrian Brouwer | 1605-1638 |
| | *c.* 1636 | | |
| " A Landscape : Sunset " | (*National Gallery*) | Rubens | 1577-1640 |
| | 1636 | | |
| " Autumn, with a View of the Château de Steen " | (*National Gallery*) | Rubens | 1577-1640 |
| | *c.* 1640 | | |
| ' The Shepherds in Arcadia " | (*Louvre*) | Nicholas Poussin | 1594-1665 |
| | *c.* 1641 | | |
| " The Mass, Dordrecht " | (*Amsterdam*) | J. van Goyen | 1596-1656 |
| " Sea Piece " | (*Rotterdam*) | J. van Goyen | 1596-1656 |
| | 1645 | | |
| " Cephalus and Procris " | (*National Gallery*) | Claude Lorrain | 1600-1682 |
| | *c.* 1645 | | |
| " Polyphemus " | (*Petrograd*) | Nicholas Poussin | 1594-1665 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 1650 | | |
| " River View, with State Barge " | (*National Gallery*) | Jan van de Cappelle | *c.* 1624-*c.* 1679 |
| " Moonlight " | (*Amsterdam*) | Aart van der Neer | 1603-1677 |
| | *c.* 1650 | | |
| " Landscape " | (*Madrid*) | Nicholas Poussin | 1594-1665 |
| " The Ferry " | (*Munich*) | Salomon van Ruisdael | *c.* 1600-1670 |
| | *c.* 1658 | | |
| " The Mill " | (*Philadelphia*) | Rembrandt | 1606-1669 |
| | *c.* 1660 | | |
| " Winter Landscape " | (*Amsterdam*) | Allart van Everdingen | 1621-1675 |
| " The Shore at Scheveningen " | (*Hague*) | Jacob van Ruisdael | *c.* 1628-1682 |
| | 1660 | | |
| " River View " | (*Rotterdam*) | Cuyp | 1620-1691 |
| | *c.* 1660 | | |
| " Avenue In a Wood " | (*Wallace Collection*) | Jan Hackaert | 1629-1699 |
| " The Cannon Shot " | (*Amsterdam*) | Willem van de Velde | 1633-1707 |
| " Scheveningen Shore " | (*Cassel*) | Adrien van de Velde | 1635-1672 |
| " Moonlight " | (*Berlin*) | Aart van der Neer | 1603-1677 |
| " The Stone Bridge " | (*Amsterdam*) | Rembrandt | 1606-1669 |

## IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 1664 | | |
| " The Enchanted Castle " | (*Lockinge House*) | Claude Lorrain | 1600-1682 |
| | *c.* 1665 | | |
| " Gun Factory, Sweden " | (*Amsterdam*) | Allart van Everdingen | 1621-1675 |
| " View of Dordrecht " | (*Dorchester House*) | Cuyp | 1620-1691 |
| | 1665 | | |
| " River Scene " | (*National Gallery*) | Jan van de Cappelle | *c.* 1624-*c.* 1679 |
| | *c.* 1665 | | |
| " The Swamp " | (*Petrograd*) | Jacob van Ruisdael | *c.* 1628-1682 |
| " Landscape Drawing " | (*Louvre*) | Rembrandt | 1606-1669 |
| " The Tiber Above Rome." Drawing | (*British Museum*) | Claude Lorrain | 1600-1682 |
| | 1668 | | |
| " Abraham, Hagar and Ishmael " | (*Munich*) | Claude Lorrain | 1600-1682 |
| | *c.* 1670 | | |
| " Abraham and Isaac " | (*National Gallery*) | Gaspard Poussin (Dughet) | 1613-1675 |
| " View of Delft " | (*Hague*) | Vermeer of Delft | 1632-1675 |
| " View of Haarlem " | (*Hague*) | Jacob van Ruisdael | *c.* 1628-1682 |
| " The Windmill " | (*Amsterdam*) | Jacob van Ruisdael | *c.* 1628-1682 |
| " View in Holland " | (*National Gallery*) | Philips Koninck | 1619-1688 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | *c.* 1675 | | |
| " The Bathers " | (*Edinburgh*) | Hendrick ten Oever | *c.* 1640-*c.* 1700 |
| | *c.* 1680 | | |
| " Landscape, with a Castle " | (*Brunswick*) | Jan van der Heyden | 1637-1712 |
| | 1689 | | |
| " The Avenue, Middleharnis, Holland " | (*National Gallery*) | Hobbema | 1638-1709 |
| | *c.* 1700 | | |
| " The Sea Shore " | (*Florence*) | Jan Dubbels | *c.* 1660-*c.* 1720 |
| | 1717 | | |
| " The Embarkment for Cythera " | (*Louvre*) | Watteau | 1684-1721 |
| | *c.* 1718 | | |
| " Fête in a Park " | (*Wallace Gallery*) | Watteau | 1684-1721 |
| | *c.* 1730 | | |
| " A View of Venice " | (*National Gallery*) | Canaletto | 1697-1768 |
| | *c.* 1735 | | |
| " The Piazetta, Venice, from the Quay " | (*National Gallery*) | Canaletto | 1697-1768 |
| | *c.* 1740 | | |
| " The Giudecca, with the Doges' Palace " | (*Wallace Gallery*) | Canaletto | 1697-1768 |
| " The Island of San Michele " | (*Windsor*) | Canaletto | 1697-1768 |

# IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | 1750 | | |
| " Santa Maria della Salute " | (*Wallace Gallery*) | Guardi | 1712-1793 |
| | *c.* 1755 | | |
| " The Convent : Twilight " | (*Glasgow*) | Richard Wilson | 1714-1782 |
| | *c.* 1760 | | |
| " The Ferry " | (*Florence*) | Guardi | 1712-1793 |
| " Italian Coast Scene " | (*National Gallery*) | Richard Wilson | 1714-1782 |
| " Landscape with Bathers " | (*National Gallery*) | Richard Wilson | 1714-1782 |
| | *c.* 1770 | | |
| " De Tabley House " | (*Hollingsworth Collection*) | Richard Wilson | 1714-1782 |
| " The Market Cart " | (*National Gallery*) | Gainsborough | 1727-1788 |
| | 1773 | | |
| " Lake Scene " | (*V. & A. Museum*) | John Cozens | 1752-1799 |
| | *c.* 1775 | | |
| " Valley with Winding Streams " | (*V. & A. Museum*) | John Cozens | 1752-1799 |

*c.* 1800

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| " The Mill " | (*V. & A. Museum*) | Georges Michel | 1763-1843 |
| " House in Sunshine " | (*Berlin*) | Dirk Jan van der Laen | 1759-1829 |
| " The White House at Chelsea " | (*Nicholls Collection*) | Thomas Girtin | 1775-1802 |
| " Kirkstall Abbey, Yorkshire " | (*V. & A. Museum*) | Thomas Girtin | 1775-1802 |

1803

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| " Calais Pier " | (*National Gallery*) | Turner | 1775-1851 |

*c.* 1804

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| " Slate Quarries " | (*Tate Gallery*) | John Crome | 1768-1821 |

1807

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| " The Sun Rising through Vapour " | (*National Gallery*) | Turner | 1775-1821 |

*c.* 1808

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| " Moonrise on the Marshes of the Yare " | (*National Gallery*) | John Crome | 1768-1821 |
| " Harlech Castle " | (*National Gallery*) | James Ward | 1769-1859 |

*c.* 1810

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| " A Windmill on Mousehold Heath, Norwich " | (*National Gallery*) | John Crome | 1768-1821 |

## IMPORTANT LANDSCAPE DATES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | *c.* 1818 | | |
| " The Poringland Oak " | (*National Gallery*) | John Crome | 1768-1821 |
| | 1827 | | |
| " Yacht Racing on the Solent " | (*National Gallery*) | Turner | 1775-1851 |
| | 1829 | | |
| " Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus " | (*National Gallery*) | Turner | 1775-1851 |
| " Chichester Canal " | (*Tate Gallery*) | Turner | 1775-1851 |
| | *c.* 1840 | | |
| " Hastings " | (*Tate Gallery*) | Turner | 1775-1851 |
| " Norham Castle : Sunrise " | (*Tate Gallery*) | Turner | 1775-1851 |
| | 1843 | | |
| " The ' Sun of Venice ' Going To Sea " | (*National Gallery*) | Turner | 1775-1851 |
| | 1844 | | |
| " Rain, Steam and Speed " | (*National Gallery*) | Turner | 1775-1851 |

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